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PLEASANT THOUGHTS.

"The brooding stillness of the delicate air,
Dreamier than the dreamiest depths of sleep,
Falls softly everywhere."

Donahoe's Magazine.

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VOL. XLII. BOSTON, JULY, 1899. NO. 1.

UNITED STATES CONSULATE, SAN JUAN DEL SUR, NICARAGUA.

NICARAGUA, THE GATEWAY TO THE PACIFIC.

BY E. LYELL EARLE.

The dream of four centuries agone seems about to be realized. "If I sail direct west," reasoned the fearless Genoese navigator, "I shall reach the East Indies." And in a day hence one may start from that very Palos, and by the new gateway of the Pacific reach the East Indies, then as now the synonym of boundless commercial wealth.

But the same promise has been made often and long. The fulfillment, however, now seems a certainty. Uncle Sam wills it. That means it must be. The nations of Europe may try to prevent it, or to turn the "fateful ditch" so that it may empty some of its promised wealth into their needy capacious coffers.

But the day of delay and hesitancy

ALONG THE SAN JUAN.

is over. The morrow of result has already dawned. England would fain start it from her stolen strip of Honduras; France would keep it in the blighted Panama district; but the United States has chosen Nicaragua with all its manifold advantages over the two former, and we shall live to see, and mayhap sail, the magic sea across the great divide.

Some people, and these principally Anglo-maniacs, seem to think that the Clayton-Bulwer treaty stands in the way of the United States doing the work as a national undertaking.

In 1850, indeed, the two nations did formulate a mutual basis of action in regard to an inter-oceanic canal. But the purpose of the United States evidently was simply to exclude England from any further encroachment in the New World, according to the principles of the Monroe doctrine, and to leave our country free to follow any plan that might serve our best interests and prove agreeable to the Central American Republics. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty can have no force in the matter of a new canal.

Next month, when our journey shall have brought us to Honduras, we shall then see why England negotiated that treaty, and why she would have a joint control of the canal, lest she lose her last footing in the south of the Continent.

We left Guatemala for Panama, and as we crossed the neck of the Isthmus, we saw traces of the abandoned canal on all sides, like grinning skulls on an African desert. Never a hole in this wide world swal-

SNAP SHOTS ALONG THE SAN JUAN.

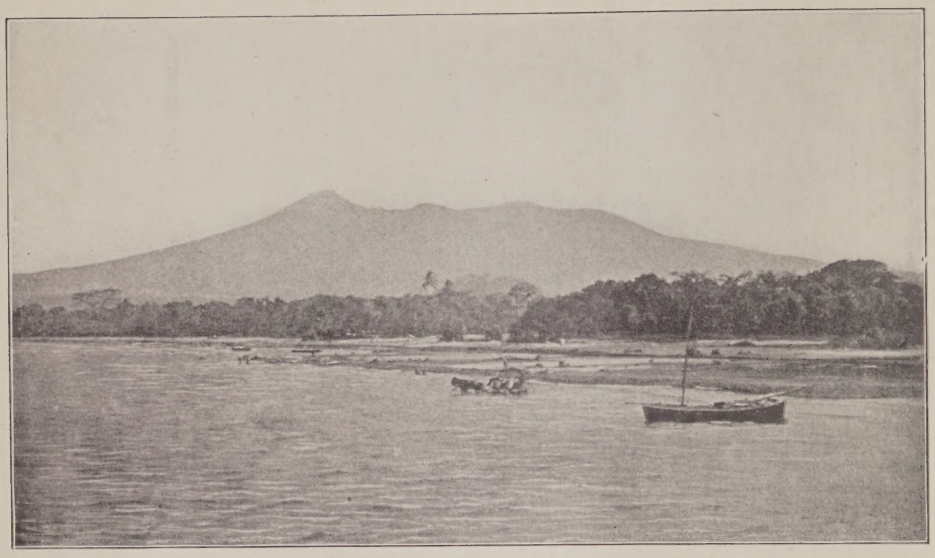
lowed up more money or human lives than this same Panama canal. Of the 58,078,520 pounds subscribed for the work, 28,000,000 were never accounted for. The deadly fever killed off men by the thousand. The memories haunting the spot are, indeed, gruesome.

There are forty-eight miles of railroad across the Isthmus from Panama to Colon. From the bay Panama looks like an Italian seaport. Inland it is a typical Spanish-American city of the second class. Time was when the spot was boom mad, before the collapse of the greatest failure of modern times. There are still a few hundred men working there as if trying to give some semblance of life to what has long since been dead. There is something positively uncanny in the way this narrow strip of land has for four centuries kept apart the commerce of two worlds. There are thousands and thousands of wooden slabs in the half dozen cemeteries around Panama, telling of the venomed breath of the fell disease that smites a man as he awakes at morn, in the vigor of health and hope, and leaves him at night a raving maniac waiting only the glad deliverance of death.

ONE OF THE SAN JUAN FALLS.

We were delighted to leave Panama for Greytown, as it was to usher us into a new highway to the Pacific, a veritable land of promise, free from all the deadly miasma of Panama, and presenting a natural waterway between the two great oceans.

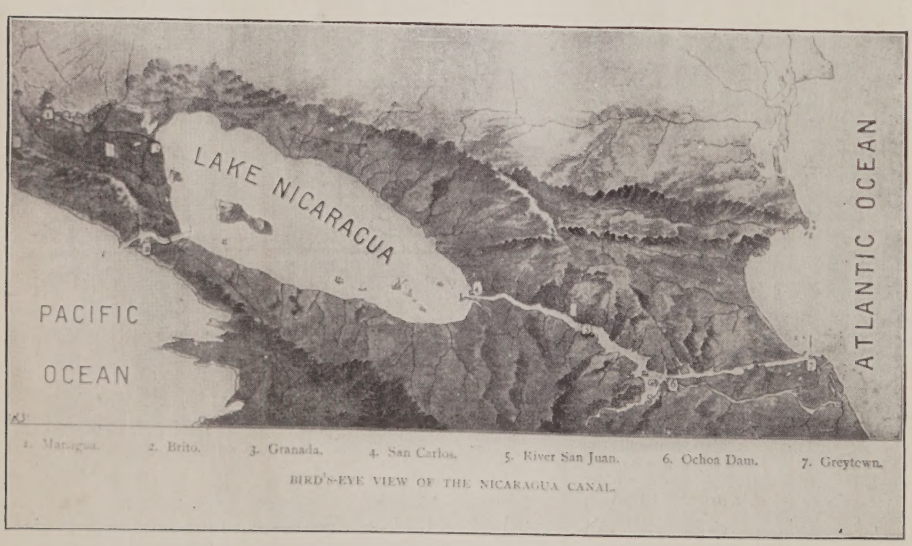
The commission, that preceded us, had laid out the proposed route from Greytown, or San Juan del Norte, on the Atlantic coast, to Brito on the Pacific, a distance of one hundred and seventy miles from post to post. One hundred and forty-three miles of this is



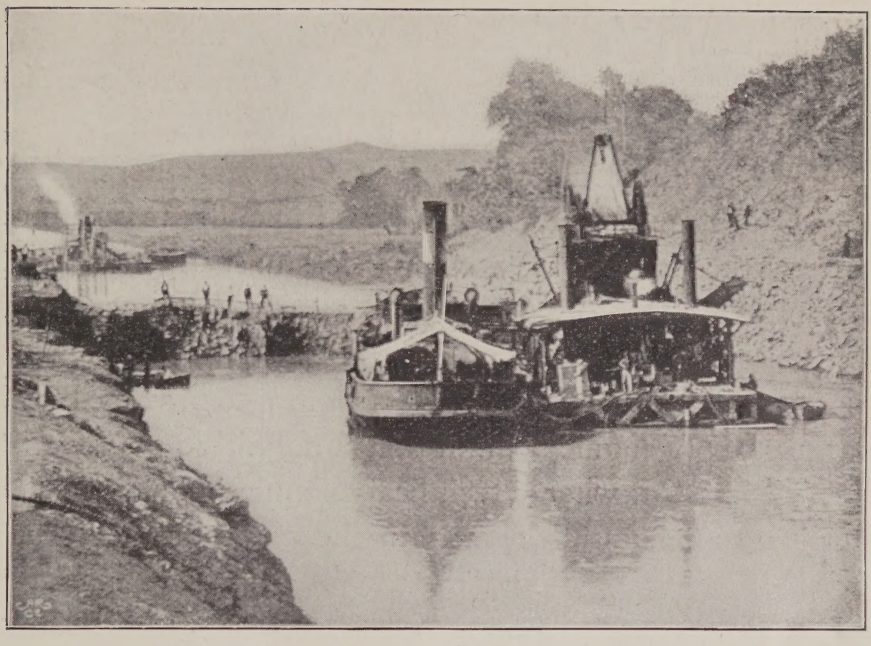
LAKE NICARAGUA WHERE CANAL BEGINS.

a natural waterway, once open, but now closed by the eruptive land of nature, leaving about twenty-seven miles of actual excavation to complete the canal from ocean to ocean.

The plan is to connect the beautiful, deep and calm Lake Nicaragua with the Pacific, by two sections of excavated canal; and with the Atlantic from the Iola basin by means of a slack water route through the charming valley of the river San Juan. The accompanying picture is a photograph of the route made from a relief wash drawing, made on the spot, for the government, by Mr. Lewis, a New York artist. It gives


LAKE NICARAGUA
PACIFIC
OCEAN
ATLANTIC OCEAN
1. Managua. 2. Brito. 3. Granada. 4. San Carlos. 5. River San Juan. 6. Ochoa Dam. 7. Greytown.
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

SHOWING ENTIRE ROUTE.



AT WORK ON THE CANAL.

a bird's eye view of the entire course.

Lake Nicaragua, over one hundred and five miles long, forty miles wide, and with a depth from twelve to three hundred feet, is the great centre of the system. It has a watershed of eight thousand square miles and is not subject to sudden or great fluctuations of level. Both the Lake and San Juan River are free from freshets, a very important feature.

One of the most definite results reached by every recent United States investigating committee is, that locks are an absolute necessity in regulating the water course. De Lesseps himself, after he had gone over the Nicaraguan route, decided that it was the best route, if locks had to be used. That was when he indulged the fond dream that the Panama Canal could be put through without them. But the dream had a rude awakening long ago. American mechanical and engineering skill has solved the problem, by floating pneumatic locks, vast enough to lift and lower even the great Oregon.

La Flor dam on the Pacific side, will create a flow of nine miles. On the Atlantic side a dam at Ochoa will regulate the waterflow to the ocean.

Two locks, one for twenty-nine, the other for forty-five and a half feet, will lift and drop the boats to the required level.

The journey across the proposed route was made leisurely in canoes, on horseback, and by steamer. On all sides we saw abundant proof of the lavish hand of nature in the tropics, both in vegetable and animal life. Never botanist or zoologist could classify the myriads of growth and sensitive forms of life about us. The trip was not without its dangers, both by water and land. But these only gave zest to the undertaking.

Portions of the San Juan River are as beautiful as the Rhine or the Hudson, and Lake Nicaragua surpasses any lake in the Old World, both in beauty and extent. It rivals any in the

United States in size and grandeur. Bathing in it was always extremely dangerous, because of the boldness and number of the alligators. Fish were abundant, but softer and not so rich as those of cooler waters.

In summing up its report the commission said, "The canal route, here described and recommended, is believed to be perfectly practicable, and free from complicated and doubtful engineering problems. It is without doubt the most economical, convenient, and safe route for inter-ocean ship communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific, not only through the State of Nicarauga but also across the American Isthmus. A final and more specific location of line may show where changes in detail can be made in the interests of economic construction, but the main features and general direction cannot be improved upon."

We had gone over the route and again found ourselves in the Pacific Ocean. We were instructed to visit the capital of Nicarauga, and ascertain the general feeling of the people and the government toward the proposed canal. In four days we reached the port of Carinto, the best harbor on the Pacific side of Nicarauga. It has a population of about a thousand natives, and a dozen foreign residents whose wealth practically rules the place.

A sleepy train took us from Carinto to Lake Managua, whence we crossed by steamer to the Capital. Managua, the capital of Nicaragua, is a dull dead city, built out of dull dead clay, and inhabited by almost a dull dead people. There is no comparison between it and the gay, ambitious, cultured Guatemala. It has however a growing progressive element at the head of which is President Zelaya, who has the best interests of the Republic at heart, and who is a great champion of the United States

A FREE PUBLIC WASH-HOUSE AND BATH.

A Typical street Scene.

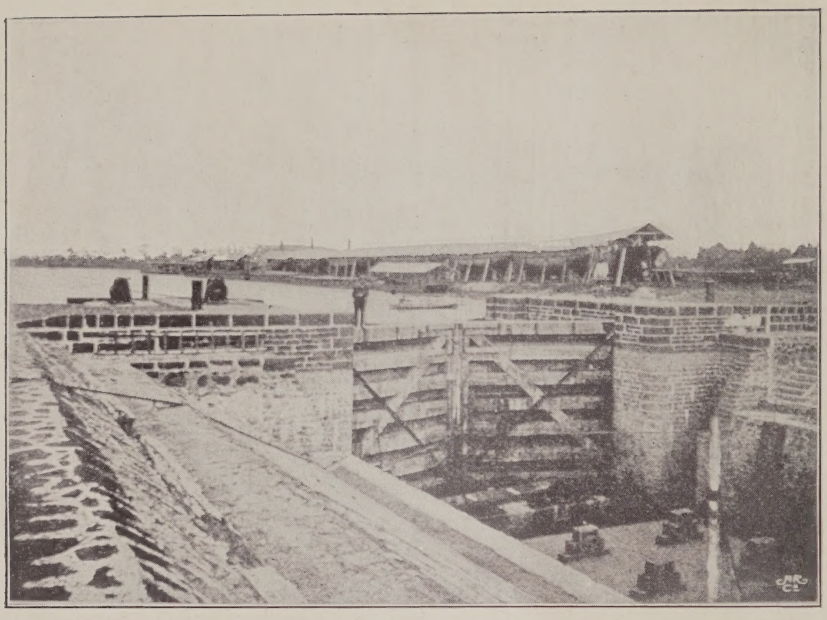
canal as opposed to English and French influences.

He said that if there were no other reason in favor of the Nicaragua Canal than that it would enable the United States to move her ships of war readily from ocean to ocean, instead of being forced to take the long journey around Cape Horn, it would be an inestimable benefit. He believed that the real objection that had been made in the United States to the canal came from those interested in the trans-continental railroads, and who saw in its completion the destruction of their freight traffic.

It is needless to recapitulate the many steps, political, financial, and engineering taken from 1876 to 1899 when the completion of the Nicaragua Canal is an assured fact. The main difficulty that lay in the way, was the clause always stipulated by Nicaragua and all the Central American Republics in the form of a national guarantee from Uncle Sam, of the political and territorial integrity of all the States.

On the part of our country, was the legal objection made by some timid and skeptical statesmen, to the government taking the matter up as a national enterprise. They argued that the United States could not enter into an international corporation without the consent of each State, and that it was against the constitution to expend public money for such purposes. The case of the Union Pacific Railroad, which is really a United States corporation, was quoted against these croakers who were silenced for the while.

In 1876 an organization of prominent capitalists, acting in the name of the government, was formed, and obtained a concession from the Republic of Nicaragua to carry forward an inter-



VIEWS ON THE PANAMA CANAL.

oceanic canal and to bring the work to a consummation. In 1885 a treaty known as the Freylinghuysen Zarala Treaty had been negotiated between the United States and Nicaragua, giving the franchise for the construction of the canal. The work was begun in 1886 by a private corporation under the presidency of Warren Miller of New York. It was suddenly stopped in 1893 and lay in abeyance until the war with Spain showed us how important an inter-oceanic ship canal was, especially because of our new Eastern possessions.

A HACIENDA.

Everybody remembers the magnificent journey of the Oregon from San Francisco to Santiago around Cape Horn, and the heart-breaking anxiety of the nation lest our gallant ship and crew be overwhelmed by the Spanish fleet, and the horrors of another "Virginius" affair be repeated in mid ocean. But, thank God, we were saved any such misfortune, and the resolution of the country was unanimous, that a canal be built at once between the two great oceans, and that it belong to and be controlled solely by the United States. Hence Nicarauga was chosen. The work will be pushed to a completion without delay.

The purse strings of the nation have been opened to their fullest, and $150,000,000 have been raised by the Grace Syndicate of New York, which will have a clear field as the old franchise

expires in October '99. Congress has appropriated ample funds to bring the measure to a successful issue.

The project indeed has its enemies. One of its greatest, former Speaker Reed, has spoken and written against it. He did all in his power to choke the measure in the House. But the passing of the Czar has begun, and the next House shall not be crushed beneath his iron hand. A few Anglomaniacs also have favored Honduras, or Nicaragua with England as a joint owner. But the wisdom of the nation and the political infallibility of the people guide them away from the danger of any alliance with the British lion.

A Private Bathing Pond.

Let us see now what will be the probable gain to the United States and the world from the new canal. Looking at the accompanying map we observe that the Nicarauga route is almost the centre of the world's commerce.

One of the greatest benefits will be the rapid transportation of wheat and cattle from the Pacific States to Europe. All the surplus wheat of California, Oregon, and Washington, except what is ground into flour and shipped to China, now goes in sailing vessels around Cape Horn. The ships which carry this grain actually circumnavigate the globe. It would not pay to send them out from Europe in ballast for return cargoes of wheat from the ports of the Pacific Coast. They therefore go first from Europe to Australia and New Zealand with cargoes of general merchandise. They then load with coal for San Francisco where they endeavor to arrive in time for the wheat harvest.

An interoceanic canal would shorten

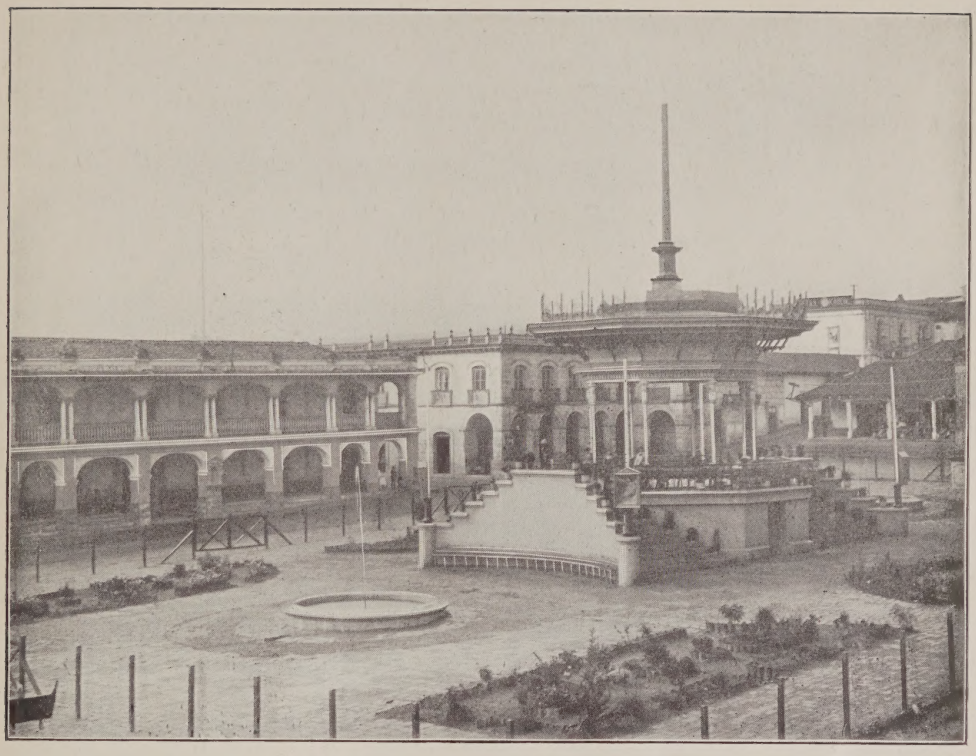
this time by one half, and allow for two trips to Australia and New Zealand by the same route, leaving ample time to return to the United States for the wheat traffic.

The same considerations obtain for commerce between the United States and all the eastern countries. Since the canal has become a certainty, three large steam ship lines have been incorporated for passenger and freight traffic between New York and San Francisco.

In case of war the benefit of the canal is manifest to all. The easy transporting of battleships and naval and military supplies from ocean to ocean is an absolute necessity. Some of the European papers have indulged in various threats to prevent the sole control of the canal by the United States. It was hinted that, if Uncle Sam dug his trench across the Isthmus at Nicarauga, Johnny Bull would bore one through at Honduras, and France another at Panama. But this is an idle and silly threat. The European nations are watching one another too closely and are too zealous of their own success to tolerate any such measure. Furthermore the Monroe doctrine has still some life in it, and Uncle Sam's fighting muscle has been expanded two or three inches in his recent bout, so that he is well able to protect his interests on the American Continent.

It is another onward and upward step of the nation. It is another national and commercial glory of the nineteenth century. The rocky barriers that Nature has placed between the oceans shall be broken away, and the

A Typical Nicaragua Dwelling.



BARRACKS AND PLACA EMANAQUA.

ships of a free people shall carry free men and the products of their hands to all the nations of the world, and another step, let us hope, shall be taken toward the peace, prosperity, and unity of mankind.

ABSENCE.

BY J. GERTRUDE MENARD.

Not in the winter's empty days
I miss you most, O love, O mine;
But in the Aprils and the Mays,
When earth makes Heaven less divine.

When suns lie warm on vale and slope,
And winds blow sweet about the door;
When youth comes back and joy and hope,
But you come back, no more—no more.

"WHAT ARE THESE SO WITHER'D AND SO WILD IN THEIR ATTIRE?"
Act I. Scene III.

MACBETH.

BY REV. JAMES H. COTTER.

Yesterday, I concluded the study of Macbeth. All the pens that were ever fashioned for delineating humanity should have been broken; when Shakespeare went down from London to die in Stratford. He has pictured every phase of the human heart and mind. His words thereon are sentences, while others' sentences are only words. And what words are his! Truly can it be said of him what was sung of another; that he has "all the charm of all the muses often flowering in a lonely word." His words are not mere draughts of thought, given in the golden cups of rhetoric; but exquisitely finished fountains of inexhaustible treasure. Minds grow rich in merely considering Shakespeare's intellectuality; and as the mountain's barren brow, suffused with his glory, becomes like the Summer's setting sun; so poor minds brought near the Master's are, with his shining, robed in light.

There is no drama of Shakespeare that shows Schlegel's praise so justly as Macbeth; for here the poet certainly "carries with him the most powerful and daring fancy into the Kingdom of Nature and, on the other hand, carries Nature into the regions of fancy, lying beyond the confines of reality." If "the art of art is to conceal art,"

then Shakespeare progresses so easily and naturally in the disposition of characters, introduced from both sky and earth, that neither effort nor design is visible. The "temple haunting martlet" from the castle's eave, floats not more gracefully than the winged action of the drama. As an expression of grand imagination, it is on the Highlands of fancy amid the purple and gold of heather and furze. Most like the Great Creator, who summoned everything from nothing, is the creative power that can give to "airy nothings a local habitation and a name;" and so "the dagger of the air," "the weird sisters," the fearful fancies of Lady Macbeth and the fanciful fears of Mac-

"THIS IS HER VERY GUISE . . . OBSERVE HER; STAND CLOSE."

Act V. Scene I.

"COME PUT THINE ARMOR ON."

Act V. Scene III.

beth are all creations crowned with the "golden round" of immortality. Never did historic characters have more individuality than the beings in this masterpiece; so much so indeed that Pope holds "had all the speeches been presented without the names of the persons, I believe one might have applied them with certainty to every speaker." The same is true of the acts of the persons; which point out the characters of whom they are predicable; so informed with the same soul are thought and tongue, eye and ear, heart and hand. All, so natural in their various spheres, are excellent exponents of the truth that Dante sings in "Paradise" for the guidance of genius:

"And were the world below content to mark
And work on the foundation Nature lays
It would not lack supply of excellence."

Shakespeare's book was Nature, his is ours. When you open the volume of Macbeth you do more than unclasp a book, more than enter a theatre, you virtually stand in Scotland upon the "blasted heath" and there meet living beings; creations of the poet's fancy, it is true, yet children of nature, in deed and in truth. More than this, you meet children of another nature, with forms of character perfectly consistent with their purposes. Unlike the Moses that Genius struck with its wand commanding it to speak, the chiselled characters of Macbeth need only the actor's mimicry to speak and teach forever. Nor is it so true that the actor speaks in them as they in the actor. The actor is their subject; they, not his.

Macbeth is the wildest wonder of Fancy's father, Shakespeare. To the

critic who would take exception to this classic for not having "nice discriminations of character," I would say that Shakespeare, as a true dramatist, was an artist as well as a poet and considered well the background while painting in the person, and so the characters are broadly handled;—are, like the hill of Fores, fashioned in rugged grandeur. For him to have done otherwise would be as inappropriate as to have put the finished marbles of Michael Angelo in the cave of the Boboli Gardens, in Florence; utterly inharmonious to the elegant incompleteness of their surroundings.

The drama is introduced by the Witches. It is immaterial to our Master's fame whether we do or do not believe in the existence of these creatures. Shakespeare's power is shown in naturally embodying a *belief*. The witches with whom "fair is foul" and "foul is fair;" virtue vice and vice virtue, are natural only as natural inhumanities, without sex to bespeak either feminine tenderness or masculine strength. They are spawns of the "foul and filthy air;" ungainly in themselves and shapelessly floating in the steam of murder;—with the skin of their faces repulsive for want of a human tear to soften or a human smile to brighten;—with eyes in whose depths feeling is frozen, coldly gazing from afar at bleeding human hearts. The witches of other authors are human, although human monstrosities, and touch human affairs in a human manner. Shakespeare's witches are not related to humankind and point at earthly matters with the forbidding finger of preternatural power. Such creatures show the poet's creative power best as he has nothing in mankind from which to date his thought. The ugly character of superstition, the unrelenting hardness of ambition ending in the woful effects of murder that kills murderer alike with victim; all make of this stage a very Sinai, from whose thunder comes a confirmation of the command "Thou shalt not kill!" The grim effects of murder is shown not only in the guilt of the murderer but also in the character of his victim. Duncan falls first. Gentle and gracious in manner, just in mind and in heart, grateful for service to generosity, his is a noble manhood. Nature made him a king; for there was only one jewel in his crown compared to the many virtues that gemmed him monarch of his highest fellows. Lovable for sociable condescension, estimable for gentle strength, reverenced for royalty that thought an addition to his people's happiness was not a subtraction from his own; such was Duncan; who, going on the arm of his hostess to his death, shows murder never more foully repulsive. The blood of their king smeared on the murdered attendants gives a tinge of loyalty to their deaths that ennobles the idea of duty.

The next victim in the drama is Banquo, a brother-in-arms to Macbeth, but not at all kindred in character. Banquo's ambition was virtuous, Macbeth's vicious. Banquo was not superstitious while Macbeth sought the future in the pit of Acheron. Banquo moralizes on the character of the prophet, while Macbeth is enamored of the prophecy. Banquo, in scholarly manner, considers the means of a purpose, Macbeth blindly rushes to its end. Banquo possessed bravery and courage, for conscience had not made it so that "every noise appals" him; Macbeth had only bravery that, in Scotland's battles, inspired him to bear aloft his "brandished steel, which smoked with bloody execution." "Banquo prays while Macbeth could not say Amen.

The keen perception of Banquo, his justice, prompting him to suggest a court of inquiry into Duncan's death, and the jealousy excited by the prophecy of his blood, royal and triumphant, are made the reasons for his death. He is

a character most attractive because of his sterling truth and like all true men was quick to see deceit and treachery. There is no more splendid example of genuine loyalty than where Duncan saying "Let me unfold thee and hold thee to my heart," Bauquo honestly answers: "there if I grow, the harvest is your own," and royal tears fall on the loyal subject from the overcharged heart of his grateful king. How charmingly virtuous is true obedience! How fruitful is it ever! Allegiance, devoted to authority, causes authority never to forget allegiance; for the blessed harmony of subject and superior makes music in the memory of both. Another instance of splendid loyalty is where Macbeth, ominously promising honor to Banquo, is met with the fine ultimatum:

"So I lose none,
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear
I shall be counsel'd."

Such is Banquo, true to himself, loyal to his liege, and pious before his God; for when treachery was skulking about him, with cowardly as cruel design, bowing before Heaven, he cried out "In the great hand of God I stand."

Macbeth's last victims are a mother and her babes; fitting expression to his vicious course about to close. Lady Macduff's little boy, in one line, gives the grand possibilities of a noble manhood, prematurely thwarted, when, to the murderer calling his father a traitor, he stood Spartan-like with the word "thou ly'st, thou shag-eared villian!" The brave little advocate of his father,—the soldier's son,—is silenced with a murderous stab; but the blood of the child proved the Nemesis of the tyrant. Macduff returns from England and with him and his "goodlie companie;" all the feeble foibles that bolstered up the cause of cruelty are blown away like down from the Scotch thistle; for Birnam, wood comes in its branches, as palms for a conquering soldiery, to Dunsinane and the "man not born" with them. Too late did the tyrant learn the falsity of the "juggling fiends" who "keep the word of promise to our ear and break it to our hope." "Turn hell hound, turn!" thunders the Avenger, and from the charged cloud of his wrath leaps the lightning of his steel and no more is Macbeth's head seen proudly poised on purple shoulders, but, crownless and cursed, set on a spear, is made to grace the triumph of the virtuous Malcolm; the royal inheritor of the devoted Duncan's dynasty.

Malcolm's was that perfect stature of manhood that intellect, supplemented by experience, can alone hammer out. This old world at best is only an anvil, and life, a sort of Plutonian blacksmith, that, with varying blows, strikes us into form. The blow that hurts us most may shape us best. So was it with Malcolm; whose keen perception was shown in the quickness with which he noted almost inconceivable treachery and whose prudence was evidenced in the adroit test of the character of Macduff seeking to know his. Such a man, strong in the mastery of self, is ever a powerful monarch of men; and so his throne was a testimonial to his personal worth as well as a memorial to that vice which was flung from its exalted hight headlong to its death. That vice had as its exponent—Macbeth.

Macbeth shows the ruin that an impetuous character can make, when tempted by dark agencies. Commencing his career, his soul is about equally proportioned in virtue and vice. Soon virtue is only a memory. Vice makes him its arena for hideous havoc. His life is harassed with disappointment and dread. He loses everything and gains nothing; whereas black fancy promised the gain of everything and the loss of nothing. At life's close, he is

doubly disappointed in living in the thought and dying in the certain knowledge that his perpetual anguish brought him failure and bred for his hated rival a triumph as begrudged as it was glorious. Let us particularize. He begins his sorry day by permitting unjust honors sought to undo the glorious honors safe at home. Then, in approaching his victim, his vacillating manner tortures him and, when his fell purpose is reached, it blasts his peace. Regret for his deed is ruthlessly checked by damnable desires to be realized; and, constrained by the necessities of his state, he washes from his hands old blood with new; until horror for his crime drags him to remorse and remorse dashes him to despair. He is a Laocoon in his terrible toils.

Hear his remorse!

"Better be with the dead,
Whom we to gain our place, have sent to peace
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstacy."

Listen to his despair!

"I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go oer."

His crimes terrify himself. He finds a voice in all the croaking creatures of night to express both crime and guilt. With a consciousness of the delicious character of both prayer and sleep, the one forsakes his heart, the other flies his pillow. The maddening sense of his having murdered sleep with the same dagger that cut the life out of his sleeping king is given in these sighs:

"Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;
Sleep that knits up the ravel'd slieve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

Finally his acts are not so much excited from energy within himself as from powers without himself, and, these powers failing him, his whole nature collapses and he ends in a sort of spasm of bravery; doubtless evoked by a memory of other days when enemies fled from him as fled "the hare, the lion." What Malcolm says of the Thane of Cawdor is true of Macbeth's death: "Nothing in his life became him like his leaving it."

The partner of his great guilt is the climax of cruelty. Lady Macbeth, strong as her battlements in her set purposes, appears on the stage in the perfect maturity of ambition, and introduces her mighty manners with a curse in which she declares that were "Heaven to peep through the blanket of the night" at her crime she would not heed its forbidding "hold! hold!" Her's is a regular avalanche of passion that sweeps all the beauties of nature before it, leaving only the bleak and barren rock. Like Byron's Corsair "blessed with one virtue and a thousand crimes," she would have murdered Duncan only he resembled her father. Equally culpable with Macbeth, her's is a more heinous guilt, for Macbeth faltered, but "her undaunted mettle" never wavers in her infamy. She is in "act and valour" what he is "in desire." She is the tempter; he the tempted. She is monstrous in possessing a will ill-proportioned to her sex; he is to be despised for a weakness that admired her power, the while he fell before it. She enjoys the passing pageant of her triumph; so that Duncan's blood, Banquo's ghost or Macbeth's dismay cause her not to forget her state, while Macbeth is miserable ever. Lady Macbeth holds her gigantic force to the end, bending only when it breaks in suicide; Macbeth's native energy dies gradually every day in distrust, despondency or despair. She is the wizard of her own destiny; while he trusts witch and wife.

She, in the pride of power, "will not fail;" while he is using artificial agencies to assure himself of success.

Lady Macbeth began with a curse and did not end in a blessing. She tempted Macbeth to regicide and her crime pursued her. Strong in her sleep as other Queens in their awakening, she was not as strong as Nature. She opposed Nature, and Nature, turning, opposed and punished her. Her senses grew diseased with her guilt. She not only sees and feels it, but smells it. "Here's the smell of the blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! Oh! Oh!" So she dies in "helpless, hopeless misery;" a fearful warning to those who think a little water will wash their hands free of murder's "filthy witness."

A solemn parenthesis in Macbeth, the knocking at the gate, inspires a thought before closing my theme. There is no soul, yet much mystery in this knocking;—there is no soul; for it is essentially dull sound, without mind or music;—there is much mystery; for between the knock and its reason, there is a barred and heavy door. Awful is this knocking; for it is a fitting expression of the mystery of death. Terrible is it, as it gives an undefined and weird sense unrivalled by a thousand Mephistos pointing the horrors of The Brocken; for we know and hear Mephisto's speech, but we know not who it is that knocks or what may be the dire purpose awaiting a voice. This uncertainty happening at a time when the very air of night is "icy" with cold murder makes the fanciful shiver and the profound excite a disturbing fear. It is a grand example of the embodiment of the principle that words are an obstacle as well as an aid to expression. Did Macduff cry out his purpose at once, a simple word would dissolve the sublime sense; but no word comes until sublimity of feeling is nine times multiplied in intensity by the repeated knocking, and the fancy of the audience, incapable of longer bearing the strain, gets breath at the opened door. Such is the eloquence o faction; the silence of whose pauses makes strained eyes, heaving hearts, and mute lips for the thousands wholly dependent in sense and soul upon the moment's issue. Such is an instance of the truly sublime in art, in manner as in substance; for the master actually hurries us to the apex of feeling in a way sublime, because of its very simplicity. As in sculpture, the meaner the material wherewith artistic thought is expressed, the more wonderful is the work itself; so Shakespeare's art is, in very truth, glorious; when, with a mere knock he works wonders in moulding human thought and feeling.

Such is Macbeth, with its magnificent moral, a fierce philippic against murder, that has wrought more dread of crime than ever did scaffold or guillotine; for a hurried view of an executioner gives a far briefer and lighter lesson than the portrayal of the long and solemn anguish that, in Macbeth, touches us with terror, a thousand times.

THE DANDELION.

BY E. B. K.

Laden with a wealth of gold,
Stolen from some gnome below,
White, then bald, thou growest old
With a weary weight of woe.
Thus ill-gotten wealth e'er gave
A troubled pathway to the grave.

BORED BY THE COMPANY.

MARY ONAHAN GALLERY.

It was a four-o'clock tea. All the guests were ladies, all save one. He was a member of the family, and in all propriety should have remained in discreet seclusion. But he was of a sociable turn of mind, and when no one was looking, strolled quietly into the room.

Being the only male creature present he was of course honored with much attention. Besides he was young and handsome, and in his large brown eyes was that dreamy, far-away look which women are supposed to admire.

But he was not at ease. True, the conversation was frivolous; it flitted from the latest reception to the frills on my lady's gown. Occasionally, however, maybe out of deference to his masculinity, it ranged to a higher plane, such as the recent wheat flurry and the effect of tariff upon American trade.

Still that "fine gentleman" was bored, taking little part in the conversation, and politely doing his best, now and then, to suppress an unmistakable yawn. When one of the company, young and fair, attempted to cajole him, even, he arose deliberately and strolled away to other and safer parts. Yet his reputation for courtesy and suavity had, up to this, never been impeached.

He relaxed momentarily when the refreshment was passed, partook sparingly of some wafers, and munched meditatively a few peppermint creams. But he seemed restless and ill at ease, though the ladies, true to the traditions of their sex, pursued him the more, the more he did flee.

Only once in the course of the afternoon did he become thoroughly aroused. A horn tooted on the street. Instantly he dashed to the window, every nerve upon the alert.

This—this was the world to which he belonged, a world live, and strong and thrilling, a world of action, of daring and of adventure, a world where the wind flung round the hills and his brothers dashed on to heroic and valorous deeds!

Many a time on Alpine heights his race had struggled through blinding snow to clutch poor suffering humankind from the icy grasp of death. Doubtless it was the vision of a life like this that quickened his heartbeats as with straining ears he listened for the last faint notes of the horn dying away in the sunset land. There was silence at last and dejection followed it swift winged.

Alas, like Ulysses, to be chained to the company of woman!

For "He" was a shaggy St. Bernard, and he was enmeshed in an afternoon tea!

BELIEF AND UNBELIEF.

PROMISE, PROPHECY AND FULFILLMENT.

BY REV. J. T. ROCHE.

PART II.

A wonderful story this Christian story is! A young man appears in an obscure corner of an obscure country, proclaiming Himself to be the Son of God sent down from Heaven to raise up a fallen race, to restore to us a lost heavenly inheritance, to teach an intelligent creation its Maker's laws.

Uneducated, of obscure parentage, living amongst the poor and lowly, devoid of influence, save that which a pure life and exalted creed gave Him, opposed by all that was great and powerful in His own country, ridiculed, reviled, hounded to death and crucified as a malefactor, his name is breathed with bowed heads and reverent hearts by countless millions who hold steadfastly to Peter's first profession of his divinity, "Thou art the Christ the Son of the living God."

Ten million temples raised to his name testify to his wonderful hold upon the world. Christian nations raise their eyes and hands to heaven to proclaim that in Him blessings untold have rested upon them and their fathers. They point with pride to the Christian world for the evidence that the doctrines which he taught are divine. Wherever his gospel has been preached the fallen have been raised up, the downtrodden and oppressed have been relieved, poverty has been ameliorated, vice and luxury have been suppressed, barbarism has vanished and civilization with its attendant blessings flourished. The nations who hold Christ as God are immeasurably superior to those who have not accepted His doctrines. A wonderful spectacle truly this magic influence of a lowly name! A wonderful power this Jewish youth has exercised upon a world which glories in the profession of His Godhead!

And this spectacle is no dream. It is no fiction of imaginative visionaries. It is an existing condition, an historical and present fact.

No sane man denies that Jesus lived, preached, suffered and died. He stands out as the one great figure of all history. All other great names melt into insignificance marshalled beside His. Was He a mere man, such as other men, only with greater powers of intellect and heart, with deeper perceptions of truth and justice, Who roused the world to the performance of high and noble things, or was He as He proclaimed Himself to be, and we believe Him to have been, One sent down from heaven to fit men's souls for a life to come? Herein lies the parting of the ways of Christian and unbeliever.

Jesus of Nazareth was something more than man. The prodigious change which His creed has wrought in the world, the intrinsic excellence of that creed itself, the circumstances surrounding its propagation and spread, the numberless miracles in the physical, intellectual and moral order by which it has been verified, His life, His announcement of His Divine nature and heavenly mission, the character of the witnesses who preserved for succeeding generations the records of that life, have long since demonstrated to the satisfaction of the Christian world the truth of our proposition.

"Let us place the person of Jesus" says Renan, "at the highest summit of human greatness. The faith, the en-

thusiasm, the constancy of the first Christian generation are not explicable, except by supposing at the origin of the whole movement a man of surpassing greatness. In order to make himself adored to this degree he must have been adorable."

"If Jesus were a mere man," says Manning, "dishonored by the Jews and by the heathen, how comes it that he has marked on the earth so deep a furrow and founded a religion which dominates the world—The crucified has become great, has destroyed heathenism, has absorbed philosophy and dethroned the empire; has conquered the earth, civilized the barbarous and created a new earth."

There have been legislators without number in the world. There have been philosophers who prescribed remedies for all the ills which affect our race. There have been many, who proclaimed that they spoke by the authority of God and revealed hidden things in his name —but there has been only one Jesus of Nazareth—only one gigantic historical figure before whom all other figures in the earth's history are as pigmies in the presence of a Colossus; only one whose history was written with prophetic pen two thousand years before his coming—only one for whose birth a nation is set apart amongst the nations—only one about whose person revelation and miracle, prayer and prophecy, worship and wonder and all God's extraordinary dealings with the human race circle and turn—the 'star of Jacob,' the 'lion of the fold of Judah,' the 'great prophet' the vision of whose glory is vouchsafed to Moses' failing vision—the Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Prince of Peace foretold by Isaias, the King of that kingdom which Daniel prophesied the Lord of heaven should raise up in the latter days, which would break in pieces and consume all other Kingdoms, but it itself should stand forever—only one who said he was God, and to prove it did things which God alone can do—only one who had dominion over life and death, who gave up his life and took it up again that he might prove that which he said to be true.

"All fiction!" says the unbeliever, "All the gospel miracles, every wonder recorded in the sacred books, new and old—every extraordinary action recorded of Jesus and His disciples—all fiction!"

Strange fictions those writers composed who inscribed amongst the Commandments of God *"thou shalt not bear false witness."* Wondrous fables they are, those books, written by men who hated lying. Peter and Paul are lead through the streets of Rome out to the place of execution, because they will not utter a lie at the command of Roman authority and say—Jesus Christ is not the God. Matthew and Mark and Luke and Bartholomew and Thomas and James the Greater and James the Less and Philip and Stephen adhered with their lives to what they believed to be true. They wrote and preached of what they had seen and touched, of those things with which they had come in the closest personal contact. Unbelievers, in those days, said they lied and they died atrocious deaths rather than admit it.

Strange consistent falsifiers those early Christians are! Wonderful writers and narrators of fiction they must have been, who went out from courts of justice glorying that they had been accounted worthy to suffer stripes and torture for proclaiming the things which they had seen, heard, tasted, touched and handled. Governments rose up and killed them and stretched them on racks, fed them to wild beasts, covered their bodies with pitch, and lighted up their cities therewith. Robbed, plundered, beaten, bruised, scourged, reviled, persecuted in a thousand nameless ways, they still preach those fictions to a world which at the end of 400 years is already won.

Strange fictions, these were which they *"who loved truth better than life"* bore to the ears of an unbelieving

world. If the number of witnesses and character for truth count for anything in the courts of reason, the Christians' case is won. Whom would you rather believe—Paul bowing his neck beneath the executioner's sword, Peter with form outstretched upon the cross, Stephen tranquilly facing the raging multitude with the terrible doom of a blasphemer upon him, Luke, Mark, Matthew, James, Philip, Bartholomew and Jude and all those disciples of the Master, who sealed their testimony with their blood; or the motley tribe of professional unbelievers whose oaths even are on suspicion in the lowest courts of the land, "who acknowledge no higher divinity than public opinion," whose ruling motives can be all summed up in one vulgar word—ambition.

Such is the state of the case, which confronts the believer. His gaze travels round about the world. He sees the glory, wherewith the name of his Master is crowned, the fidelity unto death of those who brought to his fathers the *"glad tidings." "And there was given him dominion and glory and a kingdom that all peoples, nations and languages should serve; his dominion is an everlasting dominion which shall not pass away and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed."*

The believer feels moreover in his heart the many consolations of that holy gospel and he unhesitatingly rejects every effort to explain away, minimize or overturn those things, to which he pins his faith.

Christianity is not a condition of men's minds. It is a fact. The real king of the earth to-day is the Saviour, Jesus Christ. He came by His own proclamation to establish His kingdom and set Himself up as a king in the hearts of men—that down in the depths of mens' souls and consciences they might acknowledge Him as their God and render to Him due worship, that they might know His laws and keep them—that they might open their hearts to His spirit and accept His will in love. Every word, every action of His life had reference to this kingdom. "When he preached," says Didon, "it was to publish the gospel of the kingdom and explain what it was, when he taught the crowds on the mountains it was to promulgate its laws: when he spoke to the people in parables on the shores of the lake it was to set forth in images the mysteries of the kingdom, its origin and evolution, its strifes and victories; when he prayed and taught us to pray it was that we should ask for its advent: when he multiplied his miracles it was to establish that he was its founder and Lord: when he chose his apostles it was to perpetuate his kingdom after him, and make sure that it would be extended in the heart of mankind; when he died it was that by his death he might overcome the obstacles which hindered its establishment; when he poured the spirit of God into the hearts of those that believed in him, it was because the out-pouring of the Spirit is the essence of his Kingdom; when he desired that all should believe in him it is because he is the only center whence man can draw the spirit which alone gives God the kingdom; when he was transfigured before a few of his diciples it was to show them what the human being becomes in this kingdom; when he disclosed to them in prophetic discourse the scenes of the future, of the end of time, and of that which was beyond it was to show them the splendour of the universe reserved for the new race of the sons of God."

It was a bold undertaking this successful attempt of a criminal under Jewish and Roman law to make his will the law of all men's lives, his name the most sacred word which the human tongue can utter.

Pause, thou sceptic, who findest so many fictions in the Christians' belief and observe a few of the striking things which accompanied the spread of Christian teaching!

The Nazarene is dead scarce twenty

years. Rome by whose law he was adjudged a criminal, sits in solemn splendor on her seven hills. Her victorious standard is perched upon the strongholds of the world. Proud mistress of the land and sea, she has raised a temple to every deity which the world worships. Wealth, learning, magnificence, unparalleled splendor, everything which untrammeled power can bring has been gathered within her walls. Her lust of pride and power has laid the earth prostrate at her feet.

An old man stands at her gates. He knows the greatness, the potency, the arrogance, the cruelty of that city which he is about to enter. His eyes had caught from afar off a faint view of the stately magnificence, with which her great kings and rulers had crowned her. He comes near. He enters in. He gazes down her streets and beholds altars and temples raised to every god of every nation, save the true God, Whose message he bears.

Stop, thou wanderer! thou, who didst deny the Master, and tell the world thy business here! Up from the ages comes the reply, *"Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my church."* Peter the 'rock of Christ' is setting himself in the city of the Gentiles. He comes with marvelous assurance to what end?—Listen, O unbeliever in Christ and believer in fiction! He comes to tear down those numberless temples, to erase from that city every vestige of idolatry, to overturn the deep religious convictions of a thousand years, to renovate the whole social fabric of that people.

Impurity there is a virtue. He will make it in the eyes of that people a hideous vice. The conquered, the slave, has no right which a Roman citizen may respect. A master may line up his slaves in the public thoroughfares of Rome and go from one to the other plunging his dagger into their breasts and there is no law there which forbids him to do so. This diciple of the crucified Master will teach him that the conquered and the slaves are 'dear brothers' in the redemption of the crucified, that every soul which God has created stands on an equality in the Master's eyes.

Filth and wickedness and misery and tyranny and oppression and cruelty and injustice reign supreme. He comes to change it all and make all subservient to the law which came from the mouth of an unlettered criminal.

Thou art audacious, Peter! thou art mad! Thou art dreaming the wildest of dreams!

A few brief years of preaching, of labor, of trial, of suffering and the old man is lead out to the death of his Master—the cross; and almost all of those who had dared believe in what he said, shared the same fate.

Scarcely three hundred years have elapsed and witness the fulfillment of the old man's vision. Constantine is King of Rome. The Labarum with the cross emblazoned upon its folds is the nation's chosen Standard. The Christ, for whose cause Peter stretched out his aged limbs on the cross, is the God *par excellence* of the city of Rome. Pagan temples are falling one by one along the Tiber's banks, and stately churches surmounted by the Symbol of the Nazarene are rising in their stead. Wonderful vision was that of thine, crucified Apostle of a crucified Master! The cross has triumphed despite all that unbelieving Rome, filled with rage and hate and pride and armed with world-wide power, could do to efface it. *'Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my church and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it.'*..

What Peter and his fellow laborers and successors accomplished in Rome, other disciples of the Saviour accomplished elsewhere. The band of twelve Jews, who went out from the Cenacle on pentecost day, fired with a new zeal and new spirit, lived to see the life and teachings of their Master held in veneration in every land known to their contemporaries.

In going out to conquer the world and bring it to Christ they believed themselves to be fulfilling the destiny, for which the Jewish people had been set apart amongst the nations of the earth; and here is another marvelous fact with which the sceptic has to wrestle. For two thousand years, the chosen people had looked forward to the hour when a child of prophecy, a Messias, a great king, should reign and rule in Israel. Born of the tribe of Judah, Israel's destiny in him awaited its fulfillment. In him the Jew would gloriously rule the world. Aye more, they did for him what has been done for no other character, that has ever appeared upon the stage of the world. They wrote his history, hundreds of years before he came. His very name, the date of his birth, his descent from the tribe of Judah, his human and divine natures, his birth in the little town of Bethlehem, his divine Sonship, his names Emanuel and Saviour, his lowliness, his humility, his functions as prophet and evangelist, his character for goodness, gentleness and infinite compassion, the failure of his mission in the midst of his people, his sufferings, his betrayal, his bitter passion, ignominious death and after glory, stand luminously out on the prophetic pages which Israel's sacred writers have left to posterity.

Three incontestable and incontrovertible facts present themselves to the student of Jewish history. The Israelites had looked forward from the earliest days of their history to the coming of a great king, or as they termed him a Messias in whom Israel would rule the world. They expected him at the time in which Jesus came. A handful of Jews went out in the hour of the nations' expectation and brought the world into subjection to Jesus of Nazareth.

Renan, the ecclesiastic of Saint Sulpice who laid aside the garments and the faith of the Catholic seminarian to take up the pen of the unbelieving philosopher, is forced to admit those facts.

"A gigantic dream," he says, "haunted for centuries the Jewish people, constantly renewing its youth in its decrepitude—Judea thought she possessed the divine promises of a boundless future. At the epoch of the captivity a poet full of harmony saw the splendor of a future Jerusalem, of which the people and the distant isles would be tributaries, under colors so charming that one might say that a glimpse of the vision of Jesus had reached him at the distance of six centuries." Speaking of Galilee in the time of Christ, he says "The revolution or in other words the belief in the Messias caused here a general fermentation. Men deemed themselves on the eve of the great renovation; the scripture tortured into divers meanings fostered the most colossal hopes. In each line of the simple writings of the old testament they saw the assurance and in a manner the programme of the future reign, which was to bring peace to the righteous and to seal forever the work of God." Nor is this all. He admits that this "gigantic dream" had haunted all the religions of the world, that in all the religious systems of that time and the preceding ages there existed a prophetic belief in the coming of one through whom would follow "the complete renovation of the world and the final advent of the golden age."

The Messianic expectation of the Jewish people had not however as Renan implies its origin in a poet's dream nor in the cherished hopes of an oppressed people for their country's future glory. It was the distinct and well defined dogma of their religious creed. With the Jew of the centuries that preceded the coming of Christ the belief in a future Messias was as clearly an established dogma as is the Christian's belief to-day in a future resurrection of the dead and a general judgment. This expectation was the measure of the nation's life. Its destiny was sealed upon it from the beginning in

terms so explicit that there was no room for mistake. *'The scepter shall not be taken away from Judah nor a ruler from his thigh till he comes who is to be sent and he will be the expectation of nations.'* This death bed prophecy of the patriarch Jacob was the keynote of Israel's whole existence as a nation. To Abraham had been said, *"In thee and in thy seed shall all the generations of the earth be blessed."* After Abraham the promise had been renewed to Isaac and after Isaac to Jacob. Down through the centuries that came and went, Israel adhered to these initial promises made to her fathers. Prophet after prophet arose to recall her to the ways of justice. At times the dark clouds of oppression and suffering rested heavy upon her. *'We have waited for him'* said the prophet Isaias, *'we have waited for him and we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation. Behold the days shall come saith the Lord and I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel and with the house of Judah, not according to the covenant I made with their fathers, in the day that I took them by the hand to lead them out of the land of Egypt. Say to them that are of a fearful heart —be strong, fear not. Behold God will come with vengeance. He will come and save you. Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as the hart and the tongue of the dumb shall sing.'*

The day at last came when he was to appear, and one actually did appear at that time in Palestine and claimed to be the Messias. He lived for thirty-three years and left the earth without apparently doing much for the object of his coming. But when he was dead, his disciples went out over the whole earth preaching Him and making converts in His name. In spite of every obstacle their number wonderfully increased till at last the great Roman Empire itself is converted to His worship. Nor does their work end with the subjugation of the Roman Empire. *'Go teach all nations'* said their Master, *'teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you.'* No country was too distant, no tribe or nation sunk too low in the scale of barbarism for their zeal. At the end of eight centuries in spite of circumstances which to human eyes appear insurmountable the best and fairest portions of the earth acknowledge no higher law than the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Between the promises, prophecy and expectation of the Christ on the part of the Jews and their fulfillment in Jesus there is at least a remarkable coincidence. It is unintelligible. It is more. It is miraculous. "How without the hand of God" says Cardinal Newman, "could a new idea, one and the same enter at once into myriads of men, women, and children of all ranks, especially the lower, and have power to wean them from their indulgences and sins and to nerve them against the most cruel tortures and to last in vigour as a sustaining influence for seven or eight generations, till it founded an extended polity, broke the obstinacy of the strongest and wisest government which the world has ever seen and forced its way from its first caves and catacombs to the fulness of imperial power.

A paragraph in the annals of Tacitus lets in a flood of light on the conditions which confronted Christianity in his day. Carlyle calls it "the most earnest, sad and sternly significant passage that we know to exist in writing."

"So for quieting of this rumor Nero judicially charged with the crime and punished with most studied severities, that class, hated for their general wickedness, whom the vulgar called Christians. The originator of that name was one called *Christ,* who in the reign of Tiberias suffered death by the sentence of the procurator, Pontius Pilate. The baneful superstition thereby repressed for a time, again broke out, not only over Judea, the native soil of that mischief, but in the city also, where from every side all atrocious and

abominable things collect and flourish."

Elsewhere he has another paragraph equally significant adding the testimony of "the wisest and most penetrating pagan of his generation" to the fact that the Jews did expect their great Ruler in the very hour in which our Lord came. "A persuasion had possession of most of them," speaking of the resistance of the Jews to the Romans that it was contained in the ancient books of the priests, that *at that very time the East should prevail* and that men who issued from Judea should obtain the Empire.

The common people as is the way of human cupidity, having once interpreted in their own favor this grand destiny, were not even by reverses brought around to the truth of facts."

Seutonius, another pagan, extends the belief "The whole east was rife with an old and persistent belief that at that time, persons, *who issued from Judea* would possess the Empire."

Let a disinterested unbeliever read those passages from pagan contemporaries of the Apostles, let him look out upon the world to-day and see how completely that *'old and persistent belief'* has been verified, then let him turn to the sacred scriptures and read the following: *'At length he appeared to the eleven as they were at table, and he upbraided them with their incredulity and hardness of heart, because they did not believe them who had seen him after he was risen again. And he said to them: Go ye unto the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature.* And again standing on Mount Olive at the very moment he is bidding them a final farewell, ere he ascends from their sight into Heaven he reminds them for the last time of their commission. *'You shall be witnesses unto me in Jerusalem and in all Judea and Samaria and even to the uttermost parts of the earth!*

Wherein shall be found the key of so wondrous a coincidence of prophecy, belief and fulfillment. It is a marvelous story truly. It is more. It is and must remain a profound mystery of which reason and faith has accepted in the past and will accept in the future but one solution—*'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but might have life everlasting.'*

The history of mankind at its best is but the history of a race groping in the darkness. "When we consider," says Cardinal Newman, "the many races of men, their starts, their fortunes, their mutual alienation, their conflicts—their aimless courses, their random achievements and acquirements, the impotent conclusion of long standing facts, the tokens so faint and broken of superintending design, the blind evolution of what turn out to be great powers of truths, the progress of things as if from unreasoning elements, not towards final causes, the greatness and littleness of man, his far-reaching aims, his short duration, the curtain hung over his futurity, the disappointments of life, the defeat of good, the success of evil, physical pain, mental anguish, the prevalence and intensity of sin, the pervading idolatries, the corruptions, the dreary hopeless irreligion, that condition of the human race so fearfully yet exactly described in the Apostle's words, *"having no hope and without God in the world"*—all this is a vision to dizzy and appall; and inflicts upon the mind the sense of a profound mystery which is absolutely beyond human solution.

What shall be said of this heart-piercing, bewildering fact? I can only say, either there is no creator or this living society of men is in a true sense discarded from his presence and so I argue. . . . Since there is a God, the human race is implicated in some terrible aboriginal calamity. It is out of joint with the purposes of its Creator. This is a fact as true as the fact of its existence; and thus the doctrine of what is called original sin becomes to me al-

most as certain as that the world exists and as the existence of God."

All these things are as the Cardinal says, truly beyond human solution. But God himself in His Divine revelation has given the key whereby the mystery is solved—A fallen race, "out of joint with the purposes of its Creator"—retaining through all the centuries of ignorance and idolatry, some traditions of the fall and preserving even in its degradation a universal belief in a higher destiny and a sense of moral responsibility to higher powers—waiting through the long dark night of mental blindness and moral degradation for the Deliverer, who would break the bonds of their slavery, atone in his own person for the sins of their fathers, reconcile them to their Creator, restore to them a lost heavenly inheritance and establish them forever in the truth of God wherewith the world has been made free—*'that as sin hath reigned to death; so also grace might reign by justice to life everlasting through Jesus Christ Our Lord."*

"Four thousand years earth waited
Four thousand years men prayed
Four thousand years the nations sighed
For the king so long delayed.
The prophets told this coming
The saintly for him sighed
And the star of the Babe of Bethlehem
Shone over them when they died."

"Their faces towards the future
They longed to hail the light
That in the after centuries
Would rise on Christmas night.
But still the Savior tarried
Within his father's home
And the nations wept and wondered why
The promise had not come."

"At last earth's hope was granted
And God was a child of earth
And a thousand angels chanted
The lowly midnight birth
Ah! Bethlehem was grander
That hour than Paradise
And the light of earth that night eclipsed
The splendor of the skies."

There are few unbelievers who wage warfare on Christianity by attacking the great facts and principles upon which Christianity is based. It is, at the best, a species of guerilla warfare, in which they swoop down upon some solitary incident, not consistent with present day ideas of propriety or hold up to ridicule as a perverse Christian teaching some doctrine against which Christianity has struggled during all the centuries, or attack the Bible for its Astronomy and Geology as if the Bible were a text book of the sciences, or a system of logic in which they attribute to Christianity every base and evil deed, with which the fair fame of Christian nations have been besmirched. Five-sixths of the Christianity against which Ingersoll wages war is of stuff he has dreamed. The other one-sixth is a mixture of mock-heroic morality, musty anecdote and perverted Christianity.

"I despise that doctrine and I tell you why. It has covered the cheeks of the world with tears. It has polluted the hearts of children. It has been a pain and terror to every man that believed it." (Ingersoll's Latest Lectures).

Lift up your voices, ye Christian mourners, and tell us what has been your highest consolation in your sorrows. Was it the balm that the hopeless creed of the unbeliever has poured on your wounds, or has it been the hope of a better and happier life, promised of God wherein "death shall be no more or mourning or weeping or sorrow shall be any more for all these things have passed away."

Lift up your voices, you mothers of the world; and tell us who have corrupted the hearts of your little ones. Was it those, who taught them that Jesus was the God of innocence and holiness and purity or those who taught them that Jesus is a myth, that there is no moral law, that the things to which you have clung with your lives are not commands imposed by God upon men, but the figments of man's fertile imagination?

To whose care do you intrust your little ones to-day—to those who will teach them to bless the name of Jesus or to those who curse and blaspheme and rail against it?

Of a truth Christian doctrine has been a pain and terror but not to every one who has believed. It has been a pain and terror to the evil doer and the evil liver for it points to a judgment to come, to a future tribunal, where every man must give an account of his deeds. It has been a pain and terror because it holds to the doctrine of future accountability, because it holds that if evil escape the hands of justice in this life it shall have its portion meted out at the hands of a just judge in the hour of the world's judgment.

The Christian's God, as Ingersoll sees Him, is a being with less heart and brain and sense than the least intelligent of the infidel tribe. What man understanding what Carlyle would call the "merest superficies" of Christian teaching would have given utterance to the following:

"I have seen upon the battlefield, a boy sixteen years of age struck by the fragment of a shell, and life oozing slowly from the ragged lips of his death-wound, and I have heard him and seen him die with a curse upon his lips, and he had the face of his mother in his heart. Do you tell me that that boy left that field where he died that the flag of his country might wave forever in the air—do you tell me that he went from that field, where he lost his life in defense of the liberties of men, to an eternal hell, I tell you it is infamous!—and such a doctrine as that would tarnish the reputation of a hyena and smirch the fair fame of an anaconda." (Ingersoll's Latest Lectures).

When and where has Christianity asserted that the soldier who gives his life that his country's flag may wave forever is perforce doomed to hell? What Christian teacher has asserted that such a youth with the delirium of death upon him, even if he should have gone down to the grave with a thousand curses upon his lips shall be cast away forever. Will not the God of wisdom and love and mercy and kindness and compassion show at least as much sense and reason in the judgment of creatures for whose salvation he has died as Ingersoll would if he sat in judgment. Will he not weigh with more than a mother's loving care every condition, every palliating circumstance, that render virtue difficult to weak and frail humanity. How would that boy's mother judge him, if she received his soul into her arms fresh from the scarred and mangled remains he had offered on the altar of duty? Aye, with a greater tenderness than that of a mother's finite love shall He judge him, whose wisdom, love and mercy surpasseth the understanding of mortal men.

"Last night there was a fire in Philadelphia, and at a window fifty feet above the ground Mr. King stood amid flame and smoke and pressed his children to his breast one after the other, kissed them, and threw them to the rescuers with a prayer. That was man. At the last day God takes His children with a curse and hurls them into eternal fire. That is your God as the Presbyterians describe Him." (Ingersoll "Blasphemy").

That is not the Christian's God. The Christian's God is He, Who from the elevation of the blood-spattered cross prayed "Father forgive them they know not what they do." The Christian's God is He Who said to the Magdelene woman "thy sins are forgiven thee," who said to the woman taken in adultery, "go and sin no more." The Christian's God is the good shepherd who is out upon the mountain seeking the lost sheep, the Father of the prodigal son who unmindful of the nakedness and filth and sin and indifference of his wayward offspring runs forth to meet him, and clasps his arms about him, and sheds tears of joy that his boy who was lost is found, that his son who was dead has come to life.

And if in the last hour He is forced to cast man out from His Divine presence, aye, even into eternal fire, it is only after He has pursued him with minutest care and most preserving grace down to the last moment of his existence; only after he has lavished upon a willfully malicious soul the love and mercy which lay in the power of an omnipotent being.

The world is full of penitentiaries where the outcasts of justice are kept apart from the children of men. It is only reasonable to believe that in the life to come the murderer and the adulterer and the oppressor of the poor, and all those whose lives have reeked with crime and filth and sin and misery should have their portions apart from those, who have striven after righteousness and justice and performed their duty as best they could in the sight of God and their fellow men.

It were impossible to pursue such men as Ingersoll through all the devious mazes of their reasonings. We can only hope at the most to select their salient arguments and by exposing their fallacy demonstrate to those who look upon them as the invincible opponents of Christianity that their vaunted prowess contains no element, of which the humblest disciple of the Master need stand in fear.

It is a pleasant task to turn from a rabid hater of Christ and everything Christian to one who saw afar off the light but who had not the courage to embrace it—who recognized the transforming power of Christ in the world without being led to a belief in His Divinity. We know of no more fitting manner in which this chapter can be closed than by the reproduction of Renan's eloquent tribute to the influence which the teaching of the Saviour has exercised upon the world:

"The sentiment introduced by Jesus into the world is indeed ours. His perfect idealism is the highest rule of the unblemished and virtuous life. He has created the heaven of pure souls, where we find what we ask for in vain on earth, the perfect nobility of the children of God, absolute purity, the removal of the stain of the world; in fine liberty, which society excludes as an impossibility, and which exists in all its amplitude only in the domain of thought. The great master of all those who take refuge in this ideal kingdom of God is still Jesus. He was the first to proclaim the royalty of the mind; the first to say at least by his actions, 'My Kingdom is not of this world. The foundation of true religion is indeed his work; after him all that remains is to develop it and render it fruitful."

A MOTHER.

ORMSBY A. COURT.

But yesterweek I laughed at fear;
The night no terrors held for me;
No hour was long, no day was drear;
The winds but whispered "peace to thee."

But yesterweek my heart with pride,
Bade chords of joy my soul to thrill;
But yesterweek the world was wide,—
Today my baby boy lies ill.

SOME GAELIC SCHOLARS.

BY F. D. T.

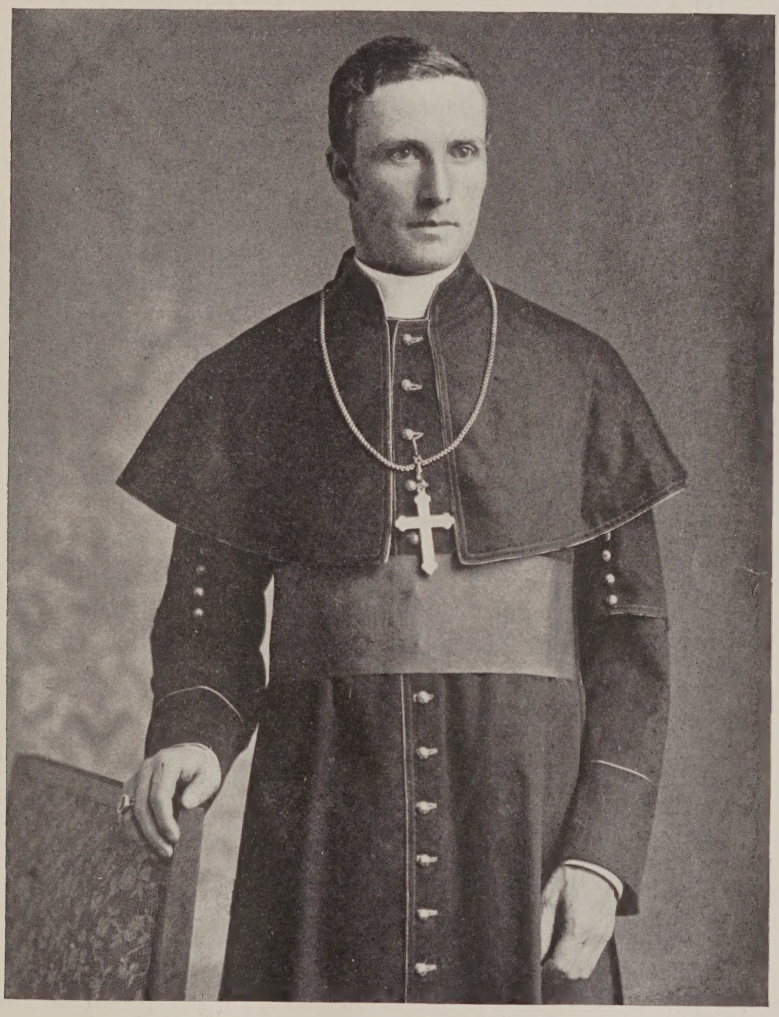
The vitality of the Irish national spirit is something to puzzle, annoy and tire out the Anglo-Saxon. After each political struggle comes a lull, but it is the calm before another effort for progress towards the goal of "Ireland a Nation." Not the least promising of the signs of the times is the present agitation in Ireland against the gradual Anglicization of the minds of the people, and in the first place comes the National Language revival. The success of the movement has been surprising; but a few years ago and there was none to speak for the language, now in June, 1899, we have Cardinal Logue presiding at the Third National Oireachtas—corresponding to the Welsh Eisteddfod—established to encourage the study of the language, to reward Irish poets, musicians, orators and elocutionists, and to help create a modern Irish literature. The success of the movement, however, can be explained. It is the result of hard, continuous and silent labor on the part of the members of the Gaelic League. We spoke of Cardinal Logue a moment ago, and we may add the good news that the Catholic clergy and hierarchy have given the prestige of their influence to his national movement. Maynooth has always been a great influence in Ireland, and its influence was never greater than it is to-day. In the Gaelic movement, especially, Maynooth holds a most pronounced place, due to its two successive profcssors of Irish, Rev. Eugene O'Growney, now an invalid living in Arizona and Dr. Michael P. Hickey, the present occupant of the chair in Maynooth.

Looking over the History of Maynooth College, we find there was an Irish professor from the beginning, nearly a century ago. Dr. Paul O'Brien, the first professor, published an Irish grammar which was the standard work in its time. A successor of his, Fr. O'Sullivan, translated the Imitation into Gaelic, and the translation is recognized as a work of the highest literary merit. At a later period Dr. Renehan, Dr. Kelly, and Dr. Russell, professors, were prominent in the Irish societies of the time; while Archbishop McHale, former professor, is well known for his advocacy of the language. It was a student of Maynooth, afterwards well known as Canon Ulic Bourke, who took the first steps towards teaching the people at large to read and write the native language, and when in 1880 the first Irish magazine was started, we find the names of a great number of Maynooth students among the subscribers' names, and also a number of the professors. Several of those are now Bishops, and are strenuous advocates of the revival of national studies, such as Archbishop Walshe of Dublin, Bishop O'Donnell of Donegal, Bishop Owens of Monaghan and Dr. Clancy of Sligo.

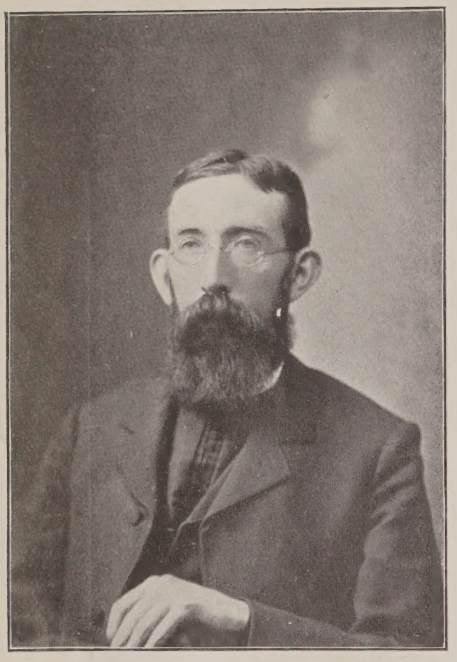
In 1890 a regular professor of Irish was appointed in Maynooth, Rev. Eugene O'Growney. He was born in 1863, and in his youth spoke only English. He learned Irish in Maynooth College, without a teacher, but the college offered excellent opportunities as Irish-speaking students from all parts of the country are to be found there. After becoming a priest, Fr. O'Growney became editor of the Gaelic Journal, and with other devoted young men in Dublin and various parts of Ireland, urged on a national revival of the language. After his appointment as professor at

Maynooth, Fr. O'Growney published several books on the grammar and composition of the language, the most important being the series of *Simple Lessons in Irish*. The little books have attained a very large circulation, and, as they teach the pronunciation of each word, they have been very successful in producing readers and writers of Irish. In 1894, owing to ill-health, Fr. O'Growney was obliged to resign his chair, and since then has lived in Arizona. He has translated into Gaelic several popular songs: Auld Lang Syne, the Wearing of the Green, God Save Ireland, and the Star-Spangled Banner.

The Rev. Michael P. Hickey, who then was appointed professor of Gaelic in Maynooth College, is not alone one of our best Gaelic scholars but is also one of the foremost all-around literary men among the young priesthood of Ireland. Born in 1861 at Carrickbeg, County Waterford, the home of classical Gaelic, he, in his childhood, became



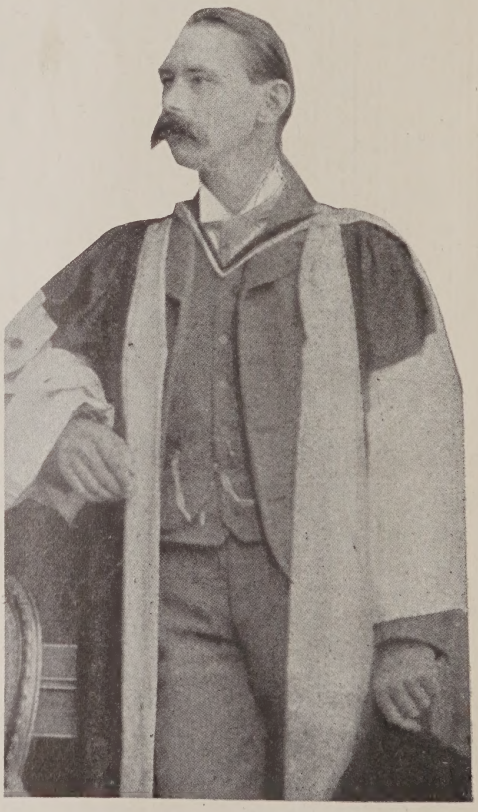
RT. REV. PATRICK O'DONNELL, D. D.



REV. EUGENE O'GROWNEY.

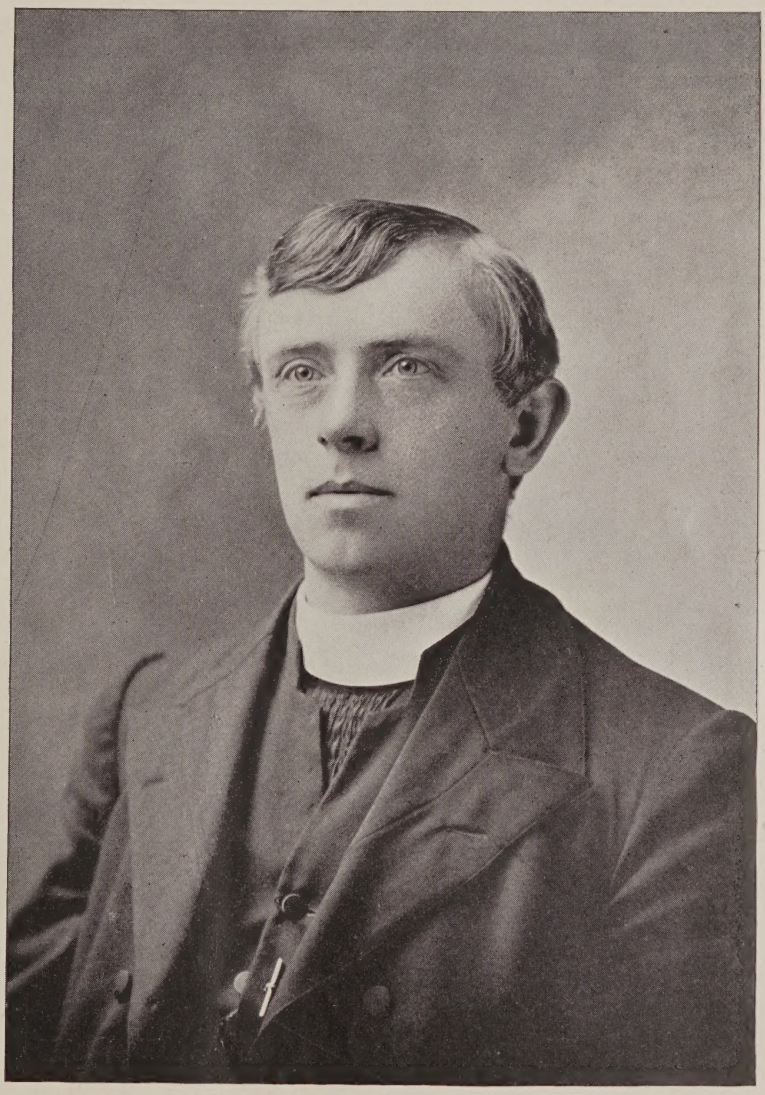
imbued with an ardent love for Ireland's language and lore. His early Gaelic instructor was the late John Fleming, then a national teacher at Rathcormack, to whom the Irish language owes very much for his lifelong efforts on its behalf. Father Hickey afterward studied in St. John's College, Waterford, where he was ordained to the priesthood in 1884. As early as 1883 we find contributions from him in the Gaelic Journal, and since then he has been one of the principal writers for that excellent publication. Shortly after Father Hickey's ordination he was sent on the sacred mission to Scotland, and for several years had charge of the parish of St. Patrick, Birnieknowe, Ayrshire. While there he made a reputation for himself as a lecturer, some of his best efforts in that line being delivered in the temperance cause, of which he was an active supporter. He has also contributed English verse to many of the principal Irish and Scotch papers, and some of his poems are to be found in all recent Irish anthologies. He is regarded as one of the best authorities on information regarding past and present Irish poets, and some years ago began to collect the writings of the Waterford poets, and contributed biographies of many of them to the Waterford Star and Clonmel Nationalist. He is another living argument against the very inconsistent statement made by some Irishmen that Gaelic speaking children are not the equals, intellectually, of their English speaking school fellows, when both get the same educational opportunities.

After his return from Scotland to his native diocese, Father Hickey threw himself heart and soul into the Gaelic revival, and immediately upon



DR. DOUGLAS HYDE.

his appointment at Maynooth his influence was felt in the College and in the whole Gaelic League. The students are now enthusiasts in the study of Gaelic, and a college society established for the development of all national studies numbers two-thirds of the students. On the public platform in various places throughout Ireland, and as one of the directors of the Gaelic League, Dr. Hickey has done a vast deal to advance the national language movement towards success. It is expected that Dr. Hickey will soon visit this country, in the interests of the revival of the language in Ireland.

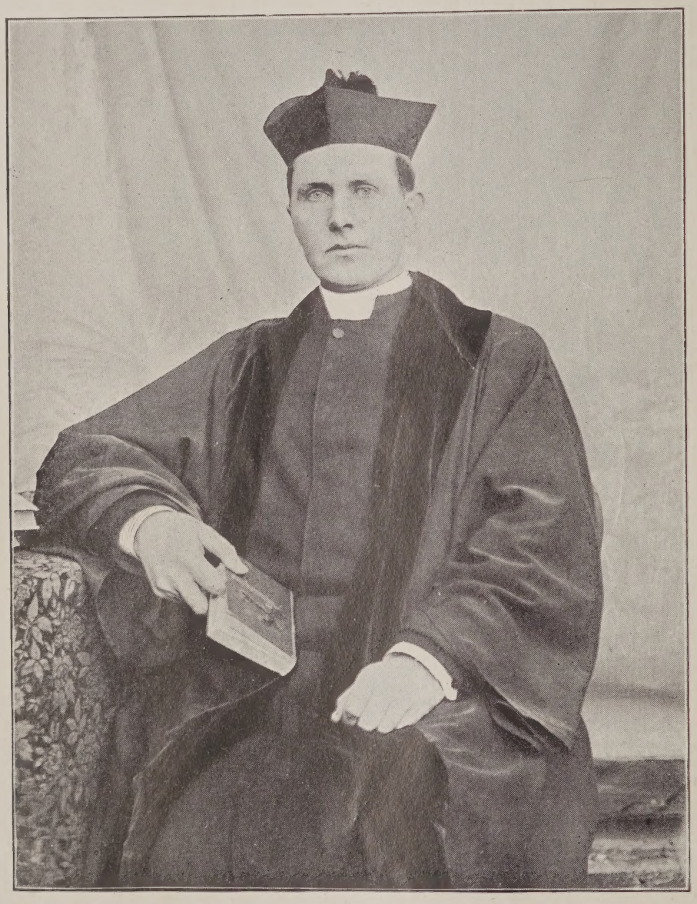


REV. RICHARD HENEBRY, CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY, WASHINGTON.

Another distinguished Maynooth scholar is Dr. Henebry, who now occupies the A. O. H. Celtic chair in the Catholic University of America.

Born at Mount Bolton, in September, 1863, Dr. Henebry received his early education in Carrick-on-Suir, Clonmel, and Portlaw. Later on he began his classical studies at the College at Waterford. After a year's study in St. John's College he entered Maynooth, and after a seven year's course in the great College, he was ordained in 1892. He went temporarily on the English mission—the scene of his labors being the diocese of Salford, and his first mission Manchester. In 1895 he was appointed, by the Governors of the Catholic University at Washington, to the Gaelic chair, founded by the Ancient Order of Hibernians of America.

During his course at Maynooth Dr. Henebry was a distinguished student, especially of languages, and in the English, Hebrew and Irish classes he carried off the very highest honors. The olden tongue of the Gael was, however, his favorite study from a very early age. Even when still in Maynooth he was a contributor to nearly all the Gaelic papers in Europe and America. His Gaelic scholarship while on the English mission brought him into contact with such celebrated Celtologists as Dr. Whitley Stokes, Professor Strachan, Kuno Meyer, and Herr Stern.



Rev. Michael P. Hickey, Maynooth College.

THE LATE AUGUSTIN DALY.

AUGUSTIN DALY.

"Not only was Shakespeare a great poet and dramatist, he was also a great manager in the sense of possessing large capacity for producing popular plays, so well suited to human tastes in general," wrote Augustin Daly when describing, for Donahoe's readers, the staging of a Shakesperian play.

How aptly these words express this modern master's own achievements. He too was possessed of a "large capacity" and employed it nobly.

For more than thirty years the most noted and successful manager of his day he labored in the field which nature and taste urged him to enter almost at the beginning of his career. Much has been written of him and all agree that for tireless activity, lofty standard, and fruitful labors, Augustin Daly was not only the greatest theatrical manager in the United States, but probably in the world. He united in himself the offices of dramatist, adapter, stage-manager and business man, trained an entire school of actors, built up a fortune, and carried through financial enterprises which might easily take up the time of a clever financier.

Augustin Daly was born in Plymouth, N. C., on July 20, 1838. His father was a planter, upon whose death the widow moved to Virginia. Augustin came to New York when about 16 years old and later on began his career as a journalist. But he had made up his mind to become a writer of plays, and he spent his evenings in industrious practice. The products of these early efforts never reached the stage, though many of them got into managers' hands. The young fellow was obdurate, however, when once a purpose was fixed in his mind. He did not let discouragement stop him. The first bit of help that he gained was from William E. Burton, the comedian, who in rejecting one of his pieces advised him to keep on trying.

MRS. GILBERT.
One of the familiar figures in Augustin Daly's Company.

He became in time an adapter of plays, then turned dramatist himself, and so mounted the managerial throne. As a playwright he had remarkable success. His sensational melodramas "Under the Gaslight" and "A Flash of Lightning" held the stage for many years, and provided him with the means to carry out his first great enterprises; and both possessed such vitality as to be the source of many profitable imitations. The former play is still on the stage, a great favorite with small companies. In a frontier play called "Horizon"

he used the character of the American Indian with better effect than either dramatist or novelist has used it before or since; in "Pique" and "Divorce" he won two of the great successes accorded to American dramatists; he was the first to dramatize and stage "Griffith Gaunt" by Charles Reade, "Norwood" from Henry Ward Beecher's facile pen. Dickens' "Pickwick Papers," and Wilkie Collins' "Man and Wife;" from the sentimental drama of France and the farcical comedy of Germany he made two score adaptations for his countrymen; and into all these dramatizations and adaptations he put so much of his own work, his own methods, his own personality, that they enjoy an originality not usual in works of this kind.

It would take a large volume to describe adequately this one department of his activities. In presenting his plays to the public he made the name and career of many famous actors of this and an earlier day. The list is long; such stars as Agnes Ethel, Clara Morris, Fanny Davenport, Edith Kingdon (now Mrs. George Gould), Kate Claxton, Bijou Heron, Ada Dyas, Mrs. Scott-Siddons, Emily Rigl, Catherine Lewis, Sara Jewett, Isabel Irving, and Ada Rehan, with a host of minor abilities, made their entrance into fame's temple under his tuition and training. Actors of such merit as George Clarke, Louis James, James Lewis, John Drew, Charles Coghlan, and Charles Richman, with many others, received their earliest training from him; until it has become a recognized fact with managers and actors that a schooling under Daly meant talent in the actor and perfect development of that talent. The careers of the people just mentioned have been so conspicuous and successful that readers can learn from them the value of that training which Daly lavished on his company of actors.

JAMES LEWIS AS LAUNCE, IN "TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA."

So original and successful were his enterprises, that a summary is difficult for the writer. Always far ahead of his day, as a consequence it was his hard lot not only to write and adapt plays, but also to train actors, build theatres, collect and educate

audiences; in a word, to create a whole order of things which would meet the requirements of his own standard, and which did not exist before him.

In his business management he suffered all the reverses and enjoyed the triumphs that accompany the rise of any financier to public confidence. The sum and test of his achievement in this department was the establishment of his London theatre. It was a characteristic achievement, accomplished not alone by money and the reputation of his company.

It was not a mere financial venture. Its artistic significance to American dramatic art was of greater importance. The foreign dramatic artist used to think it condescension to act in America,—an illumination at the same time of the Americans. Daly's company in London, Paris and Berlin, with its finished performances of Shakespearean comedy and German farce, brought many a wrinkle to the brow of European conceit.

ADA REHAN AS JULIA IN "TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA."

The experienced can easily calculate the vast amount of labor involved in the writing, adapting and staging of seventy distinct productions of his

own, in staging two-score plays by other authors, in preparing and staging twenty-two comedies; and in reviving fifteen Shakespearean comedies and tragedies,—in round numbers one hundred and fifty different and mostly difficult pieces within the period of thirty years! Add to this numerical statement the Daly method of preparing these plays, the splendor of presentation, the infinite pains in choosing and training the actors, the originality of thought expended on each production, and one has a fair idea of the engrossing labors of those decades.

His dramatic aptitude was remarkable, and he might have become a great actor if he had taken to the calling early in life. As a stage manager he was surpassed by none, and no actor (however much he or she may have chafed under the severe discipline of his rule) ever regretted a term of service under Mr. Daly's management. His care of the details of a performance in his theatre never lapsed. He watched some part of every performance from either a seat at the prompter's table or a corner in his private box. He corrected every slip. He kept his actors ever on the alert and their work always in key.

Throughout his long career he relied almost wholly on his own taste and judgment, imitating no one and employing no advisers. D. H. Harkins, John Moore, George Clarke, Herbert Gresham and the others associated with him from time to time in the direction of the stage had little to do but obey his explicit orders. He personally superintended all rehearsals, invented the "business" and made the "prompt books." He also kept a close eye on the "front of the house." For many years his chief aid in that department had been Richard Dorney, who grew up in the theatrical business under Mr. Daly's eye.

From the start he was an abounding and potent force for good. The source of his influence was that from the commencement he strove for the best, and his standard was very high.

A dubious reputation hung about the theatre thirty years ago. There was more diabolism to be found in the theatre of that day than the eye could see, and Augustin Daly was the first to make war upon and to destroy it. The demi-monde made the theatre their chamber of commerce, their spider's web for the unwary fly; and the unsavory class known as the men about town sought out in it the victims of their leisure hours.

The evil was universal, and well known to managers, who mostly feared to do battle with it, until Daly showed the way by inviting a struggle which ended in the complete withdrawal of the pleasure-mongers from the theatres which he controlled. It was a sharp contest, but the end was never doubtful; and the victory was so decisive that Daly's theatre has ever since been known as one to which the young might be sent with perfect safety, as far as the human spiders were concerned. His example was speedily followed by other managers, and his success certainly contributed to theirs; so that in our day it has become a necessity of the situation that the patronage of a city theatre shall be thoroughly respectable, and the theatre precincts free from unholy callings. The plays which Daly presented were ever as clean as his theatre. He prepared them with such care, mounted them with such splendor, and interpreted them through actors so admirable, as to make clear the fact that audiences can be interested successfully by plays which the purest can attend without regret. For this he was much sneered at by certain critics, whose cavillings brought more money to his treasury than to their own.

His ambition was always of the intellectual sort, not the financial, and in later days the element of the spiritual was added. In consequence he lavished upon his plays all the care and beau-

ty that the circumstances demanded and good taste permitted. He selected the noblest plays that have illumined the stage, and gave them annual presentation, as in the case of Shakespeare's comedies and the comedies of the old school.

In writing of this feature of his work he paid graceful tribute to the actors who so ably interpreted their parts.

"It is worth noting," he wrote, "that the heroes and heroines of Shakespeare's tragedies and comedies are so rich in the human elements that actors of all shades of genius have found parts adapted to their peculiarities, and have not been able to exhaust the opportunities offered them. The finest qualities of our greatest actors have had full play in portraying Shakespearean creations. It is the highest test of the actor's genius that he can successfully interpret the greatest of poets. In consequence the Shakespearean actors are few; it is the only difficulty with which the manager cannot well contend in his ambition to honor Shakespeare with frequent representations; without the actor of genius all labor and study come to nothing. It is therefore a rare good fortune that in this day we have for the Shakespearean comedies so brilliant and successful an interpreter as Miss Ada Rehan, whose Katherine, Rosalind, and Viola, have charmed both critics and audiences, and whose Julia in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" will please by its sweet gentleness as did Katherine by its robust and yet womanly shrewishness. We have had the heroines of the Shakespearean tragedy more frequently represented than his comedy heroines. The tragic genius is more attractive to the actor; its expression is quick to produce effect; whereas the genius of comedy is more elusive, harder to grasp, and so difficult of expression that critics rightly rejoice when actors with a genius for comedy so real, accurate, and brilliant, as that possessed in the last generation by Adelaide Neilson, and in this by Ada Rehan, appear on the stage."

It was he who made the first wholly successful attempt to give the actor his proper place in society as a member of the artistic brotherhood. The unconventional personage who acted in ante-bellum days was as much beyond the pale of society as the gypsy, and had a similar reputation. Augustin Daly introduced the methods which have helped to transform the average actor into a staid member of society; he began by paying his actors salaries which made the acting-world stare. Charles Coghlan came over from England to act for him at a salary of $350 a week, and the news paled the face of every manager in the land. He insisted on certain rules of conduct for his actors; rules which made the green-room as orderly as any assembly-room of self-respecting citizens and did away with many painful abuses of the earlier days.

He encouraged thrift among his actors, and discouraged all tendencies toward that Bohemian life which makes pleasant reading for the multitude, but meant hideous living and mournful tragedies for hundreds of men and women. In carrying out his ideas he had that unconquerable stubbornness and insistence which irritates the sluggish world to madness, by its adherence to plan in the face of argument and persuasion, even bribery. His reforms, therefore, became the natural order of things at the close of this century.

To meet him for the first time after forming a mental picture of him from his profession and his achievements, meant a rather pleasant surprise. He looked like the ideal poet, rather than the successful manager: tall, slender, well-proportioned, graceful and nervous in movement, self-possessed in repose; face delicate in outline, thoughtful and serious in expression; hard as a flint in business moments,

flexible, mischievous, humorous in social moments; dreamy and sad in repose, indicating the rare combination of business ability and poetic power.

Mr. Daly married Mary Duff. Their only children, boys aged respectively 14 and 12 years, died within a week of diphtheria. As a memorial to them he designed his magnificent Douai Bible, with text specially printed for him on hand-made paper, enlarged to many volumes by the insertion of rare prints, including engravings of all the famous religious paintings of the old masters, manuscripts, autographs of Popes and prelates. His private library, formed since 1878, when his first collection of books was sold, includes many other "Grangerized" books, chiefly theatrical. It also contains good copies of all four of the Shakespeare folios, some of the original Ireland forgeries, a copy of the first edition of "Paradise Lost" and many other treasures. Mr. Daly wrote a life of "Peg Woffington," which he published in folio, in a limited edition, in 1888. This has been "Grangerized" for his library. All the prompt books of famous old plays revived at Daly's were printed, with historical and critical introductions, by William Winter, and large paper editions of these for extra illustration were treasures much prized for collectors. As contributions to theatrical history Mr. Daly published in limited editions, with rich illustrations, "A Portfolio of Players," written by Brander Matthews, Laurence Hutton, H. C. Bunner, William Winter and E. A. Ditmar; "A Daughter of Comedy," by William Winter, and "Memories of Daly's Theatres," by E. A. Ditmar.

With his brother, Judge Daly, Mr. Edwin Booth and Mr. Lawrence Barrett, Mr. Daly was the founder of the Players' Club in New York City, and always took the liveliest interest in the welfare of that institution.

He was a devoted member of the Catholic church. In 1894 he was the recipient of the Laetare medal of the University of Notre Dame. The presentation was made by Archbishop Corrigan in the archiepiscopal residence at Madison avenues and Fiftieth street, New York, in the presence of a large number of dignitaries of the church.

Every year Mr. Daly conducted a benefit at the Metropolitan Opera House in aid of the Catholic Orphan Asylum, and during the theatrical season each year he gave matinee performances for the benefit of Catholic institutions.

The news of his sudden death in Paris, June 7th, caused universal sorrow. The remains were brought home and buried from St. Patrick's Cathedral. Lights were burned on the altar of St. Augustine, erected by Mr. Daly in memory of his two young sons, and the bell he gave to the Cathedral was rung as a futher tribute to this loyal son of the Church.

When delivering the funeral oration, Father Lavelle spoke of Mr. Daly's great liberality to Roman Catholic charities, and said that he had once remonstrated with him when he thought that he was giving too much for a certain purpose. He said that Mr. Daly's answer was: "I have much now and I will give much to help those who are in need. When I have little I will give little, and if the time comes when I have nothing then I will give nothing."

The Christian lowliness of spirit that characterized this man of great achievements finds expression in the opening paragraph of his will. "I ask the forgiveness and prayers of any whom I have injured at any time, and freely forgive any and all who have injured me in any way whatever, and I pray that Almighty God may be merciful to us all."

THE PLAYTHING OF FATE.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

A flood of mellow light bathed all the land that rare June morning. On either side of the road the verdant pastures stretched away to the foot of the not far-distant hills that seemed to rest against the tender blue of the sky to gaze with affectionate regard on the flower-gemmed beauty of the vale below. A breeze from the south was astir, sighing, langorous, only strong enough to shake the drops of the night-fallen rain from the blades of corn and to set in motion the leaves of the tall locusts edging the road. The trembling wings of the breeze were heavy with odoriferous spoils stolen from the wild flowers in the deep woods which crowned the brow of the hills lying southward, and from the blossoms June's lavish hand had scattered over the bosom of the valley. A redbird, swaying joyously on a yielding bough, sent forth his rapturous song in rivalry of that poured down down on him from one of the locusts, while a mocking-bird, spirit of mischief, from his perch on the topmost bough of an oak tree, imitated and excelled both singers. It was a perfect hour and the scene was one worthy the brush of a Turner or Claude Lorraine. But glances of admiration for it there were none, save the occasional ones bestowed upon it by a girl working diligently in her garden. Frequently men on horses or in light road-carts passed by, but they were farmers interested in their crops, or trainers attending to their trotters, and had not time to give a thought to the beauty of the picture God had spread out before their eyes. So the golden hours wore on until the sun was half way up the sky, then the girl lifted herself from her bent position and turned her face toward the south. A stroller along the road, or a lounger in a hammock, would have called the day pleasant, but to the girl working for hours between the long drills, it was uncomfortably warm. She drew a deep breath and taking off her sunbonnet began to fan her flushed cheeks. After a few minutes thus occupied, she dropped the bonnet and unfastening the pins from her tumbled hair gave her head a quick shake, which sent the loosely confined locks down her waist, a wealth of curls, gold-brown where the slanting rays of the sun touched them.

"Oh, dear! how hot it is!" she thought, running her fingers through her moist hair. "It must be ten o'clock and I am not half through. I wonder why it is weeds grow so fast? I wish I were up on that hill with nothing to do all day long but rest against the big trees and watch the sky and the clouds. I wonder if I were to ask grandmother would she let me go to the woods for one whole day, one sweet, long, summer day? It must be lovely in that deep, dark shade. From here you'd think not a ray finds its path through the foliage, but I know there are tiny patches of light scattered over the grass. Now if I were there with my pencil and paper I would sketch it all and make a pretty picture. That is such a beautiful hill. I like it better than any of the others; it's higher

and has so many fine old trees on its crest. I'm glad though it's not entirely covered by trees, I like that opening over there, showing the hill beyond. It is a lighter green, so I suppose it is planted in wheat. Oh! won't that be beautiful when the wheat is ripe! I like to watch a wheat-field when the wind is up; it is like a sea of gold, wave after wave. You can imagine you are in a tiny boat sailing away, away to lands where everybody is happy. I wonder if there are really such places this side of Heaven?"

As she grew interested in her thoughts she threw the weight of her slender figure on her left foot and rested the right on the handle of the garden hoe lying on the ground. Her face was slightly raised and the sunshine kissed the delicate olive of the skin into richer tints and added glory to the wondering dark eyes. Hers was one of the few faultless faces we sometimes meet, but its youthful beauty was marred by a settled melancholy. That some hidden burden oppressed the heart was easily seen. It was written in the pathetic droop around the curved red mouth and looked out from the depths of the deep brown eyes. Yet the shadow was not that of death's but of something as pitiless—hard, grim-visaged poverty. We are often told that only among the poor and lowly ones is happiness found, and there is nothing so wearisome to the ears of those who know something of the yearnings and strugglings of these unfortunate ones. Perhaps the savage, but one degree above the brute creation, is contented with his raw game and tent of bark; but civilized man, endowed with a spark of natural ambition, who knows the comforts wealth can purchase and the advantages education bestows, is not satisfied to drag to the end of a painful existence the oppressive chain of poverty and ignorance. The desire for something higher and better even here we find a dweller in almost every heart, and the inability to reach that height, the disappointment, and, at times, the realization of the utter absurdity of such a hope, throw the darkest shadow across these lives. This was what gave Miriam Hale's face a melancholy sadly out of keeping with her youth. Her soul endowed with a noble gift had been implanted in a body environed by inexorable circumstances and there had been since first reason asserted its sway over the childish mind a continual struggle between that talent and the chains that held it. The eager mind longed for knowledge as a parched tongue for water; but it was denied her. Those who believe that we should compel circumstance may object that had my heroine really desired to possess knowledge she would have striven against every obstacle and succeeded. There are numerous examples on the record of Time of those who have so toiled, but they have either been opposed by no sense of an imperative duty wilfully neglected, or have trampled it, with every other obstacle, under their impetuous feet. To reach the height to which the eager mind would carry her, Miriam would have been compelled to act in direct opposition to the wishes of the woman who had been to her, not only a protector, but had provided her with every necessary of life. Left motherless at her birth, and fatherless six years later, this aged relative had taken her and done for her all which, according to a narrow view, was deemed requisite. Respect, not perhaps unmingled with fear, for her grandmother, was deeply rooted in the girl's heart, and her slightest command was received as an unquestioned law and fulfilled to the letter. This perfect obedience, though it spoiled the girl's youth, and its mistakes could be traced through all her after life, cannot but excite admira-

tion since it is a quality too rarely found in these days, when the child sets itself up as a mentor for the parent.

When only twelve years of age, Miriam was compelled to leave school and made to assume her part of the burden of work in the struggle for bread. One slight concession the grandmother made, the child was permitted to keep her school books, and the spare moments others would have given to play Miriam employed in study. How often had the eager child sprung out of bed at the first streak of dawn to pore over her precious books for a few short hours until called by her grandmother to begin the arduous work of the day. And when the long day was over how golden to her were the moments when, hanging over the sill of her little upstairs window, she reviewed by the last gleam of light the lessons of the morning. Childhood and youth had been one long effort to attain knowledge, and at nineteen she realized with a sickening of the heart it had been almost in vain. Her mind had been so occupied with that one thought, that almost unknown to herself the years had slipped by leaving her a woman and the maturing mind began to grow feverishly discontented. Hitherto she had thought to be learned would have brought her supreme happiness, but now she began to feel another, stronger desire stirring in her heart. She knew it when she watched a drifting, sunkissed cloud or gazed into the deep blue of the sky; when she saw a gleam of light dart across the valley or lifted her eyes to the soft shadows on the hills. The divine artistic talent and the love for knowledge had previously worked together, but now they had suddenly parted and the girl was more wretched than ever.

She led such an isolated life that she had no friend to whom she could go for advice, but a few months previous to the opening of my story fate had thrown across her path a woman who understood and pitied the repressed, yearning soul. With that tact which distinguishes the person of education and refinement Margaret Wood had drawn from the girl those sweet aspirations that were the mainspring of her life. She understood, more fully than did Miriam herself, the longing the few feeble words expressed, and the tears of pity stood in her eyes as she thought of the bitter gray life, across which had never flashed one gleam of pleasure's rosy light, that had never known the unequalled joy of hope's fulfillment. To aid the girl was her noble effort. Through the early spring days she would come to the miserable little house perched on the bleak knoll, and while Miriam worked on the constant knitting, she would sit by her side talking to her, advising her, or reading to her thoughts of the wise and good; while on evenings she would take Miriam to her own happy home and give her instructions in drawing. But the jealousy of learning that had years before been born in the old woman's heart awoke and she forbade her granddaughter to hold any further intercourse with Margaret Wood.

"What business have you with them things?" she questioned, with irritability. "It's spendin' your time foolish, that's what! What's goin' to keep us, I want to know, if you neglect your work for that foolishness she's puttin' into your head? Let me go to the poor-house, I suppose, so you can spend all your time with that wicked Margaret Wood. I'm goin' to have no more of this, and you mind my words."

The fiat had gone forth and Miriam turned from her untasted dinner and walked slowly down the hill to her work in the garden, and only God's all-pitying eye, that sees every wounded heart, knew what that one endured

through the long hours of that sweet May afternoon. All the hopes that were budding in her soul, all the bright dreams woven through many a toilsome day, all the earnestness and brave endurance Margaret's words had called into being, seemed to fall away. She had not the courage to face life without these things which had become such a part of her being. When Margaret heard the decision of Mrs. Hale, and realized that Miriam had no thought of doing other than abiding by it, her kind heart was wounded, but she hid her own feelings and only said: "It is bad, dear, but all will yet be right, for God is good. I shall send you books and pencils and paper. You must try to draw alone now, and when you have finished reading the books put your sketches in them, that I may see what your progress is, and when we meet I shall tell you where the fault, if any, lies." At first Miriam's interest in books and drawing flagged, for Margaret's words of instruction and encouragement, her smile of approval, the confidence her very presence gave to the timid struggler, had been the very life of the work. Deprived of these how, Miriam asked herself, could she continue? She was like a child that in its first attempt at walking finds the guiding hand suddenly withdrawn. With her to fall was to despair, and yet how could she go forward alone? But the God-implanted gift could not be held long by such weak cords, and when the first momentary feeling of abandonment wore away, Miriam began work with renewed interest. To toil alone was harder than even she had imagined but the pleasure its reward gave her was correspondingly as great, for it was hers undividedly. From daylight until seven was the only part of the day she could call her own and that was devoted to her drawing. After the evening meal until the grandmother's hour for retiring Miriam was expected to assist with the knitting, the sale of which constituted no small part of their means of subsistence. After that time the remainder of the night was her own. But night without a candle is useless to the most ambitious scholar, and the stern law governing the little cottage forbade such an extravagance as a light after eight o'clock. When the moon was full and bright she managed to find her way over the pages, but there were many nights cloudless or moonless, and for these there was no employment save leaning over the window sill gazing at and wishing she were nearer those innumerable and unquenchable lamps of God. In some way Margaret came to know of this great want and in her own gracious way supplied it, and after that there were no more dark nights, and the reading done in those hours stolen from slumber gave food for thought during the days spent in the garden, between the long green rows of vegetables.

Miriam continued standing with her foot on the hoe, her mind running over a thousand fancies, the while her eyes rested on the shaded hill-tops. She was not aware what a picture she thus made, but a man riding leisurely up the road was not oblivious to its beauty. At that moment a shadow fell across the hill and came swiftly up the valley.

"It looks like a great black bat," she thought, "silent and swift in its flight. It is on me now!" And as the shadow passed and the flood of yellow light again fell over her, the rider, who was now close enough to see her face, drew his rein and all but uttered an exclamation of admiration. Impelled by the magnetism of his glance, she turned her head slowly and meeting his eyes across the few yards of garden space surprise and embarrassment sent the warm blood into her cheeks. He smiled, drew in his lagging horse,

and lifting his hat courteously, sent, in a peculiarly pleasant voice, a greeting to her. As she responded, she mentally wished she had not unloosened her hair.

"Is not this a perfect day?" he asked. "You appear to be enjoying it thoroughly."

"He is making fun of me because I am standing in the sun without my bonnet," she thought, which thought did not tend to lessen her discomfiture.

"I am," she replied, somewhat coolly. "There is nothing I enjoy more than the sunshine, unless—"

"Yes?" he asked, a twinkle in his eyes.

"Unless it might be that shade on the hill yonder," she concluded, laughing.

"Why this locust tree throws a very grateful shade. Come over and share it with me," he said.

"I haven't time," she answered.

"Ah, that is an invitation for me to ride on," he said, smiling. "Well, good-morning, Miss Miriam," and lifting his hat, he went on his way to the village.

Miriam fastened up her hair, and putting on her bonnet recommenced her work, soon forgetting the little incident; but all the way to the village, the girl's fair face went before the man, and all that day, as he counted the money across the white marble slab of the bank, or bent over the ponderous books, her eyes were looking into his, her voice sounding in his ears.

"How beautiful she has grown!" was his mental remark, oft repeated. "If she were not old Mrs. Hale's granddaughter I should think I am smitten. Pity she is. I wish—"

That night, when at length Miriam sought her pillow, she dreamed she was sailing in a tiny boat across a waving field of wheat to a hill clothed in soft shadows, and on the summit, waiting for her with smiling face and outstretched hands, was Mr. Harold Stewart. As her bark was borne onward by summer winds, she whispered, "That is the land where everybody is happy."

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Harold Stewart awoke the next morning with a sense of a renewed interest in life. It was so unaccountable that as he made his toilet he stopped once and regarding his reflection in the tall mirror, thought: "If it were not for the lines and occasional gray hair, I should begin to think I had had a draught from that fountain which vain old Ponce de Leon traversed an unknown world to find." And then he sighed for the youth left behind him.

Five-and-thirty years ago his birth had brought to an old Kentucky home joy indescribable, and as the father looked on his heir his heart swelled with pride, while the young mother, hanging over his cradle, pictured for her first-born a future as unclouded as a June day. Acre after acre of fertile, level land, grazed by herds of cattle or tilled by bands of slaves, was his heritage by law, and the prestige given to the rich and well-descended his right, according to the code of the world. But true is the old proverb, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." A fatal mistake in speculation first, then the disastrous war, and Harold Stewart, the child of such bright promise, entered into manhood penniless. He had been well-educated and with the determination of a Kentuckian entered on the work of retrieving the fortune lost through no fault of his. Nor had he failed. Beginning as a book-keeper in the bank of his native town he had fought his way steadfastly until he found himself comparatively-speaking a rich man. His determination and strict attention to duty won the high regard

of the president and principal stockholder, and when Harold offered himself as a suitor for the hand of the only child of the great magnate, his suit met with warm approval. Their married life, considering that neither husband nor wife had deeply loved each other, was a happy one, the reason of which may be found in the fact that neither had had time to discover that the chain that bound them was irksome, for after a brief year of wedlock, Harold found himself a widower and a parent. When he laid his young wife under the whispering pines of the old graveyard, he thought all hope of heart-happiness was buried with her. He had not avoided society, on the contrary, he was, in a way, one of its leaders. But society understood he was not a marrying man and long since the gossips had ceased speculating who would be the second Mrs. Stewart. For the man himself, he had never bestowed a second thought on any woman, until yesterday. He had known Miriam Hale as people know each other in a small community, but never until then had the spell of her beauty touched him. As he walked down the softly carpeted stairs and through the cool, dim hall, he thought of the picture she made, and it must have been that thought that sent him whistling an old love song along the street, an hour after, as he wended his way to the bank. There was a host of fleecy clouds sailing over the sky that day and when, after one had passed away from the sun, the golden light would again fall on his desk through the wire-screened window, his thoughts would suddenly fly back to the girl he had seen standing with unbound hair between the green rows of her vegetable garden.

That afternoon as he was leaving the bank he saw her coming down the street. He waited until she was beside him, then, without knowing why he should do so, he walked with her through the town and down the quiet country road until the red gate before her home was reached. Nor did he ask himself why, as he wended his way back alone, his mind was filled with thoughts of Miriam Hale. The hours spent at his work began to grow irksome and he was tormented with an insane longing for a wealth of sunshine pouring from a tender, cloudless sky, for a whiff of blooming clover and the leafiness of a summer wood.

"I must take a holiday," he said one morning, and arming himself with a couple of volumes, he strolled over the now familiar road. But Miriam was not in her garden. The disappointment he experienced should have warned him he was approaching dangerously near the confines of that land whose delights are as often enchantment as reality. His walk, as he had intended it should, led him to the wooded hill toward which Miriam's eyes were so often yearningly turned, and throwing himself on the long grass, and propping his head on his hand, he let his gaze wander over the scene spread out before him in all its loveliness. A broad, shallow stream, dotted here and there with miniature islands where tall grasses and water-lilies grew, wound with many a graceful turn around the foot of the hill, and gazing into it, it seemed another sky, another world decked in June-time loveliness, lay beneath the glass-like surface. The white stepping-stones, the only bridge this free child of the fields knew, showed like broad plates of polished silver, and when the occasional ripple, caused by some finny wanderer or its winged pursuer, broke across the tranquil water, its various hues and tremulous glimmerings suggested the entrance to enchanted land. The white road wound like another stream, down the valley, past a little weather-beaten and disused school-

house, and then making an abrupt turn was lost to view at a point lower down where the dark roof of a house appeared above the sloping ridge. The valley, guarded by its verdant hills and beaming in the golden light, lay before him, a beautiful agricultural picture. Harold Stewart did not open his books. After all what would he find there but poets' dreams and fancies; and he was now a poet himself, as all are at some moments in their lives. And how frequently Miriam Hale's wistful brown eyes looked on him from those dreams, I need not say; for few are the hearts love has not visited, and the years can not dim the memory of what his presence brought. Not until the sun was dipping down behind the western range of hills, did Harold stir from his bed on the grass, and when he finally rose he sighed for he was leaving the Land of Happy Illusion. He glanced frequently toward the little frame house in passing but no sign of life, not even the barking of a dog, was there. A little further down the road, however, where the trees met overhead, he saw her coming toward him, the slight figure bent under the weight of a heavy package she was carrying. He hastened to her, his fine face aglow.

"Let me assist you, Miss Miriam," he said.

"It is not very heavy," she returned, looking at him in surprise, but relinquishing the parcel.

"Have you been to town?" he asked, as they walked under the green canopy.

"Yes, and I am late," she returned.

"And carried this burden all that way?" he exclaimed. "It is enough to kill you!"

She laughed and said:

"Oh, I am used to it, you know."

The words jarred on him. She had been such a part of his golden dream all day and the present reality was rudely dispelling it.

"But you should not be," he said; then, continued hastily: "If I had only known—why didn't you tell me yesterday?"

"Why," she began, raising her surprised eyes to him, but the light that met her made her forget her words. They walked on in silence for a few paces, then she said, battling against this timidity that had so suddenly overtaken her:

"You were in the country to-day?"

"All day," he answered. "It would have been a most delightful one, if—" He paused thinking she would turn her face toward him again.

"If what?" she said, looking straight before her.

"If I had had someone to keep me company."

"You had your books," she said.

"Which I didn't open," he replied.

"No?" looking at him in surprise.

"I was better employed," he answered, smiling down into her face.

"How?" she asked, a new, shrinking expression in her eyes.

"Thinking of you," were the words that rose spontaneously to his lips, but something on the girl's face, whether its youth or sadness, prevented their utterance, and he said, instead: "Dreaming. I was lying on that hill, —you can see it from here—building some of the most beautiful of air castles. Wasn't that better than reading?"

"I can not answer that question until I know the nature of the reading you had with you," she returned, and when he handed her the volumes, she exclaimed, "Poe and Lanier!"

"Your voice tells me plainly," he said, "you do not agree with me. Do you like poetry?"

"Oh, yes!" she replied, the pathetic, almost hungry, look coming over her expressive face as she gazed at the daintily bound books. "But I have read very few of the poets. I—I can't get the time," raising the eyes, now

sad and dreamy to him. Looking into their depths he read the unuttered sorrow of the young life. There was something in his face that awoke responsiveness in her heart. She felt that she could talk to him, that he would understand. "I love to read and I love to draw," she began, in a rapid way, "but—but I must work. It would be wrong, a sin for me to neglect my work to gratify my wishes, wouldn't it?"

"May it not be a greater sin to neglect the talents God has given you?" he asked.

She stopped and looked at him earnestly, then said, slowly:

"I never thought of it that way," and he noticed that the fine face lighted up; but after a moment, it grew depressed again, as, stifling a sigh, she added, "It is useless to think about that. I can do nothing. We are too poor and God knows this well."

"But," be began, 'very cautiously," "suppose some person, a friend, who—who wishes to be a real friend, should offer to help you until your talent was cultivated? You understand how I mean?" he continued hastily, "would be glad and willing to loan you the necessary amount to complete your education in art—Miss Wood has told me of your fine gift—what then?" He never forgot the look that came into her eyes. It haunted him many an after hour. She drew a long breath.

"It would be—oh, what shall I say? You know what I would say?" But instantly the expression faded from her face and he understood its significance.

"But you have such a friend, Miss Miriam," he said, in low tones, contradicting her thought. The voice and words moved her and again she experienced the timidity of a while ago creeping over her.

"Even so," she began, falteringly, "grandmother would not allow me to—to accept."

"You do not know that positively yet," he pressed. "Why not ask her?" They had now reached the gate and as he opened it she held out her hand for her parcel.

"I shall carry it up the hill for you," he announced. "Will you ask your grandmother?" he questioned, as they went forward; "and tell me her decision?"

"Yes," she answered.

"When shall I see you again? Will you be at home Sunday afternoon?"

"Yes—but," she began, then hesitated.

"I understand. You have not all the day to yourself? But do you spend the entire time in the house?"

"Until grandmother falls asleep. After that, I usually go out to that old oak tree below the orchard and read."

"And about what time is that?" he asked. They were now at the door and Miriam thought she caught the fall of her aged relative's cane on the hard floor.

"About three o'clock," she answered, hurriedly, and reading the fear on her face, he placed the parcel on the step, and holding out his hand, said, softly:

"Good-bye, until Sunday," and the flush the words and pressure of his fingers brought into her dusky cheek sent him down the little hill with his heart bounding rapturously.

Never did life look so fair to Harold Stewart as it did that evening. He sat with his father-in-law on the pleasant wide veranda for an hour, discussing with him a projected and unusually large investment of funds from which they expected great results. The keen mind was now fully alive to business, it took in every detail, enlarged the plan, observed the necessity of new arrangements and comprehended the effect as a whole. But

after a while a silence fell between the two men, and the elder leaning back in his chair studied by the uncertain light the face of his companion. Presently he said, referring to his wife who had died a few months previously:

"How lonely are these summer evenings without her, Harold? Don't you remember how she used to sit here by her pretty stands of flowers watching the sky and the moonlight?"

"Yes," replied the younger man, his sympathetic eyes resting on the frail, grief-sharpened face near him, "such an hour as this was a happy one for her, but we must believe it is as nothing compared with her present bliss."

The listener shook his head.

"That thought does not lighten the loneliness of my heart," he answered," and of late my mind has been oppressed with many fears. There often comes to me a presentiment of approaching evil. It may arise from my feeble health it is true, or, it may be that her spirit-eyes see the future and she is warning me of approaching calamity."

He paused but Harold made no comment for an unaccountable chill crept through his veins.

"At any rate my mind is haressed," went on the older man, "and you know I cannot long endure mental anxiety."

"What is troubling you?" asked Harold.

"Your son," returned the old man.

"What! Harry? Do you mean—"

"This is what I mean," interrupted the father-in-law. "Since the death of his grandmother he has been left wholly to the care of the servants. You have observed the complete change in him, for I heard you reprimanding him yourself the other day for his disobedience. He is growing wild, and for a boy of his years is very reckless. His close companions are not children of his own age and standing, but rude, bad boys, twice his years. I met him yesterday coming through an alley with a crowd of them, smoking a cigarette. 'The child is father to the man,' Harold, and I cannot contemplate such a thing as my grand-son disgracing me, nor leaving my wealth to a spendthrift, if not a villain."

Harold winced at the last word, but he asked calmly,

"What shall I do with him? Send him off to some good school?"

"No, no," returned the old man, quickly;" he is too young and delicate. I sometimes think his mother's fatal disease has a strong hold upon him."

"Impossible!" cried Harold, the blood leaving his face, for with every fibre of his being he loved this young son. "Why, he is never sick. He is delicate, I will admit, but healthy."

"It may be as you say," assented the older man; "anyhow, he requires care and training such as only a good woman, one who is interested in his moral and physical welfare could give."

"Can we not find such a woman?" asked Harold, anxiously.

"I think we can," replied the other, cautiously.

"You know her?"

"Yes, but, Harold, she can take charge of your son in one capacity only—as your wife."

(To be continued)

THOUGHTS ON IMMORTALITY.*

BY REV. J. M. HARRINGTON.

Among the various questions that agitate the human mind none occupies a position of greater importance than that of the future state of the soul. And as all the problems that bear on this matter find their expression in the truth of immortality, it becomes evident that this latter is as it were the foundation truth on which all else rests. Anything therefore which has a tendency to confirm our belief in immortality must be regarded as of the first importance in the solution of all difficulties regarding the future. For if there be no immortality, then all discussion of problems that reach beyond the grave becomes merely a matter of dreams for the individual dwelling here. Christian faith in immortality is well known, as is that of the Jewish belief from which it springs. Hence the Christian has the consolation of knowing that he stands on firm ground in regard to immortality since he is supported by the testimony of the better part of the human race. That alone is sufficient to satisfy. Nevertheless it is a matter of great satisfaction to find that even beyond the confines of Christianity and Judaism the same truth has been universally and constantly held. To prove this thesis would require much labor and space. The writer of this article prefers to confine himself to illustrating one form of the various proofs which exist, handed down to us from distant pagan times.

We find in the remains of the burial places that still exist in the Orkney Islands, plain proof that the pagans, who dwelt there long before the days known to written history, held firmly to a belief in the immortality of the soul, if not similar, at least cognate to that so firmly held by the Christian of to-day.

Travelers in the Orkney Islands are shown a remarkable group of stone circles and tumuli scattered over a tongue of land separating the loch of Stennis from the sea, and known as the standing stones of Stenness and Brogar. The larger of the circles, the "Ring of Brogar," having a diameter of about 366 feet, encloses an area of some two and a half acres. It is surrounded by a trench about thirty feet broad and six deep. Within the enclosure at the present day thirteen stones of the great circle still remain standing. The highest of the stones is fourteen feet above the level of the ground, and its breadth is eighteen feet. The smaller circle, called the "Ring of Stennis" is more monumental, as it contains the remains of the "cromlech" within it. It has a circular platform of 104 feet in diameter, surrounded by a broad ditch, which is again girdled by a circumscribing mound, and upon the inner platform the ring of standing stones is situated.

The jetting promontory on the opposite side of the loch, on which the Ring of Brogar stands, is covered with ancient burial mounds. These burial mounds or tumuli, of which there are over twenty, are in some instances very large and spacious.

The fact that the Norsemen in the ninth century called this place Steinsness, according to the Orkneyinga Saga, shows that it was known to them only as it is at the present day, as the "ness" of the monumental stones. If they had anything to do with the erection of any of these monuments

*Suggested by a visit to Pagan Ruins in the Orkneys.

in all probability there would have been some incidental record of the fact in the Sagas. There is no mention of it whatsoever. On the other hand there is evidence to show that they had no hand in the erection of these stones, from the fact that a Norse writer cut an inscription on one of them, assigning their construction to the sons of Ladbrok, which, according to those versed in the Norse language, is equivalent to saying that their origin was unknown to them.

Now in these mounds have been found many human remains, and urns containing burnt bones and ashes, together with various ornaments, armlets, rings, necklaces and bracelets, and weapons of stone or flint, such as battle axes and the like. In some mounds the remains of what was supposed to be the chief of the tribe were found unburnt, while all around them, in a circle, were urns with cremated remains. And, as historians have shown that the immediate predecessors of the Norsemen were Christian Picts, we must go back beyond the sixth century for the date of the erection of these circles and cromlechs. As the Christians did not cremate their dead it follows that these urns must have been of pagan origin of the stone age, since pagans occupied the island previous to the Picts. The imposing dimensions of these stones might lead us at first sight to the conclusion that these circles were erected as public memorials of the deeds of some great hero, or of some great event, which rendered the scene sacred and memorable in the unsung annals of the past. In our ignorance of, and consequent indifference towards the faded past, we are apt to think that it contained nothing worthy of the inspiration of the bard. But we seem to forget that without a Homer the stirring deeds enacted before the walls of Troy would have been lost in the shadows of oblivion, and the heroic figures of a Hector and an Achilles, the wisdom of a Nestor, the noble sentiments of an Agamemnon would never have thrilled the world to latest ages. I think I do not overreach the truth when I say that an Iliad might have been composed from the wars and adventures, the tales and rousing deeds of that age of which these impressive circles of huge slabs are silent monuments. After all, we possess but a small fraction of the history of the human race. Standing on Orkney's sea-girt shore and looking on those crumbling monuments of hoary centuries, I thought how little after all we know of the great and dead past, and of the unsung heroes to whom those weather-beaten pillars were erected. Truly a small library might contain all that lies on this side of borderland of myth and tradition, which divides us from the vast unknown and unrecorded incidents, in the story of man. What sentiments of admiration, perhaps of reverence, if also of horror, might not move us, if we only understood what has been handed down in monumental stones like these, if we could only realize all that clusters round them, and all that is buried, perhaps for ever, in the cairns, tumuli and brochs of antiquity!

The discovery of many tumuli, beneath which rest the cremated bones of countless heroes of prehistoric ages, would seem to indicate that these giant circles of stones were meant to commemorate the burial-place of a family or tribe of warriors. At all events they have a historical significance; they at least represent the thoughts and deeds of those who in this way strove to give them permanent expression. But the presence of human remains in the site of most of those burial places examined in the Orkneys, justifies us, I fancy, in regarding them as family or district cemeteries—the last resting places of ancestors—around which the thoughts of the living centered in pious and mournful meditation, in some such

fashion as the passer-by beholds the Christian churchyard of his native village. This does not, of course, exclude the possibility of their having been the scene of religious, though pagan rites. Caesar and Tactitus are authorities for the existence, in those bygone days, in Britain, of barbarous cult and bloody and inhuman ceremonial. But whatever their object, those imposing monuments of antiquity in connection with their weather-beaten isolation, excite in all those who behold them, a feeling of admiration and awe, blended with an involuntary tribute of reverence. The presence however of such objects, in the excavations connected with those stones, as half-decayed instruments, battle-axes, and ornaments worn on the person and buried with it and which pass under the lugubrious name of "grave goods", affords us an instructive glimpse of the thought and belief of the pagans of this remote age. They reveal the existence of a belief in the hereafter, and of a custom which has survived all intervening time, and which at the present day lives—minus its pagan object—in the practice of burying army officers in their military attire, and the higher orders of the clergy in full canonicals. It seems beautiful in its spiritual simplicity, and regards the close of this earthly life as the commencement of a higher, and is at least a tribute of the respect of the living towards those whose dignity is thus recognized even in death.

But among those who had not the consoling doctrine of the Resurrection preached to them—among our pagan forefathers—this interment of material objects with the remains, together with the sacrificing of the household dependents, and their subsequent cremation and burial with their chiefs, expressed a natural phase of realistic thought, and a belief in a future life which, to them, was to be a continuation at least, of the life they led here. The bereaved Christian, who lays the departed in the earth, in the hope of a blessed resurrection, is not the sole possessor of the consolation of an inspiring faith. The rude pagan, who placed the weapons of the warrior in the stone cist or the death chamber in which he was finally laid to rest, was not devoid of a comfort, if not as supernatural and actuated by heavenly faith, at least real and hence consoling. He had but passed by the threshold of the grave into a state where he believed he had still need of the tools, the weapons, the ornaments he had handled in this life; yea, even of his slaves and retainers to defend him in the world beyond. Nor are the emblems of human affection more touching or more expressive in the form of a wreath or a granite cross, than in that of a valuable ornament which was placed in many of these pagan graves, by one whose affection surmounted greed and taught him self-sacrifice. Unquestionably, there is a dark side to this picture, for such a phase of thought as these grave goods indicate has often been associated with a profound and grim superstition. If the warrior chief had need of his weapons and martial ornaments in the battle grounds, among the everlasting pines, did he not also require the services of his slaves and followers? To this day, it is said, in "darkest Africa," the death of a king is the occasion for the slaughter of his wives and slaves, in order that the deceased may not go forth into the invisible, bereft of all the services which he enjoyed here. This belief no doubt gave rise to much slaughter, and thus is explained the finding of many urns of cremated bones around the warriors in those prehistoric tumuli of Orkney. Where such a fearful superstition darkened the mind, life was no doubt a miserably cheap commodity, and may even be said to have cost more lives, during those remote pagan times, than the slave trade ever did. Even the Gauls, it is said, [Elton, *Origin of English*

History; Caesar, *Bell. Gall.* Bk. VI, c. 19.], "used to cast on the funeral pyre whatever things the dead man loved, so that his spirit might enjoy them in the world to come, and at the end of the funeral, his favorite slaves and dependents were burned alive on the pile to keep their master company." And of those human remains in Orkney, Dr. Latham [*Ethnology of Britian,* p. 23] remarks: "Around a skeleton more or less entire are found, at regular distances, the ashes of bodies that were burnt, just as if the chief was interred in the flesh, but his subordinates given over to the flames." No doubt the subordinates were burnt in order that their spirits might accompany their chief to the world beyond.

Of the religious cult therefore that prevailed among those pagan peoples of the Ultima Thule, we have a knowledge from the tombs of their dead. The presence of those grave goods is abundant evidence, which I think cannot be gainsaid, that those ancestors of remote prehistoric times had a faith such as it was. Of course it would be in vain to look for any reasoned *system* of belief among those who in reason were mere children. A system of belief among those prehistoric pagans does not seem to me probable. That would imply a dialectic process far beyond the powers of the savage. But a belief they unquestionably had, a belief at least in a future existence, and if those grave goods prove anything, they prove that. The idea of the supernatural, as Christians understand that expression, may have been absent, for the savage does not define in the manner of the theologian of the higher faith, but the idea of another, higher and nobler life, exerted its influence upon them and culminated in the belief in a future existence. Otherwise, what mean those grave goods?

THE ANGELUS.

BY MARGARET FICHTER.

Lo! As a taper set beside the bier of Day,
One single star its vigil keeps on yonder height,
Whence sable-slippered Dusk, with noiseless tread and light,
Steals down across the dewy lawn and rose-lined way

Unto the old church there, and nun-like kneels to pray
Before the Altar-place. Soft-breasted doves and white
Look out the belfry crevices upon the night,
That comes apace; and swift-winged swallows, circling, play

About the eaves. Within their stalls the sweet-breathed kine,
Their milky store all yielded, rest, and the tired swain
Wends homeward now thro' hedged lanes and odorous;

While o'er the fields, like a master chord of peace divine
To close Day's jarring song of weariness and pain,
In blessed benediction falls the Angelus.

In Safe Keeping.

St. Barbara.

SAINT BARBARA.

FRANCES BENT DILLINGHAM.

Saint Barbara, my saint,
With your thought-deep, earnest eyes,
Touched with light from Paradise,
Once as any maiden wooed
In your winsome human mood.

Saint Barbara, my saint!
But you turned your pure, proud face
From your suitors with high grace;
"More than me one loves his wine,
One his dogs, to hunt or dine."

Saint Barbara, my saint!
Still a virgin when there came
To the Court, Christ's unknown name;
"Best of men, I know," she said,
"Him, Him only, will I wed."

Saint Barbara, my saint,
With your worth held maiden-dear
You would tread where angels fear,
Till revealed by mystic sign
You had touched on things divine.

Saint Barbara, my saint!
Human marriage oft means pain,
Human love holds loss and gain;
But the Church, the Spirit's bride,
Weds fore'er the Crucified.

Saint Barbara, my saint!
Larger gain and nobler loss
If we wed the shadowed cross;
Loss of self, the world's vain power,
Gain of love's eternal dower.

Saint Barbara, my saint,
Turned from earth's sweet, fulsome praise,
Fared henceforth in humbler ways,
With the Christ-life lived to bless
All hearts faint with heaviness.

Saint Barbara, my saint!
Partly human, part divine,
Others walk this earth of thine,
Whom no fervent artist paints
Yet we dare to call them saints.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

REV. JAMES H. COTTER.

The great honor of being successor in the See of Columbus has been mentioned for the Rev. James H. Cotter of St. Lawrence's Church, Ironton, Ohio. His close friendship with Bishop Watterson would make it but a natural sequence that Father Cotter should take up the work the scholarly bishop laid down.

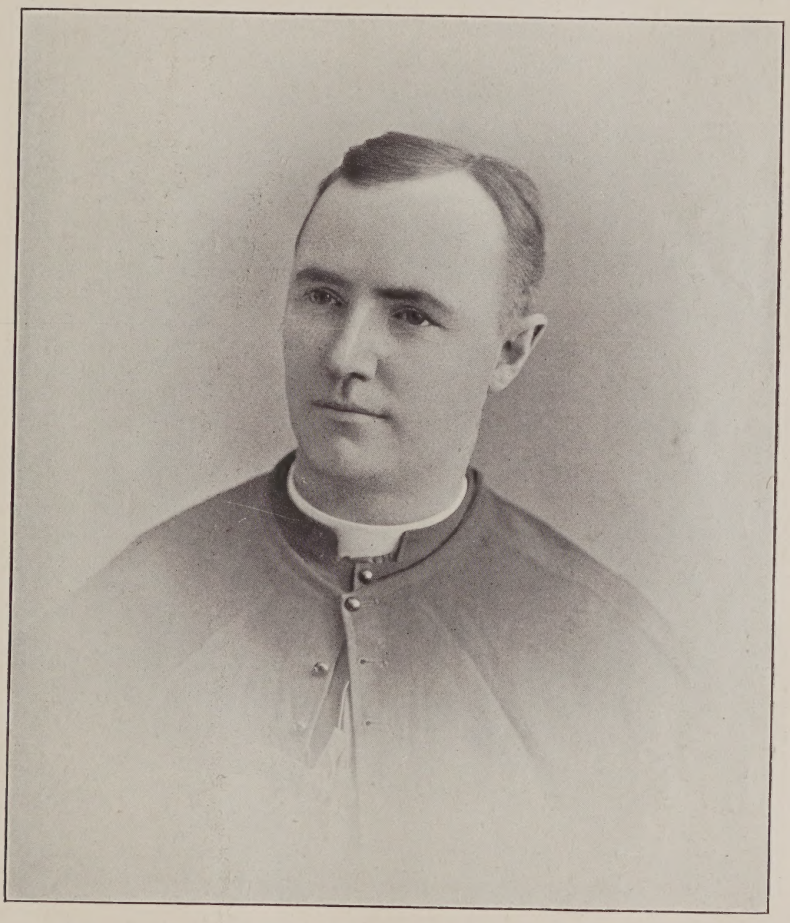
Father Cotter is himself a scholar of ripe attainments, and a writer whose work, particularly on Shakesperean subjects, has attracted much attention. This devotion to study and his naturally retiring disposition make him solicitous for a life of retirement rather than the high estate of a prelate. A renaissance church which, with

its marble altars and statuary and beautiful windows, is the pride of southern Ohio, was built in Ironton by Father Cotter.

His eloquence as a preacher is shown in the following extract from his eulogy of Bishop Watterson:

"Though from his body life and light had gone, the majesty of his personality was all the more pronounced. As he lay there the silence of death seemed only the seclusion that the profound student needed. How empty was his thronged Cathedral without him! His charming manner, the outcome of classical culture; his courtly carriage, to which the princely purple was a necessity; his condescension, kindred to that attractive charity which was the flower of his faith; his musically eloquent tongue growing sweeter in lengthened thought, deep and clear in itself and logical in its relation; his power gigantic yet gentle;—all these glories of head and heart were missed and their absence appealed to history 'to speak him fair in death.'"

In the rare "Between Whiles" that come to the occupant of a professor's chair, the Rev. Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C., of St. Joseph's College, Memramcook, N. B., has



Rev. Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C.

produced a volume of charming verse. His Marian Songs and Sonnets are full of sweet and tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin. "My Queen," the opening poem, is an avowal of love and duty:

"Lances no longer we tilt for glory,
Gone is the pomp of the tourney now;
Still, like the knights of the olden story,
Lovers the queens of their hearts avow.

Peerless is mine: with her grace none other
E'er may compete, here below or above,—
Queen all unrivaled, O Mary Mother,
Grant for my guerdon one smile of love."

With this deep religious feeling the author combines a cheery philosophy that finds expression in such lines as the following:

And again in his Alumni poem recalling youth's beautiful confidence in the kindness of the future:

"The world holds naught of dread for us;
'tis but a tourney plain
Whereon, our squirehood over, we shall
tilt and not in vain.

HON. CORNELIUS T. DRISCOLL.

"Ah the New Year holds whatsoe'er I list
And my way will be dark with the shrouding mist,
Or bright, by the golden sunshine kissed,
Just as I choose to make it.

We fill as we please all the years that run,
Cloud them with rain or gild them with sun;
Life's truest joy dwells in duty done,
Its grief burdens those who forsake it."

We shadow forth the gallant joust, nor doth a doubt arise
That lances such as we shall wield may fail to win the prize."

The reality of combat with life brings no regret for the time spent in dreaming:

"What though no crown of fair renown
hath sought us in our prime,
What though the Hill of Fame hath proved
a toilsome steep to climb;

Still do our castles and our dreams deserve,
not blame, but praise,—
They glorified life's placid tide throughout
those other days."

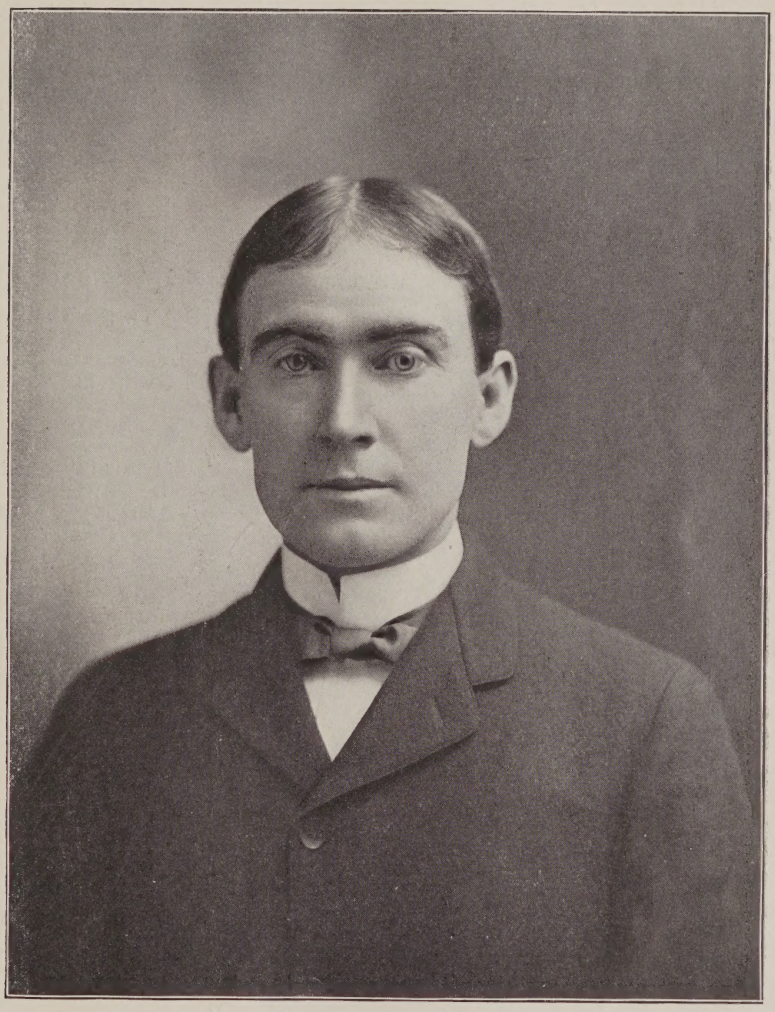
Such poems as these are wholesome, happy reading, instinct with high thought, and the author deserves the thanks of the public for giving them permanent form.

Father O'Neill though widely known as a litterateur has won even nobler recognition in the hearts of the hundreds of students whose lives he has directed in ways of usefulness and honor.

Cornelius T. Driscoll, who was inaugurated as mayor of New Haven, June 12, is the first Irish Catholic elected to that office during the two hundred and sixty years' existence of the city, and he is the first Democrat elected there during the last six years.

Although Mr. Driscoll has always been prominent in both Irish and Catholic affairs, it was a pleasant feature of the canvass that neither the question of nationality nor religion was raised. He is considered remarkably well qualified for the office, having served as a member of both branches of the city government and several years as corporation counsel, as well as a member of the legislature.

Mr. Driscoll is a graduate of Yale College, and the professors and graduates of



JAMES COPPINGER COTTER.

that institution, who number several hundred in the city, are said to have voted for him almost to a man, notwithstanding the fact that most of them are Republicans.

Mr. Driscoll was one of the founders of the Knights of Columbus, and of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union. He is an able lawyer and enjoys the confidence of the community in which he lives, as was evidenced by his majority of 1525 over the Republican candidate for mayor, which is a flattering majority for an election in New Haven.

James Coppinger Cotter is a rising young attorney of Indianapolis who has already won for himself a high place in the ranks of his profession, by his legal ability, his courteous manner, and scholarly attainments. He pursued a thorough course of studies in the classics and in the law, both in England and at Harvard University. For eight years he was a student at the latter institution, graduating seventh in a class of 339. Mr. Cotter received from Harvard the degree of Bachelor of Arts and also that of Bachelor of Laws. He spent a year in the office of one of the leading attorneys of Boston and was subsequently admitted to practice in the United States Courts, from the district of Massachusetts. Since his return west he has practised his profession with marked success. He is a member of the Indiana Law School faculty, being a lecturer on the law of real estate and the law of trust, and he is considered by the faculty as one of their ablest members.

Mr. Cotter is a prominent member of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick and at present fulfills the duties of secretary. He is also vice president of the Indiana Harvard Club, beside being a member of the University Club.

Mr. Cotter was a prominent candidate before the last Democratic Convention for the nomination for judge of the Superior Court, and in the balloting showed remarkable strength.

Sir Wm. J. Greene.

A clever young Irish gentleman has taken up his residence in this country. Sir William Joseph Greene was born in Connaught, June, 1870. On his mother's side he is a descendant of O'Rorke, Prince of Brefny; on his father's, from Viscount Taafe, Baron of Ballymote. His grandmother was sister to the late Viscount Taafe, premier of the Austrian empire.

Mr. Greene made his classical course with the Marist Fathers, a very fine teaching order. He is devoting his life work to the drama, his "The Lord of Coolevyn," an original four-act play, being a very creditable production.

The story is interesting and contains nothing offensive in the way of dialect or caricature. A number of sweet songs add to the effectiveness of the play and the plot is simply and naturally unravelled.

A STUDY OF FRANCIS THOMPSON'S POEMS.

BY SUSAN L. EMERY.

The question whether Francis Thompson is really a poet, really a new planet in the intellectual Heaven, is not one to be solved by the careless reader or carping critic. Work like his demands both study and thought. It has to be weighed by the standards of true poetic form and true poetic fire; and in his case the form first thrusts itself prominently into view.

This new Thompson is daring in his metres, and still more so in his use of the English tongue. Opening his last volume, the eye is caught by such words as interparticled, untumultuous, half-sad and all-elate, unsensed sweet, accipitrine, inassuageable, affined, deathfulness, lifefulness, sciential, biune, ungaped-at, unsagacious-gray, world-unshuttering, resilient, presentience, enskied, vidual curch, inured, high-danced, never-twice-revolving. We behold poems with a line of two syllables set between one of three feet and another of six, and going on in seeming oddities of measure and very certain oddities of vexatious rhyme. The subject is far removed from the predicate, separated from it by adjective and clause and metaphor and exclamation. The phrases are of build extraordinary, and of strangely labyrinth-like thought.

Yet, and especially if we begin to read slowly and thoughtfully aloud, we become aware of a true, sustained, and melodious poesy, akin to Edgar Poe, the Rosettis', and Mrs. Browning, but with a marked thought-quality of its own, won through rarely trodden paths and by cruel pain,—and denoting the possession of a superior knowledge, too little used by him, and even then sometimes ignobly; by no means to the glorious fulness of its unrivalled possibilities.

Thompson is religious in his writing; evidently Catholic in his training; but intensely, painfully subjective. It is impossible to grant to him the crown that the royal objective poets wear; nor has he that serene equipoise which for so long a time characterized the genius of Tennyson, and gives him sway over the minds of men. But he possesses, to a singular extent, and in a marked degree, the peculiar quality by which the poet, the prophet and the mystic are akin.

What most men either do not see at all, or see vaguely with extreme powerlessness of expresion,he writes of,as it were in hieroglyphics,but with a pen dipped in strange fiery ink,and with words that need both cautious and reverent study to discover the meaning that they would convey. All nature is to him a great symbolism or a splendid ritual, pertaining to the Creator's worship; and all love is to him a type of God's love for man, or man's for God.

But he himself knows that he is not yet a safe leader. It is the eagle's eye alone that can look untremblingly upon the sun. However deeply he may have gazed into spiritual mysteries, he is no Isaiah, or John the Divine, or Francis of Assisi, or John of the Cross. His brilliant poem, called Assumpta Maria, is a case in point. How, in the first place, are we to excuse the rhyming, needless anyway, of *woman* and *assume an;* or what shall we say to *God in* and *trodden, her are* and *terror, Virgin* and *gurge in?* When we recognize, however, the strong rush of words and thought in the twelve stanzas, and the many mystical sayings from scripture developed into splendid meaning and bound together by the mesh of musical metre handled well,

much must be condoned to the writer. There is here the bold touch of a Titian. Is there, however, any touch of a Fra Angelico? The poet is too bold in his treatment of his awe-inspiring subject; for she, of whom it has been forcibly said that neither joy nor sorrow ever made the balance of her tranquillity to quiver, would never have spoken as he makes her speak. While one's mind involuntarily seems to sway and swing breathlessly to the rush and power of the singular poem, the heart draws back affrighted at times, as in this strange though strong stanza:—

"I, the presence-hall where Angels
  Do enwheel their placèd King—
Even my thoughts which, without change else,
  Cyclic burn and cyclic sing.
To the hollow of Heaven transplanted,
  I, a breathing Eden spring,
Where, with venom all outpanted.
  Lies the slimed Curse shrivelling.
For the brazen serpent clear on
  That old fangèd knowledge shone;
I to Wisdom rise, Ischyron,
  Agion Athanaton."

It is pitiful that these poems lie so frequently in gloom and obscurity and sadness, instead of conducing to joy and peace, and all sweet, true delights of earth and heaven. The peril of the height, the dread of loss, the sense of dark unrest, too often rule his pen; as:—

"Not the Circean wine
Most perilous is for pain;
Grapes of the heaven's star laden-vine,
Whereto the lofty-placed
Thoughts of fair souls attain,
Tempt with a more retributive delight,
And do disrelish all life's sober taste."
* * * * * * * *

"For low they fall, whose fall is from the sky;"
* * * * * * * *

". . . . who me shall secure
But I of height grown desperate
Surcease my wing, and my lost fate
Be dashed from pure
To broken writhings in the shameful slime;
Lower than man, for I dreamed higher,
Thrust down, by how much I aspire,
And damned with drink of immortality?"

This painful key-note runs through Thompson's work. His poem on "A Judgment in Heaven," with its marked likeness to Dante Gabriel Rosetti's "Blessed Damosel;"—with its "on-coming plenilune," its "plumes night-tinctured, englobed and cinctured;"—with its tongue-testing strophe: "A flickering tissue argentine down dripped its shivering silvers long," may easily exasperate the reader. But if we read it to the end of its not very poetical epilogue, we may also experience a pang of remorse, and of compassionate surprise.

"A double life the Poet lived,
And with a double burthen grieved;
The life of flesh and life of song,
The pangs to both lives that belong;
* * * * * * * *
The life of flesh and life of song!
If one life worked the other wrong,
What expiating agony
May for him damned to poesy.
Shut in that little sentence be—
What deep austerities of strife—
"He lived his life! He lived his life!"

It is not the life of one man merely, that is to be guaged by these simple words. The trying twofold life is here revealed of more than one who has gone already beyond the veil, to meet the compassionate judgment of Him Who comprehends perfectly the peculiar suffering so often allied to genius of any kind. The tender mercy of Him, Who "remembers" that we are but dust, is portrayed grandly in the wonderful poem, with its too realistic title, "The Hound of Heaven;" which contains, perhaps, some of the strongest lines in modern literature. It bears witness to the writer's faith in God; and it indicates clearly what great future work is possible from his gifted pen, when sadness and gloom are conquered gloriously and his poems have become wholly transfigured by the Love divine:—

"I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
  I fled Him, down the arches of the years;

I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
Up vistaed hopes I sped;
And shot, precipated
Adown Titanic gloom of chasmed fears,
From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.
But with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbed pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat—and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet—
"All things betray thee, who betrayest Me."
* * * * * * * * *
"Strange, piteous, futile thing!
Wherefore should any set thee love apart?
Seeing none but I makes much of naught"—
(He said),
"And human love needs human meriting:
How hast thou merited—
Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot?
Alack, thou knowest not
How little worthy of any love thou art!
Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee,
Save Me, save only Me?
All which I took from thee I did but take,
Not for thy harms,
But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms.
All which thy child's mistake
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home:
Rise, clasp My hand, and come."
Halts by me that footfall:
Is my gloom, after all,
Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?
"Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He Whom thou seekest!
Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me."

If the struggle, so evidently shown, ever merges into victory and peace, there is sufficient evidence that Francis Thompson can gain high place among poets of a very high order. The poem entitled Daisy has not perhaps been equalled in its special line since Wordsworth's day, and is not unworthy of the pen that wrote of Lucy, "fair as a star when only one is shining in the sky." Says Thompson of his young child-love:

"The hills look over on the South,
And southward dreams the sea;
And, with the sea-breeze hand in hand
Came innocence and she."

It is almost useless to quote a part of so beautiful a whole.

The apostrophe to a snowflake is singularly lovely in its description of that most fragile fair thing in nature. A little child's prayer to the Infant Jesus is marvelous in its "infantine familiar clasp on things divine,"—Mrs. Browning's description of Chaucer being most applicable here. The intense yet pure devotion to the unnamed, noble and gifted woman, who became the poet's guiding star and guardian angel, is shown with a brilliancy and power that startle one into wondering admiration. "God sets His poems in thy face!"

"How should I guage what beauty is her dole,
Who cannot see her countenance for her soul:
As birds see not the casement for the sky?'

That majestic orator who wore the splendid title of the Eagle of Meaux, once said brilliantly: "The King's sons, born to the purple, speak without emphasis of crowns and of sceptres." We may grant, indeed, despite our many and adverse criticisms, that a man cannot easily be denied the name of poet who can, as Francis Thompson certainly can, carry poetic thought clearly and musically through such mazes of changeable metre, strange form, and peculiar wording. Yet neither can a man be granted rank among the highest while art and effort are so obvious in contradistinction to the glorious equipoise of the divine afflatus in its magnificent results. He haunts us always with a disappointing sense of a possible work not yet achieved. But he gives promise also of a height that may one day be reached by him, when self has been merged in something else, even the Highest; and he has so far overcome his intellectual self-will, as to be content to clothe noble and sweet and simple and sacred thoughts in corresponding form.

A GOLDEN HARVEST.

BY ELIZABETH VORE.

CHAPTER V.

The next morning Miro told Ardilla that he must start immediately after breakfast for the ranch of Leondardo Ortiz as he had business of importance to attend to.

Ardilla was filled with surprise. The potatoes were waiting to be planted—were not all cut. It seemed a prodigal waste of time.

"It cannot be helped, Ardilla, mia," said Miro decidedly. "I have the prospect of something that will bring us much money—so much that if the potatoes were never planted it would not matter."

"In that case you must certainly go," replied Ardilla, joyously. "And as for the potatoes, I will cut them myself; it will keep me from growing lonely."

"And to reward you," said Miro, gaily, "I will go up in the hills and get you the yucca I have so long promised you."

After a hasty breakfast Miro started on his journey. The ranch of Ortiz was out near the hills and half a mile from Paloma canyon, the place designated in the letter of Emillio Castelro. It was a long distance and when he reached the home of Ortiz it was high noon. He had brought his shot gun with him, and as Miro was known to be a keen sportsman, his trip to the canyon would arouse no curiosity. He wished to borrow a spade of Ortiz to dig for the buried money—as he could not well have carried one on horse-back—and he had Ardilla's yucca, sometimes called Spanish baynott, as an excuse for asking the loan of a spade.

Ortiz and his wife were just sitting Miro sharing the meal. Riena Ortiz Miro sharing the meal. Kiena Ortiz had many questions to ask about Ardilla and the baby. Miro told them he was going up into the canyon, and asked for the loan of a spade, as he had faithfully promised Ardilla to bring her a yucca.

"Take it, by all means, and welcome," said Leondardo Ortiz heartily. "But Senora Ardilla will never coax it to grow in that muck. I tell you the land is too poor to waste time over, Miro. Come up into God's country—surely you can get something to do. You will have to get out of that alkali slough sooner or later, a few crops will impoverish it."

"I have been thinking of it," said Miro, smiling; he found his secret hard to keep, "indeed I have something better in prospect now."

"I am very glad to hear that," rejoined Ortiz heartily. "And meanwhile bring the small wife and baby up and make us a visit."

Promising to do so, Miro took his departure. He followed the stage road through the canyon until he reached a place designated in Emillio Castelro's letter, and then according to its directions struck out to the right, until he came to the first pass in the hills, which opened into a small glen. Here he paused and taking out the letter again read the directions.

"To the right of the canyon is a pass in the hills, which opens into a small glen—an enclosure entirely walled in—save for this pass—by the hills. In the centre of this enclosure is a redwood tree—the only tree in the glen,

on the west side of which, about five feet from the trunk the money is buried in a strong, double oil-skin sack. I have promised myself every day for months that I would write you in regard to this," Emillio Castelro added, "for one never knows what may happen, and I wish my daughter to be sure of her inheritance."

Had Emillio Castelro felt a premonition of all that was to follow?

Miro was conscious of a touch of awe mingled with sadness for the man who had loved as tenderly and passionately as himself, and whom fate had used so cruelly, who had been cheated of wife, child and fortune to die a heart-broken man in a strange land.

There were many trees in the glen now, for it had been twelve years since Emillio Castelro had buried his gold; but Miro noticed a large tree near the centre of the enclosure and thought it must be the one referred to in the letter. Locating, as nearly as possible the spot indicated, he began at once to turn up the soil. He was a big, strong fellow with muscles like iron, and his work told rapidly. The perspiration was streaming down his face, but he did not know it; his eyes glowed with intense excitement. A few spades-full more and he was rewarded by a sharp, metallic sound; his spade had struck against something hard and unyielding!

With swift strokes he shovelled the soil away from what proved to be a hard, oblong object—it was unmistakably the oil-skin bag the letter referred to. Miro's breath came rapidly. The string had long since decayed and as he lifted the sack the contents were emptied into the excavation.

All the sunshine in the glen seemed to be concentrated in that one spot—its brightness was reflected in Miro's face which was radiant.

"Dios!" he ejaculated, and threw up his hat like a boy.

Emillio Castelro's gold was there, just as he had left it. Gold coins—thousands of them!

No wonder Miro was excited and overjoyed. For the next half hour he gave himself over to delight; in that time he was a boy again, and the dignity of manhood was forgotten. He counted the money—it amounted to exactly ten thousand dollars; he jingled it in his hands, and piled it up on the ground beside him. He endeavored to realize that they were very rich Ardilla should be dressed in silks and satins; Miro tried to imagine what she would look like with jewels on her beautiful neck and arms—heaven bless her, his *adorado!*

After this first joy had abated, he replaced the money in the bag, and placing it in a gunny-sack made it secure across Carlos' back; then mounting him, he rode out into the canyon in search of Ardilla's yucca, smiling as he thought how insignificant was the gift he had promised her to what he was bringing her.

He found a handsome one, and also brought down a brace of quails which he intended as a gift to Riena Ortiz. It was now growing dusk and Miro left the canyon and started for home. He had loitered purposely until late, that it might be quite dark when he reached the Ortiz ranch, to return the spade. Ortiz would be curious about the heavy sack on Carlos' back, and Miro was determined that Ardilla, to whom the gold belonged, should be the first to learn the good news. Leondardo Ortiz and his wife were both away when he reached their place and he did not see them again.

There were times afterward, before Miro's proud heart was softened with sorrow, in which he declared that fate had played the very devil with him, that day in the canyon, when he had

been the happiest fool that ever walked blindfolded into misery.

CHAPTER VI.

It was after midnight when Miro reached home; Ardilla, knowing he would be late had gone to bed, and was sound asleep with little Emillio upon her breast. Her long, black hair swept the pillow, and one bare, exquisitely moulded arm was thrown over her head. Against the young mother's white bosom the baby's head was pressed. A great wave of passionate love mingled with a touch of reverent awe swept over Miro—a new emotion hitherto unknown. Motherhood in Ardilla had never before so impressed him.

He fell upon his knees, moved by a sudden impulse, and crossed himself.

Presently he arose and moving noiselessly, so as not to awaken the sleepers, laid himself down beside them.

It was late the next morning when he awakened. Ardilla, knowing that it must have been midnight when he returned the night before, had stolen out and left him sleeping.

The sun was shining in at the one window of the room and fell full upon his face. He opened his reluctant eyes, and gradually a realizing sense of his surroundings came to him; he remembered with a throb of joy the wonderful news he had to tell Ardilla.

Little Emillio's short breathing was the only sound that broke the stillness of the room. Through the open door stole the odor of *tortillas,* frying bacon and tea.

Miro was wide awake by this time.

"By the saints! But I am a lazy lout!" he muttered. "Ardilla is getting the breakfast."

He raised himself upon his elbow and looked at his young son with more than usual interest.

"He is a handsome little beggar," he said admiringly.

A moment later he raised his head in a listening attitude, some one was talking outside, with Ardilla.

It was the voice of Arctora Verduga, their nearest neighbor, Miro was confident. He arose noiselessly that he might not awaken the baby, and drawing on his trousers and boots, took up his coat. Before putting it on he decided to take out the letters, and give them to Ardilla immediately after the departure of their early guest.

Through every pocket of his coat Miro searched carefully. To his great amazement and consternation they were gone! Where could he have lost them and when? He was sure he had replaced them in his pocket when in the canyon. It was possible they might have fallen out when he was digging for the money, or they might have worked out on the way home. Why, her father's letter and that of good old Father Garcia would be priceless to Ardilla! Miro could not conceive of how he could have been so careless, and not a little troubled, told himself that he would lose no time in making a thorough search for them.

In spite of the loss of the letters, however, he was very jubiliant, and when he came out to Ardilla and Verduga, his face was so radiant that Ardilla exclaimed laughingly:

"Thou sluggard! A sleep hath done thee good! And now here is Arctora Verduga who brings bad news; indeed they do say that news before breakfast must always be bad news."

Miro smiled covertly; he thought that he had news to impart before breakfast that could not be viewed in that light. His first swift glance about him disclosed the fact that the late hours of the night had brought a big wind from the desert accompanied by rain, and he thought regretfully, as he greeted Verduga, that the probabil-

ity of finding the lost letters was greatly lessened.

"What was it about bad news?" he asked.

"The stage was robbed in Paloma canyon last night a little after dark, and ten thousand dollars in gold coin carried off."

"El *Diablo*!" ejaculated Miro.

"Exactly, it was a bold robbery," replied Verduga. "The gold was being taken to Los Angeles, and the strange part of it was, that the stage was held up by one man—a Spaniard—there was just light enough to distinguish that fact. He was a cool hand—held a shot gun to the driver's head and ordered him to hand up the gold."

Neither Ardilla nor Verduga had noticed that Miro had suddenly gone white while the latter was talking. He stooped down and picked up a twig from the ground—his fingers trembled slightly; when he raised himself again, he leaned against the door and did not speak. He had just looked into a deep abyss, which yawned before him, —a pit digged by his own hands, so deep, and wide and appalling, that it sent a chill to his heart; for Miro knew at that moment, as well as he knew it afterward, that his feet were even then standing on the very verge.

"There will be search made?" he at last said mechanically.

"Oh certainly! Even now the officers are sent for. I hope they will get the rascal; it means state prison for a long term of years. Well, *adios!* I have loitered too long already."

Verduga departed and Miro who was strangely silent, walked away toward the potato-house, a rudely-constructed grainery.

"Where are you going, Miro? the cow has already been fed and milked, and the breakfast is almost ready!" called Ardilla in surprise.

Miro had not yet kissed her—when had he forgotten it before?

"I will be back immediately, *Carita,*" Miro replied.

He went into the potato-house, and sitting down upon a box, bowed his head in his hands. Motionless, with no outward sign of the anxiety that filled him, he thought over the news he had just heard, with all that it might involve.

He thoroughly realized the gravity of the situation. If ever a man was hedged in by circumstances, and wound up in a web of his own weaving, that man was Miro. The stage had been robbed in Palema canyon, and by a Spaniard who had not been identified. He had been in Palema canyon all that afternoon, as Ortiz and his wife knew, no one had seen him leave—and the gold of Emillio Castelro—exactly ten thousand dollars in coin would be damaging evidence against him. Who would believe that he had gotten it as he had? He had no proof, the letters were lost and after the rain and wind of the night before he had little hope of their recovery, and with Father Garcia on his way to Spain, his exact destination unknown to Miro, the whole thing seemed like a dream to him, a cock and bull story, that if told as an explanation of the presence of the gold in his possession would only make him a laughing stock. So improbable did it seem, he would not expect his own wife to believe it.

To Miro it seemed the strongest case of circumstantial evidence, and his only hope, and that a meagre one, was to secrete the money, and to lose no time in doing so. Ah! if only he had told Ardilla and left the letters in her care! He thought of his words to Ortiz: "I have something better in prospect." He shuddered at the remembrance of them. Ortiz would remember them also.

"It is the hand of fate," he muttered."

(To be continued).

AMERICAN MYTHS.

BY MARY B. O'SULLIVAN.

Here is a pretty bit of American mythology. It is related in the introduction to "Creation Myths of Primitive America," by Mr. Jeremiah Curtin.

"In a Modoc myth the morning star is the attendant of the sun. According to this myth the sun is destroyed every day physically, is consumed into a heap of ashes; but as the sun has an immortal golden disk in his body, a disk which contains his whole existence, he can never perish. This disk remains always in the heap of ashes. There is a condition, however, incident to the sun's resurrection: he must be called. Every morning some one must rouse him, as a hireling is roused to his daily labor. The morning star has that duty, and will never be freed from it. While the sun exists, the morning star must call him. At the summons of the star the golden disk springs from the pile of ashes, the sun is renewed completely, and goes forth to run his race till consumed again in the evening. Here we have the Phoenix rising from its ashes daily instead of once in five centuries."

In the myth of Olelbis we find this account of the origin of the stars.

"Olelbis looked down into the burning world. He could see nothing but waves of flame; rocks were burning, the ground was burning, everything was burning. Great rolls and piles of smoke were rising; fire flew up to the sky in flames, in great sparks and brands. Those sparks became kolchituh (sky-eyes), and all the stars that we now see in the sky came from that time when the first world was burned. The sparks stuck fast in the sky and have remained there ever since, the time of the wakpohas (world-fire). Quartz rocks and fire in the rocks are from that time.

In this account of the conflagration we recognize the spirit of justice meting out retribution according to primitive ideas.

The fire was a punishment inflicted on the people of the first world, who had been guilty of treachery. They coveted the skill of Katkatchila, or rather the means he possessed of killing more game than they could. It was known that when he pointed a hollow stick at the game it was instantly killed, but they could not find out his secret.

"Let us send for him," said Torihas, "let us ask him to come; tell him that we are going to have a great dance."

The ruse succeeded, Katkatchila consented to come.

"We will dance one night," said the chief, "then we will take him out to hunt and see how he kills things. There is much of modern method in this scheme of entertainment.

On the first day Katkatchila killed ten deer, but the fastest runner could not get at the fallen animal before Katkatchila had reached it and recovered his weapon.

"We must do all we can to get his weapon while he is here," said his hosts, and they pressed him to stay one day more.

When they again went forth to hunt Hau was instructed to spring forward the moment Katkatchila took aim. Again ten deer appeared. Katkatchila pointed his weapon, and Hau running with all his strength reached the deer as it fell, took out the weapon, and hid it in his ear.

"You have taken my flint," cried Katkatchila. "Give it back!"

But Hau denied the theft, and all day long refused to return the flint, or even admit that he had it.

So Katkatchila left in great anger, uttering the threat, "It would be better for you to give it back to me, better for you and very much better for your people. You want to keep the flint; well, keep it. You will see something in pay for this, something that will not make you glad." And he went away.

Hilit took the flint from Hau and rubbing it with his hands and rolling it with his legs he made it large. He was afterwards turned into a house-fly, and that is why, the myth tells us, house-flies keep rubbing their legs against each other to this day.

When Katkatchila reached home and told the story of the theft his relatives brought great bundles of pitch pine, which Pohila (the fire-child), set in a blaze that soon consumed everything.

It may be said in passing that in this myth as in all the others in the delightful collection there is much feminine activity, masculinity contenting itself rather with the issuing of orders, as when Olelbis said to the two old women, "My grandmothers, go to work for me and make a foundation." They made the foundation.

Olelbis was possessed of a fine skill in ridding himself of undesirable relatives. When Yoholmit, his aunt, was drawing near he remarked, "Hear how she laughs!" and threw a stone at her. We are naively told "He did not hit her. He did not wish to hit her. He hit the basket, and sent her far away east in it until the basket struck the sky."

This power, Olelbis, classified his people according to their merits, reserving for his world the powerful and great, while he sent down to this earth those fitted only to be beasts, birds, and other creatures. The metamorphosis of individuals is dwelt upon also in the introduction, though it may not be called a change of form as much as a compelling of each person to assume publicly his or her true character. Mr. Curtin says:

"There are places in which the hero transforms numerous and mighty enemies indirectly through a special wish which he possesses. For example, a certain myth hero brings it about that a large company of the first people are invited to a feast, and while all are eating with a great relish he slips out unnoticed, walks around the house, and utters, as he goes, a magic formula: 'I wish the walls of this house to be flint, the roof also.' Next moment the whole house is flint-walled, the roof is flint also. After that he says, 'I wish this house to be red hot.' It is red hot immediately. His enemies inside are in a dreadful predicament; they rush about wildly, they roar, they look for an opening; there is none, they see no escape, they find no issue. Their heads burst from heat. Out of one head springs an owl, and flies away through the smoke hole; out of another a buzzard, which escapes through the same place; out of the third comes a hawk, which follows the other two; out of a fourth some other bird. Thus the action continues till every head in the flint house bursts open and lets out its occupant. All fly away, and thus the whole company is metamorphosed. Each turned into that which his qualities called for, which his nature demanded; he becomes outwardly and visibly that which before he had been internally and in secret."

What a revelation would take place if some of our large assemblies of to-day were subjected to a similar transformation.

The myth "The First Battle in the World," presents an aggressive character in Kaltsauna who made flint arrow points and wore a flint knife at his side, and "looked very threatening and strong when he was dressed and armed for the road."

"Make way for me, make way! I'll strike unless you'll give me room!" he cried as he approached a crowd of people.

"The old man always talks like that," said Jupka; "he is very strong. That's why he is so bold; that's why he talks so."

A good reason truly. And yet it is remarkable that he does not figure in the battle itself. He drops out of view after he has furnished arrow points and other munitions.

"Norwan" is an interesting myth creation, a myth woman with a large capacity for making mischief. She

came up out of the earth, and at once tried to familiarize herself with her surroundings.

"I am in this world now," she said, "I will look around every where to see from what places people are coming."

This pardonable curiosity was speedily rewarded. Lovers came to woo, one of the number presenting to, or rather throwing at his fair lady a bag half full of mice. Norwan was a woman of exceptionally strong character. She had none of the little aversions of her sex, so she picked up the bag, examined its contents, and calmly tossed it after the stranger. The suit of Norbis proved more successful, but Norwan who had proved herself superior to the terrors of mice succumbed to the finished dancing of the Tede Wiu brothers and went away with them, leaving her liege lord, who did not accept the situation quietly. The rest is a story of fierce conflict and many deaths, all attributed to the evil influence of the myth siren.

"There is a woman at Norwan Buli," said Chir Pokaila, accusing her grandson of having been in the battle, "who brought all this trouble into the world; this fighting began for her, and now it will continue always and everywhere; there will never be an end to fighting in this world now. This place where we are living would have been good but for that woman. Now, from this time on, all these trees, mountains, rocks, all people in this world, will be bad and will hurt others."

That Norwan was not entirely deserving of this severe censure is shown by her own frank confession. "My brother, I did wrong. When I think of it now, I see that I did wrong, I understand all to-day. If I had gone with Norbis at the dance, there would have been no battles, there would have been no killing; but I did not want to go with Norbis. I do not know why; but in some way I did not like him."

With this candid avowal Norwan passes out of view, but the conflict rages on.

These myths are delightful reading, so full of quaint conceits, so expressive of the efforts of untrained intelligence to account for existing effects, and so replete with the wisdom of a primitive people. The numerous excerpts and reviews that have appeared merely serve to rouse one's interest; to satisfy it in the fullest measure one must possess and read the book.

Viewed in that light that makes most prominent the affairs of our own day the most forceful passage in the book is that contained in the appended notes, where the author relates his personal experience as a mediator in seeking redress for the Indians. Mr. Curtin makes no arraignment, pronounces no severe censure, but in the very telling of the truth in his earnest, sympathetic way reaches the hearts of his hearers, and forces home the conviction that a grievous wrong has been done, and yet remains to be righted.

"In 1889," he says "when I was in California, commissioned by Major Powell for the second time to make linguistic investigations among various tribes of the Pacific coast, a few Wintus came to me in Redding, California, and complained of their wretched condition. There was not a spot of land, they said, where they could build a hut without danger of being ordered away from it. 'This country was ours once,' added they, 'but the white man has taken all of it.' I told them to bring their people together, and invite also the Yanas, who had suffered more than all other people of that region, and then explain to me what was needed.

"The two people met on a little stony field in a brushy waste outside the inhabited part of Redding. There they made speeches and discussed matters for three hours the first day and as many the second. They gave me all the points of what they wanted which was simply that the United States should give each man of them a piece of land, with help to begin life on it. I jotted down in brief what they had told me, read it to them, and they were satisfied."

CROMBIE.

BY M. GERTRUDE REYNOLDS.

CHAPTER I.

One Sunday morning of early day records, there rumbled over the Blue Heather roads a number of oddly-constructed turnouts, headed by Sax, the agent over that portion termed the Hollow, a dell of charming beauty wearing withal the ugly scar of poverty.

Beside Sax sat a young man, an athlete in height, bone, brawn and muscle. As his white teeth set against the sting of the weather, he grimaced in startling fashion, it might be at the shallow humor of his companion who never lost sight of the fact nor permitted others to do so, that he was Sax, for many a busy year land agent for Crombie, and agent now for his son, and heir, Kenneth.

On reaching a particularly sharp pinnacle of Blue Heather they pulled to a halt, and entering the meeting house, faced down the aisle. It was the young man's first visit.

He wandered in attention, presently, and took to philosophising on the situation, to wit, that the unheated, bare, raftered place had at least one commendable feature—the high backed pew, "a good bodyguard," quoth he, "for this blizzard rigor."

When however the wrangle of a stove and anti-stove conference, ended in a collection for heating purposes, his face took on a decided alacrity of expression; his sympathies were for the juvenile portion whose teeth chattered, and little frames shook, veritably taking the form of animated thermometers. He thrust his hands deep into his pockets at the mental vision of these little ones flocking around the stove, and, enthused by the thought, he virtually crushed into the historic "scoop" a handful of coin.

As the hour drew on to noontide the closing "Amen" echoed sonorously, upon which the little society showed their attachment for the place by crushing doorward as if pursued by a flood.

Irvin, the young visitor, perhaps won the race, and would in truth have performed a feat in this respect were it not for the silent reproach given in the orderly metre of a little figure to the left, in blue gown and mantle and jockey hat. He had noticed her down through the blowing pines and firs of the woodslopes, on horseback canters, and up over the Blue Heather peaks.

She was his "fair lady ideal." Local history knew her as of the noblesse oblige order. Fearless in the right, her influence where'er it tended was strong and sweet. She was Wenna Mayberry, daughter of the Blue Heather squire. She gave a neighborly nod to Irvin as she rode away in her wagonette. His eyes followed until the cedars hid the little turnout from sight, the glance was bright and sunny as usual but there was a more than usual strength of admiration behind it. He would take the home stretch afoot, he said to Sax, so he wandered down and around the thick pine copse and hillocks and peered in, with lighted match, to the natural caves thereabouts. Blue Heather was new to him. It would not be out of place, he thought, to be neighborly with the cottagers this cold Sunday morning. He passed in under the nearest porch, the inner door was ajar, "like the jasper gates," quoth he, as

his eye fell on a venerable dame, evidently close, very close to the House of many mansions. "Good morrow," he said, with habitual friendliness. She nodded her welcome. She moved feebly groping from chair to chair, until she reached the door of her son's little room. "A neighbor dropping in for the good word," she said in her broken voice. "Come, Angelo."

"And I might add," said the visitor, as the young man appeared, "that my name is Irvin. I am stopping with Sax for awhile, on a country bout."

At the mention of Sax the young man's brow clouded, but he reached his hand with hospitable heartiness of welcome. He was short in stature and sallow of skin, his eyes, densely black, looked out from under slightly beetling brows. He had but just returned from a tramp, having journeyed to Seagriff Mission, setting out long before dawn to reach the services in time.

"Blue Heather must have its spire. Plant in our midst the white standard of the Faith," he said later, after they had conversed on the prevailing demoralization. "Bring into our lives that other life more broad and beautiful, the life of Christ's anointed. Let the Hollows have this, and what will be the result? practically emancipation. The people will bear their burdens in a more spiritually intelligent light. "Ah, the Faith!" he exclaimed, pacing the room, "sorely indeed it is needed. The depravity of intemperance and its associate vices is on the one hand, the discontent of the poor colliers in their unrequited grind for bread for their children on the other. And the awful despair of compulsory idleness! My God, how it eats at the heart of a man!"

Penury had bared the scene of every or any evidence of luxury. Irvin glanced thoughtfully out of the window.

"Your following, Angelo?" he asked.

"The brush." He smiled significantly. The barren surroundings attested to the financial lot of the craft. He produced a portfolio of small etchings. As he examined them the visitor's white teeth glistened in a smile, itself an inspiration to courage. A new thought had struck him, one that for the time being possessed him with strange unaccountable mastery. "Since you are a painter, Angelo," he said, "start out from the Blue Heather Hollows, and somewhere paint a shrine."

He placed on the table a liberal purse. "There," he said, "is something for the labor."

As he trod the hill again he found himself complacently musing, "It will put bread on Angelo's table, a fire on his cold hearth; a timely deed for a blizzard Sunday, and it may do good as a shrine. We shall see."

* * * * * * *

A brief spell, and the young stranger again vanished from Blue Heather. The poor missed him as a friendly element that had come into their lives. Sax missed him as he might have missed a bee in a bottle. "It is just as well he has gone," said he. "Blue Heather was not wide enough for him."

The fires of Angelo's courage were aflame. Irvin's deed that memorable Sunday had furrowed in the young man's heart a deathless gratitude. Orders, too, were pouring in now from a distant firm enabling him to dispose of the hoarded work in his studio. It seemed to the grateful man, as if his arms must reach the heavens figuratively speaking, in the strength of his thanksgiving. The poor artist was on the turn of the tide; he was virtually experiencing the tingling of pulse known to the benefactor. On table after table, among the unemployed colliers, he placed the loaf that kept the wolf from their door. And this was what he called living, this ability to soften, from one's own toil and resources the path of the tried. He did more. The genius, that had so rigorously courted solitude for his art, crossed the threshold evening after

evening where ruin held sway, to appeal to the darkened lives there, to turn them from the downward trend, to open up to their starved intellects the vista of God's beauty and His love. Then one evening he brought them news of a shrine. The Seagriff missionary had blessed it. In it they could contemplate the Bethlehem scene. He pointed the way.

"Teach your little ones to wear a path to it," he said, "their visits will form in their minds something for their future lives to brighten upon."

CHAPTER II.

Some months later there appeared in Blue Heather a horseman. Pulling to a halt, he directed his gaze to the cedar copse where Angelo's home stood.

"He is doing well, poor fellow," he said, high satisfaction in his tone, "I have seen to that, that his work shall not lack patrons. What a heart beats in that man's breast!"

Beyond to the northward lay Glenarva, the home of Sax. He contemplated it with a shrug. "He is a cormorant," he said, "there is quite too much beef on his bones, the sorrows of the people can't get through." His horse was restless, and humoring the animal's bent he was soon lost in the wilderness of the Bracken.

The Bracken was an old stone stronghold, taking its name possibly from the growth covering the site near it. The dank moss bulged rank from its crevices, and even the oldest settler could not tell for certain how long it had stood. In this early era we write of superstition was rife and the old house was the subject of many weird tales and goblin stories. Down in the grim solitude it rose to view, no other house in sight for miles.

"Not a bad setting for goblins," Irvin said as he mounted its spiral stair and stood in its mould and emptiness. But presently his eyes dilated in unspeakable surprise. In the chamber just beyond him knelt a figure. As he drew nearer in the shadow of the wall, the figure reached out its arms and bowed its head as if in prayer.

"God hear me," pleaded a voice, "hear my prayer. The spiritual light of thy people is eclipsed; over their heritage arches the night of evil; pierce it with Thy eternal star, Thy Church."

"It is Angelo," said the visitor, softly. "I might have known it."

Angelo rose, gathered his cloak about him, and silently passed out.

Irvin went forward and examined the room. Niched in where the man had knelt was a grouping in bas-relief, an aged man, shading his uplifted brow as he peered ahead, and guided the mounted Jewish maiden with the Divine Child. All around the group shone a mellow glory.

A wreath of wild laurel and ivy, withered as if it had lain there a long time, rested at the foot of the shrine. It was formed into letters, making the name "Irvin."

"It is Angelo's memorare of me," he said. He laid back the wreath. "And this is the shrine." He paused in contemplative mood. "I never saw a Bethlehem so likely to burn itself into the memory of all who look. The man's genius is gigantic."

Sounds of many feet were followed by a distracted hurrying on the scene of a little widowed mother, her five children like frightened birds fluttering around her.

"Oh Mother heart of Bethlehem," her weak voice was heard to cry, "look on my little ones' need. Once a little Child laid His head on your breast in the cold manger. Ah, would that little Bairn refuse thee to-night if you spoke for mine!"

Pleading for her children she knelt there till peace and hope came back to her, then with her five little ones flocking at her side, she hurried away in the dying light. Irvin went back to the niche, and the painting. The old dull bell in Blue Heather Hollows rang

the sunset hour, and its vibrations came whirring in weirdly. Irvin again retraced the spiral flight, and vaulting his horse rode in the direction of Glenarve.

On the way a little figure seen in the distance, passing in and out of the humble homes of the colliers, brought an unusually bright light to his eyes. "Some day her heart will be made glad; she will see the pushing up of their heads from the wintry mould of adversity, like the crocus," he said.

But his temper had been gathering a storm. Looking in upon the hard lot of the unemployed in their dismal homes, and learning their grievances as tenantry had perhaps something to do with this. The hot flush on his brow burned fiercely as farther up he came upon a half-executed eviction, and rearing his horse to the very threshold, his whip in unconscious menace, he learned it was the widow Creighton whose husband had, a month back, died in the mines. His glance searched down sharply on the little fatherless group, the same he had seen gathered at the shrine so short a while ago. Then turning about he rode away at great speed, his head bent to the mane.

* * * * * * *

"The widow Creighton again, sir."

A sort of scared look characterized the countenance of Sax's aged housekeeper, as she thrust her head in upon him with the announcement. Such a daring thing it seemed to interrupt her master at his meals. The knife and fork fell, half dashed from his hands.

"Forgie it! forgie it, if I came again!" cried the weak little voice of the widow, her face ashen in its pitiful framing of mourning, "the weather is ruthless hard for the bairns, sir. If you would but soften and let us abide awhile."

She wrung her hands, feeling him to be such a mountain of power, and she so little and helpless. Her sorrow could never climb to his heart.

He wheeled about to face her, gripping half menacingly the arms of his chair. "What power have you or I in the matter," he bellowed. "None, it is the landlord. He exacts the proceedings and that settles it. Now if you will excuse me," he wheeled about to his beef and pudding, "I will have my supper."

She turned again at the door, she would have dared to die for her children. "Even so," she called back to him, exasperating him to fury, "and is it many a mile to the landlord then?"

There was a sudden swing of the door, a clanking on the oaken floor, and Irvin's voice rang loud in her ears.

"Take heart, Madam! The landlord is with you!"

Sax rose, his eyes bulging in a horrible stare.

"Good heavens, sir!" he was shouting, his throat guttural with unswallowed food; but Kenneth Crombie, with a firm stand of protection at the widow's side, thrust out his arm in stern command. "Your administration here," he said, speaking in suppressed rage, "and the oppression of the widow and the orphan are at an end. Where fires burned brightly, where bread loaded the larder, where warm raiment clothed, where the home interests were propped with strong protection, there your friendliness was to be found, your services pressed; but where the larder gaped, the ghastly story of life ebbing out through famine, where the disheartened colliers out of work suffered agony because they could not feed the bread of honest toil to their starving little ones, your dark bulk loomed on the horizon of their homes. What did you do? Did you bid their hearts stop breaking? No, you tore from over their heads the roof that covered their bruised lives, and you branded on the outrage my authority."

He drew back panting, then spoke again.

"Beyond," he said, "in an humble cot is a man who lives for his kind, who yearns with a Christian longing to lift to its rightful destiny the soul fashioned from God's image. Such is the type of man for my people; such is he, Angelo the good, the humane who will succeed you. Sign that."

The hand strong in oppression over the poor colliers was a nerveless thing as it penned the required signature, the final closing up of accounts, that severed business relations between Sax and the firm of Crombie which had so long crowned him with prosperity.

"The bairns won't cry to-night," Kenneth said to the little widow as he conducted her down the path that led to Glenarve gate. His bared head, lowered to her in the chivalry of the Christian knight, seemed to her to wear a very glory. The blood ran rippling to her fingers' ends over his word of cheer. In her simple faith she thought of scriptural texts and Tobias, and sharp little cries sped from her heart on upward mission, as she hurried away in the night.

CHAPTER III.

A great awakening was taking place in Blue Heather. Kenneth Crombie was utilizing his fortune on its soil; new industries were springing up; the lowering clouds were beginning to disappear. Why he was remodelling Baybrook, one of his large vacant estates, nobody knew; choice shrubs were being brought down from Seagriff, and transplanted there and hedgings of fir built about. People looked on and wondered and gradually fell into the opinion that the young heir was about to settle on the soil and take to himself a bride.

One day Wenna Mayberry on her little horse Starling, rode down from the Blue Heather hills, and dared pry into this mysterious Eden.

Kenneth and she had become frequent companions of late in rides over the surrounding summits.

"Do you know, sir," she said, in serio-comic mood, "that Blue Heather hath much ado about this mysterious object for which Babyrook is being turned inside out?"

She peered through the gate at him as he bent over the shrubberies.

"I am glad you have come," he said, brightly. He opened the gate and admitted her. Wenna's curiosity was presently lost in intensified interest as he led her eagerly to the house. It had been painted inside and out a pearly white, broad smooth stone flags were laid at its entrance, palms stood about the deep window seats, there were substantial round tables and chairs, a huge mahogany secretary in a little railed in nooklet of the library, fires were burning in the yawning hearths, and the store rooms were bountifully stocked.

Presently they reached one of the back windows and looked out. There to Wenna's amazement she saw an excavation, a swarm of men like mound builders working silently laying stone upon stone.

"What is it?" she asked breathlessly.

"My church," he said.

"Your church?"

He nodded. "I am building it for the Catholics of Blue Heather; another secret, it is to be mine too. Do you know," he added quickly, "why it is to be mine? Because it has produced that man." He pointed to a figure in slouch hat and blouse, mounted on a ladder, painting scenes from Palestine on the parlor walls. It was Angelo.

"Come with me," he said. They walked around the cliff bend to a locality hitherto shunned for a degree of depravity which rendered it unsafe. "Mark the change."

Surely a change! Here were homes of order and progress, neatly kept flower-beds bloomed at the door, the mother relieved from dire poverty spread the wing of solicitude over her little ones, and the father rescued

from the power of drink had become the strong protector.

"And this is that man's influence," said Kenneth to his companion. "Remark," he went on, "not one mill of the revenue he receives from me for his supervising services goes into his pocket, he literally pays it out for the support of the poor. Day after day he visits their homes, living in touch with their needs and conditions, providing work for the unemployed, directing the ambitions of the young to study and improvement, solacing the sick, fostering charity guilds, his bright clear soul shining through all his words and actions, his presence crossing their threshold proving a stimulus to high purpose, more than he himself realizes.

"Every one of those little ones," he continued, "has helped to wear the path to the Bethlehem shrine, and night after night has Angelo prayed in the solitude there for the liberation of these people from the chain of vice which bound them, and he prayed so for a church for them that his appeal rang in my heart until this had to come; it had to come," he reiterated, "it seemed as if it were decreed for me to do."

They had again reached Baybrook. "I think I can now guess who the new occupant is to be," smiled Wenna.

"I think you can," he replied, "post-script-like it is an important part. A priest is to come up from Seagriff to-morrow, and dwell in it for the people, and until the church is finished some remodelling is going on in the interior of the Bracken to fit it for temporary service."

They paused at a window opening upon a beautiful vista.

"Wenna," he said, confronting her suddenly and with great earnestness, "in our comrade canters over the hills we have seen in the storm and sunshine alike the ruling Power, and of late I have found myself hoping it was His purpose to link our destinies. Will you let me be your helper through life, Wenna?"

A soft flush mantled the girl's face. The morning had opened to her a vista of a future garlanded and alight.

"Let it be Ruth's reply to Naomi," he persisted.

"Thy people shall be my people," said the girl, "thy God my God." Whereupon she laid her hand in his. With the right of ownership he drew it within his arm, and like that Angelo saw them, and breathed thanksgiving for this new promise of weal to Blue Heather.

EACH FLOWER THAT DIES.

BY AGNES HELEN LOCKHART.

The rose still lives—in beauty yet it thrives—why look beyond?
It breathes—and yet its very life, in fragrant whispers—sighs!
Why seek to read the stars that shine in Summer's azure skies?—
Or look for tears within the heart of every perfumed rose that dies?
And yet—there is a Great Beyond—a Mighty Vast Beyond—
Where every flower that dies, but forms itself into another star—
To gem right's crown, for all eternity, in God's bright jewelled skies!

"AUSTIN'S FINE DARTER."

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

There was the usual morning bustle around the small station at Finley; nondescript teams of horses and mules coming and going, or backed up against the platform with loads of oranges and truck; idle negroes slouching contentedly about, bantering talk with any one who would notice them, and jeering such of their number as had accepted a job and were hurrying through it with an exaggerated show of zeal and activity; grunting razor backs and ill-favored curs disputing favored positions under the platform, or moving listlessly across the hot, open sand between the station and the isolated, outlying stores; negro children everywhere, and of all sizes; and here and there, relieving the monotony of the sand, great black stumps that the inhabitants had not found time to remove. On the platform itself were long lines of neatly packed crates and orange boxes, and among them the owners with stencils and paint pots, making sure that their markings were all right, and waiting for the railroad official in the jaunty cap to make their entries and give them receipts.

Presently there was a perceptible hastening of their movements, and the loungers in front of the stores came leisurely across the open space and ranged themselves comfortably about the platform. Several men left their work among the crates and went to the heads of their horses or mules and began to stroke the animals soothingly. A sharp, quivering whistle was heard in the distance, then a line of pale blue smoke began to rise above the sea of palmettoes to the east. The loungers became less apathetic as they watched the line rush tremulously across the dull green, like some huge serpent, and finally curve in directly toward them. There was a roar and quiver, and the great, gasping engine rushed by and came to a slow stop as the passenger cars glided opposite the platform.

Among those to alight was a young girl of seventeen or eighteen, plainly but daintily dressed, and with a bright, eager air of expectation. A quick glance about the platform brought a shade of disappointment to her face. After a moment's hesitation she approached a man who was leaning against some orange boxes he had just finished marking.

"Can you direct me to Mr. John Austin's place?" she asked.

"Mr.—John—Austin," he repeated, reflectively. "Why, no; I don't—oh, yes, of course;" he stopped abruptly as he noticed the inquiring look on her face. "I—I—yes, I reckon I know. Are you some o' his kin?"

"I am his daughter," she replied, wondering a little at the startled whistle that came from his lips, and which she noticed he choked back apologetically. "I have been at a boarding school ever since I was a little girl. This is my first visit to Florida."

"An' does your paw,—Mr.—John—Austin,—know you're comin'?" He spoke in evident perplexity, and with a look of consternation on his good-natured face.

"No; but I haven't heard from him in almost a year. Father doesn't like to write, but he never allowed my letters to go unanswered so long before. I feared something might be the matter with him or the boys, and he wouldn't tell. I just *had* to come. I am so glad that you know him." She hesitated,

then asked in a lower voice, as though afraid her question would be answered in the negative: "Is he—well?"

"Yes, fur as sickness goes. You're paw's one o' the ruggedes' an' healthies' men I know. I 'low he an' the boys never had a sickness in all their born days. They're puffectly well, all on 'em. I know, for their place j'ines mine." He spoke rapidly, as though glad to be able to say that much, but his eyes roved uneasily about the platform, and never by any chance met hers.

"Why, really?" Her face grew radiant. "Their nearest neighbor! And you know the boys, and all about them. Dear little fellows! It seems strange that I should never have seen them. You see, when we left Iowa, father sent me to the boarding school and then came South. That was twelve years ago, and I have been at the school ever since. Little Tommy is almost nine, and Fred—let me see—Fred is seven. Is the place far?" eagerly.

"'Bout half a mile."

"And are you going out soon?"

"Arter the train leaves."

"Well, of course I can go with you. I'll run and see about my baggage, and be back directly. Won't they be surprised!" and leaving him staring blankly at a knothole in the platform she hurried away to look after her trunk and valise.

Half a minute passed, then the man raised his head with a dismal, expressive whistle. It was echoed by another, equally expressive, from the other side of the orange boxes.

"Wall, you're in it now, for a fac'," said the owner of the second whistle, sarcastically. "What you goin' do 'bout it?"

"Lord only knows," groaned the man in the shirt sleeves. "Reckon mebbe I'll have to tell her."

"Reckon mebbe you will," drily. "You better have tole her plumb straight in the fust place."

"How could I?" indignantly, "an' she almost the same age as my Cindy. Land sake alive! man; d'ye s'pose I was such a brute as to tell her that Mr. —John—Austin wa'n't anything but a drunkard, not fitten to be father to nobody; an' that he'd been sent to prison most a year ago for stealin'; an' that the boys was in the poor house; an' that the place wa'n't wuth the bringin' out of an auctioneer to sell it? For the Lord's sake, Thompson; tell me what *am* I to do?" appealingly.

"Jest give it to her straight. That's what I'd do. Folks have to bear such things. You're too all-fired chicken hearted, Williams. H'sh! here she comes now."

At this moment the train began to glide away from the station, and the girl watched it until it disappeared in a mass of palmettoes and cabbage palms; then she walked eagerly toward her new acquaintance.

"Your country is beautiful," she said, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. "I know I shall like to live here. Well, I am all ready. Can you take my trunk and valise in your wagon?"

"Yes," gruffly. He was glad to get away from her, and he made the work of transferring the baggage as long as possible. Somehow, he could not bring himself to tell her the whole brutal truth. If it had not been his money that had been stolen, and if he had not been the one who had complained of the worthless drunkard, it would have been less difficult. He had been sorry for his justifiable act ever since he made the complaint, and now—well, he would take the girl home to his wife. She had more tact than he, and would know just what to do.

This mental shifting of the responsibility from his own shoulders brought back his natural cheerfulness and buoyancy, and he smilingly motioned for the girl to climb into the wagon.

"Ever ride arter a mule afore?" he asked, as he left the animal's head and climbed up on the seat beside her.

"No." Then her face grew wistful.

"Do you suppose father and the boys will be at home today?"

His countenance fell.

"I 'low they won't be there jest right now," he said, evasively. "You see, they did'nt happen to know you was comin'; so they 'm off for a spell. But you mustn't let it put you out any," with more animation. "I'll take you home, an' my wife'll fix you up mighty comfortable till they git back."

"Thank you. But why can't I go right to the house and wait for them? It would be *such* a surprise."

"No, no!" he objected, with sudden energy, "by no manner o' means. Bachelor livin' aint apt to keep a house fixed up, an' jest now 'taint no place for you. *I* know that. You do jest like I say an' come to my house for a spell. You ain't used to Floridy ways, an' my wife can give you heaps o' p'ints."

"Well, if you think best." She was silent for some time, watching the unfamiliar plants along the roadside, and the curious, bright colored chameleons that flashed from the warm sand in front of the mule and disappeared with marvelous rapidity among the palmettoes.

"Cur'us, aint they," said Williams, as he followed her glance, "jest like a bit o' rainbow strung on lightnin'. But they're 'mazin' fine for pets. Your brother Freddy used to have one that would scoot out from some queer hidin' place whenever he'd whistle. Great hand, Freddy, for pets."

At the mention of Freddy she lost interest in the plants and chameleons and turned to him with a tender, tremulous smile on her lips.

"It will be so pleasant to have one's own folks to live with," she said, softly. "They were all nice to me at the school, but none of them belonged to me. I used to get very lonesome when the girls went home vacations. It will be almost like—like heaven to live in the same house with father and the boys."

Williams reached out and struck his mule viciously, but she did not notice. She was looking straight ahead—apparently at the house and father and brothers her imagination was picturing.

"I suppose everybody round here likes father, he is such a good man," she went on, in a tone that was an assertion rather than a question. "I almost envy the boys having lived with him so long."

"He kept you to school pretty stiddy," ventured her companion. "I knowed there was a gal up North some'er, but s'posed she was stayin' 'mong her kin. Drinkin'—er—Mr. John Austin wa'n't never much hand to talk 'bout hisse'f."

"Father has done everything for me—everything," said the girl, with a tender light in her big, gray eyes. "He was not rich, for he once wrote that I might have to wait a few days for my year's tuition, as money was hard to get. But it came the very next day; and he always sent me plenty for books and dresses and everything I wanted. He wrote to tell me that after I graduated I was on no account to come home, but to wait till he arranged for me. Dear, dear father! I hope I may be able to make it up to him sometime. I simply couldn't stay away any longer."

Williams gave a quick, sidelong glance at the earnest face, and then gazed steadfastly at the road ahead. He had known the girl's father for eight years, and could not remember a single redeeming feature about the man. He was erratic, shiftless and utterly irresponsible. His life was one long spree that reeled between absolute drunkenness and semi-intoxication. But he was a good lawyer, and even in his partial stupor was able to pick up a good deal of money about the courts and in other ways. People supposed that all this money went to the dramshops, and the supposition made them regard the man with extreme disgust, for his home was a mere hovel, and his boys wholly neglected and uncared

for. At the time of the complaint Williams had regarded his act as a benefaction to the neighborhood; but now, with this girl beside him, and with the unexpected disclosure of a white spot in a character that was supposed to be utterly black, his feelings underwent a sudden change. The pitiful drunkard who had been too weak to look after himself and his boys, but whose better nature had planned and provided so lovingly for the girl and her future, even while striving to keep from her the knowledge of her father's degradation, became almost a hero in his eyes. He could understand the sacrifices and hardships that John Austin must have gone through in order to provide for such an education. Even he, with his orange grove and truck farm, had never felt able to do half as much for Cindy. Perhaps the stolen fifty dollars had gone to pay some pressing school bill that the harassed drunkard could meet in no other way.

When they reached the vine-covered cottage in front of his orange grove he carried in the trunk and valise, and presently called his wife aside and made a whispered explanation. Then he went to the barn to unharness his mule. But he made a much longer job of it than was necessary, and when it was finished he leaned upon his fence and gazed with unobservant eyes at his fields of sweet potatoes and pine apples and bananas. His wife came to him there.

"Did you tell her?" he asked.

"Yes," in a low voice. He noticed that her lips trembled.

"Take it hard?"

"She's high strung, Jim, an' that kind o' folks don't make much show. She wouldn't b'lieve me at first, an' when she did she turned white an' stared at nothin' till I—I jest bu'st out cryin' myse'f. Seemed like I never felt so sorry for anybody in all my life. She didn't cry a bit, Jim; only jest asked me would I please go out awhile an' leave her alone."

The two stood there nearly half an hour, then the girl left the house and passed down the road on the opposite side of the fence.

"She's goin' over to look at her house now," said Mrs. Williams, in a low voice. "I told her 't wa'n't fit to live in, but she said they'd lived in it an' she could."

When the girl came back they were on the piazza. She went directly to Williams.

"When does my father come back?" she asked.

"His time 's out—er, that is, he'll come home in 'bout three months, I reckon."

"And how much does he owe you?"

"Oh, nothin—nothin'.at all," hastily.

"How much does he owe you?" the girl repeated, in a tone he felt could not be disregarded.

"Wall, fifty dollars. But you needn't bother 'bout payin' it."

"I cannot, just at present; but everything must be straightened out before father comes home. There must not be a single thing to worry him. And now can I get you to go after my brothers? I shall fix up the house and we will live there until father comes."

"It's quite a long drive," reflectively. "I can go to-morrow."

"That will do." She stood gazing out at the vista of pines and palmettoes afforded by an opening in the clambering vines, her face white and stricken, but calm with a strong, determined purpose.

"What kind of employment is there here, for girls?" she asked.

Williams looked dubious.

"I don't reckon there's any," he answered. "Folks round here don't hire much."

"No," agreed his wife, "housekeepers mostly do all their work—cookin' an' sewin' an' everything. The only thing that's plenty, an' hard to git help for, is washin'; but only darkies do that. Mebbe you 'n find a job o' school teachin' this fall.

"I must have work *now*. Father must

not find anything against him when he comes home. Do you think I can get washing? I am strong, very strong, and I would try so hard to give satisfaction."

Mrs. Williams looked at her blankly.

"It's darkies' work," she objected.

"It' work that I will do gladly, if I can get it," a sudden passionate sob bringing the color back to her cheeks. "I will scrub floors—anything that will help father a little. He has been working and making sacrifices for years that I might remain at school, and I—I never suspected. I ought to have been here, watching him, and caring for him and the boys."

* * *

It was nearly two months later before Williams again encountered Thompson on the station platform.

"Wall, how'd ye make out with Austin's fine darter?" Thompson asked.

Williams looked up from the box he was marking.

"That's jest what she is," he said, "John Austin's fine darter. I've been round with her consider'ble lately; down to the prison twice to see her paw, an' took her to town several times in my waggin. At first her paw was all broke up—never wanted her to know how low down he was, I s'pose. But she brought him round, an' now he can't keep his eyes off her when she's nigh. Soon's he's out they're goin' over an' take up a homestead in Hernandy County—twenty miles or more from town, I b'lieve, on account o' his failin'; an' I reckon she an' the boys 'll do all the tradin'. John ain't much of a man, an' never can be; but I tell you," impressively, "jest all the man there is in him that gal's goin' to bring out. Mark my words on that."

ALONE.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

A level stretch of prairie land,
Sun-burned and dry;
A lonesome sweep—no tree, no bush,
Just earth, and sky.

Through sun-dried stalks and withered grass,
The hot wind sweeps;
While over all the dreary waste,
Night slowly creeps.

Within a cabin, lone, and bare,
An old man stands,
With wrinkled face of ashen hue,
And palsied hands.

His head is sunk upon his breast,
All hope has fled;
Stretched at his feet, his only friend,
Lies stark and dead.

The lonesome wind sweeps o'er the hut
With sob, and moan.
In all the dreary, dreary waste
He is alone.

SYMBOLISM IN ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE AND DECORATION.

WILLIAM HART BOUGHTON.

Of most inestimable advantage to the churchman and the student of Church History is the knowledge of our first churches and great monuments, like the European Cathedrals. It is not the purpose of this article to teach history nor to go into details upon any one subject, but merely to bring to your attention some of the things that are not generally known and also to show the churchman some of the things that we may learn from these great ecclesiastical structures and that something may be learned of the impulses and aspirations of those generations of men who have left to the Church such monuments of glorious thought, sublime achievement, and artistic beauty.

In the first place, let us remember, that a cathedral is not necessarily a big church, or a church of the first architectural importance, or the most important church in an important town: therefore, what is applicable to cathedrals is also in place in our parish churches. Generally men felt that architectural splendor should mark ecclesiastical rank and for that reason much attention was given to the work of the cathedrals, and yet many an abbey or collegiate church equalled the cathedral churches in all but the dignity of name, for instance: Westminster Abbey is one of the finest churches in England, but it lacks the historical significance of Canterbury, Ely, Salisbury and many others. Look for a moment at the cathedral in the Kentish Capital. Here the conversion of the Britons was begun, here was the first seat of an English Bishop, and here today is the throne of the Primate of all England. Here started the Liturgy and Ritual that they have today, that Ritual that they were robbed of by so-called reformers and which they are getting back. See what sermons the stones of these famous structures are constantly preaching. Here, in olden days, the interior was a mass of gold and color, lighted by windows that were colossal gems, and tapers like stars innumerable. Color, light and incense mingling together to give that something that brings out the religious feelings in a man's heart. Here were altars ablaze with light, signifying the presence of our Blessed Saviour, and richness pervaded every part, as the best that people could offer to the Almighty, and here things were done "decently and in order." A few years ago you would have found it bare and cold, stripped of everything symbolical. But the blasting effects of the Reformation are gradually being wiped away, both in England and here in our own country.

Look to the great examples of the past and then let work in our parish churches be gifted with the same spirit that characterized the building of these structures. It is the *duty* of every member of the Catholic Church to know her history and the meaning of her symbols, and where can you find them more forcibly brought out than in these same structures?

Study the reason "Why," and teach and educate "by the eye," and when you find anything that redounds to the glory of God and has the authority of early usage, use it, and offer unto Him the best that you have. Those cathedrals were not adapted to any other than

a Catholic service, a "Protestant" service in awe of these buildings "rattled like dry bones in a coffin."

Very few really know to what extent symbolism enters into the construction of churches, and also how close it comes to our worship. Take, for example, a new cathedral to be built, and what does the architect start out to do? He has a ground floor to lay out—his first thought is the Cross, and he therefore starts with the nave and chancel and with the two transepts for the cross pieces.

Of the western doors we find that one is lofty and that two are lowly. The Main Entrance is "Obedience" and the other two "Repentance" and "Faith." The door Obedience opens into the middle aisle which is the symbol of the Holy Scriptures. Faith leads to the south aisle which is symbolic of the Creed, and Repentance naturally opens into the north aisle which is given over to The Lord's Prayer. It is here that our Baptismal promises are made and our entrance into the Faith, and it is at this end of our church that we should find the Baptistry with its font. These doorways are generally surrounded with statues of apostles and martyrs, showing us those who have led the way.

The columns of the nave are dedicated to the patriarchs and prophets. In the south transept we see the Epistle and Gospel, Jesus Christ in History, and in the north transept we find the Psalms.

Then we approach the choir, and find that the steps leading up to the same represent the litany, "Ye Litanys of Ancient Prayer; here in our Holy Ground, ye rise a bright and crystal Stair." The choir represents that glorious sacramental hymn "Glory be to God on High." Back of the choir we find generally the Lady Chapel, where the architectural details are usually executed in a much finer and more delicate style, this symbolizes the Song of the Blessed Virgin, the "Magnificat."

The western window belongs to the Nativity, the side windows to the Ancient Fathers: Ignatius, Polycarp, Justin, Gregory and many others; and to the eastern window belongs the the Crucifixion or Ascension "Looking unto Jesus the Author and Finisher of our Faith."

Such are the visions that our forefathers planned, pillaring strength in stones and making them serve in the Father's praise, and when all shall be silenced these shall stand to plead aloud and sing His praise.

Coming down to the decorations, let us look at a few of these symbols and see how they speak to us. Ornament, in the true and proper meaning of the word, signifies the embellishment of that which in itself is useful, in an appropriate manner. The symbolic association of each ornament must be understood and considered; otherwise, things beautiful in themselves will be rendered absurd by their application. "Only for Ornament" is the usual reply to an inquiry respecting the intention of various details and combinations frequent in modern design. Is it? Let us look for a few moments at some of the Ornaments:

Arrows are marks of Martyrdom, and also emblems of Pestilence, Death and Destruction. The Anchor is Hope and Trust. The Boar, Ferocity and Sensuality. The different beasts are types of virtues or vices according to their different natures. The Circle represents Heaven and Eternity. The Cinquefoil with its five equal sides is the representation of the Rosary. The Cock, Vigilance and Watchfulness. The Dog Fidelity; the Dolphin Love; and the Dove is the symbol of the Holy Ghost. The Dragon tells us of Pestilence. The Eagle belongs to St. John. Ermine is the symbol of Purity without stain; and Fish is Chastity. Flowers represent Joy and Festivity and Love and Devotion. Fruit shows God's bounty, and Gold is Brightness and Glory. The Hand is the act of Benediction of the Eternal Father;

and the Heart our Blessed Lord's Humanity. The Hexigon, a six sided fiugre, represents the Attributes of God, Blessing, Honor, Glory, Power, Wisdom and Majesty. The Lamb is the Divine Saviour, and the Lily is the Purity and Chastity of the Blessed Virgin. The moon also is for the Blessed Virgin. Nails are for the Passion. The Octagon is Regeneration and Strength. The Olive Peace and Concord. An Orb, a globe surmounted by a Cross, is Power and Strength. The Ox is the Priesthood. The Palms are Victory. The Peacock shows Vainglory, and the Pelican our Blessed Lord shedding His blood—this is more generally found on the Sacramental Vessels. The Pomegranate is God's bounty. The Quatrefoil is the four wounds of our Lord. The Rainbow tells of Judgment. Reptiles are Sin and Evil Spirits. The Septfoil or seven equal segments of a circle are the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost—or the Seven Sacraments. Sheep are Faith. Stars Heaven. The Triangle is the Trinity.

By knowing why such ornaments are used in decoration we are impressed by their full meaning and our interest increased. All Symbols are simply to illustrate more clearly the beauties of our worship. For instance: take Lights, Incense, and the other accessories of the service. They teach us a lesson and draw us nearer to the Lamb of God. And so let us be like the Wise Men, and apply our hearts "To know and to search the reason of things" especially of the things that belong to the worship of Almighty God.

And so let us learn the reason "Why," and see to it, when we have the opportunity, that our churches yet to be built, shall be upon the lines designed by our Early Fathers. Offer unto God the best that we can find in the land.

IN THE HAND OF GOD.

BY MARY F. NIXON.

Good bye, dear Love, I may not stay with thee;
He falsely spoke who said that parting e'er
Was sweet. Perchance the hope of meeting on
Some glad tomorrow makes it seem more fair.
But you and I, Sweetheart, have no such hope,
Until for us the gates of heaven shall ope.

Good bye, my Heart. Our Bark of Love, which sailed
The sea of life, is sunk beneath the wave.
Alas! to leave you sad and lonely is
My hardest fate. Not so! The love you crave
There's one will give more loving far than I;
I leave you in the hand of God—Good bye.

LIFE'S LESSON.

BY HELEN MORIARTY.

Ragsie was a newsboy. He was called Ragsie for the same perverse reason, perhaps, that another boy was called "Toughie," because he was known to have a predilection for Sunday school. Ragsie's inclination was toward cleanliness,—hence the appellation. Some mistaken ancestor had also bequeathed him a faint ray of estheticism which found vent in his love for music; and this love of music found him the Cathedral. Ragsie happened to be passing one day by the great pile of gray stone, when the glorious swell of a "Te Deum" rolled out. He stood spellbound. Something in his small and darkened soul responded to the music, and he stole into the church. There what a sight met his unaccustomed eyes! The immense concourse of people, the great blazing altar in the distance, the incense, curling up to the painted angels in the vaulted ceiling, the music, the singing,—all,—woke in the small newsboy a feeling he had never before experienced; pleasure, delight, and pain, too, for it was the birth of a sense.

An usher, attracted by the awe and wonder in the small face, took him gently by the arm and found him a place in the last seat. There behind the marble pillar he sat all during the long services, like one in a dream. Gradually his impressions began to take form. What he thought was a blaze of light, proved to be candles—"thousands of 'em," he gasped, all shining and blinking in the most friendly manner. It seemed to Ragsie as he peeped around the pillar, they were saying to him: "I see you, Ragsie!" Then the acolytes in their white robes, who at first looked like angels, resolved themselves into "jis' boys!"; the realms of space far above where the painted angels looked so real, and the prismatic lights so like stars, were after all only the roof of the church. And what a delight to the child was the thought that he, by being there, was a part of all this grandeur! He was surprised when Mass was said, and he sat quietly in his corner watching the people as they passed out, wondering vaguely how they found it possible to turn their backs on all this glory. At this thought his eyes sought the altar again, and he was horrified to see one of the white-robed boys ruthlessly extinguishing the gleaming lights by means of a long pole. Ragsie held his breath as he watched him. Surely he would leave one lighting! But no; the last one went out, and Ragsie clinched his small hand, saying with half a sob, "O wouldn't I like to swipe the floor wit' ye!" Ah, he would go too, now, for the big, silent, empty church seemed desolate indeed, without his beloved lights. But he would come again next Sunday, every Sunday, and as the small newsboy ran along toward his familiar, and alas! unwholesome haunts, the world seemed somehow a brighter place for the glory he had just witnessed.

Every Sunday found him in the same spot, reveling in the music, watching his beloved lights, picturing himself sometimes as one of the envied altar-boys, then again as one of the well-dressed members of the congregation. Heaven only knows what fantastic dreams of bliss visited his small, untutored mind, as he sat, Sunday after Sunday, in his remote corner. And he never quite forgot his first impression of it all. The music, the lights, the flowers, and then at the last the shock to him as the lights were extinguished.

It was Passion Sunday. The tall candlesticks on the altar were draped in their mourning garb of purple. The pictures, the images in the niches, and even the side altars were swathed in the same sombre garments and not a flower relieved the desolate bareness. The night before at choir rehearsal there had been an accident; something in the mechanism of the grand organ had gone wrong, and the white keys refused to give forth a note. It was late, too, as Easter rehearsals are apt to be long and tiresome, and though the engineer of the church worked till three o'clock, he was unable to find the cause of the trouble. He reluctantly retired, awaking early in the morning to acquaint the Bishop of the accident so that he could send down town for a man to fix it.

"Not on Sunday," was the Bishop's quiet reply. "We'll have to praise the Lord without music for one Sunday.

Orders were therefore issued for a low Mass at half-past ten, and thus it happened when Ragsie, breathless but happy, arrived at the Cathedral and crept into his little seat, he missed the friendly, twinkling lights far up on the distant altar. But was that his altar, radiant, flower be-decked, that had filled his small soul with joy for so many Sundays? No, for this one was desolate and bare. And where was the music? For always when the glorious voices had been hushed, a soft low monotone had stolen through the church, even when the clergyman away up there had been singing. "Organ always has th' right o' way!" Ragsie would chuckle to himself.

But today something was wrong. No lights, no music, no flowers,—even the boys in their white gowns were missing, for what were two compared to the number he usually loved to count? Perhaps it was all over, he thought, with a sinking heart. Maybe they didn't have all that grandeur only certain times during the year. Ah, what disappointment there was in the thought! Must he, could he, wait a whole year for his vanished joys? Angrily he felt his tears rise. In the newsboys' code it was cowardly to cry, and Ragsie struggled to keep them back. It was the Elevation. The bell rang, and every head was bowed. Many an aching heart in that vast congregation lifted its plea to the Divine Healer of all griefs, and He Who said "Suffer little children to come unto Me," noted the bitter tears as they coursed down the little newsboy's cheeks.

Ragsie hurried out as the people arose. He felt forlorn and miserable. He was hungry, but the thought of going in search of his lonely dinner, failed to cheer him. He leaned idly against the electric light pole on the corner watching the people pass. How happy they looked! He pictured the homes they were going to, and he was thinking, as so many weary hearts are thinking, day after day, year after year, "Why can't I have everything they have? Why haven't I a home?"

Only in poor little Ragsie's mind the questions were not quite formed. It was merely a vague feeling of loneliness, an idle wish, too, to ride in a carriage just like the one in front of him. It was a victoria, driven by a liveried coachman. Inside on the seat was the prettiest little girl Ragsie had ever seen. Such golden hair, such lovely blue eyes, such smiling, dimpled lips!

Miss Elinor had grown very tired, indeed, waiting for papa to come out of church. In fact, she had worried James so much that he had ended in losing his temper, and not being able to vent it on the child, had given his horses a sharp cut which they had proceeded to resent in their best bred manner. He had repented of his hasty temper in a moment, for well he knew the beasts he had to deal with, and in driving around the square to cool them off, his arms felt the effects of their pulling. Just as he got back to the church the people came pouring out. This the horses again seemed to regard

as a personal insult, and kept up their prancing and pulling, until poor James' strength was almost exhausted. Miss Elinor caught sight of Ragsie. He was staring at her so wistfully, and then he had on such a funny coat.

"Come here, boy," she called to him while the horses pranced and pulled.

"Come here, come on over here!' 'she commanded again, in her imperious baby way.

"Sit still, Miss Elinor," said the coachman. "I can't watch you and these brutes both," he growled under his breath. Miss Elinor heeded him not. She had moved to the side of the carriage, and was questioning Ragsie who had moved up closer.

"What's your name?" she asked sweetly.

"Ragsie," was the sheepish reply. Somehow it sounded very absurd to himself today.

"Ragsie! Ragsie!" laughed Elinor, gleefully. "What a funny name! Why, it's funnier 'n your coat, an' I never did see such a funny coat!"

A pang went to Ragsie's heart. His coat, that he had thought so very fine, laughed at by this lovely fairy! Would there never be an end to his disappointments today? The little girl was speaking again; "What's your other name 'sides Ragsie?"

The boy shook his head stupidly. "Ain't got none," he muttered.

"What 'd you say?" called the child. "I can't hear you."

"Miss Elinor, you must be still!" The coachman turned, with a frown to admonish the child, unconsciously relaxing his hold for an instant. Just then another spirited team flew around the corner, and James' horses, feeling the loose rein, sprang forward, almost jerking the lines from his hands. Ragsie, seeing that the horses were on the verge of running away, realized the danger that menaced the little girl. He ran along by the side of the victoria, calling out: "Jump! I'll ketch you!"

The frightened child had no chance to do his bidding, for another lunge of the maddened horses threw her out, and Ragsie, with a quick spring, caught her, and threw her into the outstretched arms of her father, just a second before the horses, with a swerve to the right, caught the little newsboy beneath their hoofs, and whirled the carriage over his prostrate form. A groan of horror went up from the crowd, that had been paralyzed at the suddenness of the tragic incident. Ragsie was picked up, more dead than alive, and conveyed to the hospital, Mr. Emory by his side with his little daughter clasped closely in his arms.

* * *

John Ward Ragsdale, or as he wrote it, J. Ward Ragsdale, was the junior member of the firm of Emory and Ragsdale. Ward Ragsdale, since his accession to the firm was looked upon as a very eligible member of society. In fact, he had always been a popular young man, primarily because he had been introduced to the exclusive circles by the wealthy Mr. Emory, and secondly, for his own sake. He was so agreeable and entertaining, so gallant and handsome, a quartette of attributes which endeared him alike to matron and maid. He was popular among the men also, though he had always been too busy to cultivate the qualities which go to make what is called a "good fellow." For he had worked hard and faithfully, there could be no mistake about that.

It was eighteen years since he, as little Ragsie, had rescued Elinor Emory from certain death beneath the horses' feet. Six months he had lain on a cot of suffering in the hospital, when he had surprised everybody by getting well. Mr. Emory, in gratitude for the safety of his beloved child, had not only looked after the patient carefully, but had placed to his credit in a well-known bank the sum of a thousand dollars. It had been placed there in

the name of John Ward Ragsdale. The way Ragsie's name had resolved itself into such a magnificent cognomen was this wise: After he had regained consciousness the first question asked was his name, and he had faintly murmured "Ragsie," which the obliging nurse had forthwith transmitted as Ragsdale. Then Mr. Emory had taken the first chance to assure the boy that henceforth he would be his ward, a word which took Ragsie's fancy though he had no idea what it meant. And his benefactor's name was John, which Ragsie concluded was good enough for him. Thus when his whole name was required, it came to his lips glibly enough, John Ward Ragsdale.

"Rather an unusual name," had been Mr. Emory's comment. "The boy may have good connections; at any rate, if there is anything in him I am going to bring it out, for he certainly deserves the effort at my hands."

Mr. Emory never had cause to regret his meeting with the ragged little hero. His own son, like so many sons of rich men, had taken the wrong path, and after getting away with a goodly portion of the paternal dollars, had died a disgraceful death in a gambling den.

Into the vacant place in the father's heart crept Ward Ragsdale, and his promotion as junior member was no surprise to the business world who knew how faithful Ragsdale had been.

So now, at the end of eighteen years, long, indeed, and well spent, Ragsie, but Ragsie no longer, could look around him and say, while his heart swelled at the thought, that he had attained his highest ambition. He did not forget his humble origin. He told himself he was not ashamed of it; but gradually he found himself thinking of it less and less, until he almost began to believe he had been "to the manor born," like so many of the gilded youth with whom he associated.

In his first youth, Ward used to say to himself, "when I get rich," for such was his ambition even then, "I shall found a home for newsboys; a comfortable home with a motherly woman in charge to look after the homeless boys, and to surround them with that atmosphere of kindness and affection which I so longed for in my childish days."

But the struggle for the almighty dollar is not conducive to general benevolence. And little by little, as such things do the idea passed out of his mind entirely. He had always been too busy forwarding the interests of the firm, and meanwhile thinking of his own success, to allow his mind to dwell upon the misery of the world.

Did I say his highest ambition was to be rich? Ah, there was another. It was not secondary either, but worldly success must be accomplished first, and then—he had loved little Elinor from the moment she called to him from the carriage. This, the momentary caprice of a spoiled child, had won for her a deliverer and a slave. His devotion to her had always been a recognized fact, and Elinor had responded to his affection with a sisterly warmth. They had seen very little of each other in the past five years, Elinor being away at a fashionable boarding school, and the last two having been spent abroad with friends. She had been home now almost six months; and six months of daily intercourse, for Ward was a member of the Emory household, had only served to intensify his love.

* * *

It was a glorious Sunday. The radiant sunshine fell softly on the elegantly-attired people on their way to the different churches. The mystic touch of spring was in the air. It was a day for happiness, for joy, and unconsciously the step was lighter, as though old mother Earth had contributed some of her new life to the feet of her children. The Emorys lived quite a distance from the Cathedral, but Ward and Elinor decided to walk. Their talk had been drifting carelessly from subject to subject, when suddenly Ward said:

"I think you know what I want to say, Elinor."

The girl turned and looked straight at him, with her innocent blue eyes raised guilelessly. "Why, Ward," she said, "indeed I don't!"

Their eyes met, but the truth in the depths of his dark ones made hers droop, and her cheek flushed as she turned away.

"I think you do know, don't you, Elinor?"

There was no reply, but Ward's heart was beating happily.

"You *know* how long I have loved you," he went on in a repressed tone. "Do you remember the first time I saw you? I think I began to love you at that moment, and there has not been an hour of the day,—yes, and even of the night, that you have not been in my thoughts. All these years I have been working for this moment; the moment when I could be in a position to tell you of my love,"—his voice shook for a moment as his emotion semed to choke him. Elinor raised her hand, and tried to speak, but he stopped her.

"Hush, dear, let me tell you. It eases my heart. Ah, you have been the incarnation of all the vague wishes and longings of my lonely childish days. Every wish, and thought, and act of my life has been for you, and you alone. 'For Elinor' has been my maxim, shining always before me in letters of gold. I could tell you more, I could tell you,—"

"Ward!" Elinor's voice was strained and harsh and her face was pale. "Hush, Ward! Please do not say any more!" She struggled with her emotion for a minute before she could go on. "I did not know you cared for me —so much," she stammered.

"So much?" he questioned passionately. "Do you realize how much? Why, life would be nothing to me without you. My life is made up of one continuous thought of you! What would be left if you were taken away?"

"Ward, how dare you talk like that?" The girl's voice was angry and her eyes had a startled look. "Why should you take it upon yourself to think of me all these years, without my permission?"

"Did I need your permission?" he asked gently. "Have you not always cared for me a little?"

She turned away quickly, and replied hesitatingly, "Yes, I have always cared for you," she paused to give more emphasis to what followed,—"a little, as you say. You saved my life, Ward. I shall never forget it," he made an impatient movement,—"but I am sorry today that you did so, since it was only to give you pain."

"To give me pain?" He was looking at her sharply.

"Yes," was the low reply.

"Do you mean—" He could say no more.

When he did not speak, Elinor continued, plaintively: "You know I have always been fond of you; you have been a brother to me, a dear brother—"

Her voice broke, and she stopped and looked up at Ward.

"You do not love me?"

The question was breathed, not spoken. His agitation shook Elinor, and she answered with a sort of a sob:

"Not in that way. Don't look like that, Ward," she went on passionately. "You frighten me! How could I know you cared for me so much? If I had—"

"What, Elinor?" he interrupted eagerly, his eyes lighting. "Would you—" The girl looked away with a frown. "It is too late now." Her lips were quivering and her eyes were blurred with tears.

"Why too late?" he questioned.

She hesitated and glanced up at Ward in a frightened way before replying. She was suffering herself, a strange unexpected pain, and a helpless feeling of anger came over her, forcing her to say cruelly:

"It is too late because I am already engaged."

"Engaged!" said Ward in a dull tone. "Engaged! May I ask how long?"

"Since yesterday," was the reluctant reply.

"Who is it?" was his next question.

"Marvin Williams."

"Thirty millions!" said Ward, mechanically.

The girl's face flushed and her blue eyes sparkled with an angry light. "Why do you say that? What do you mean?"

"Do you love him?" he asked, in turn.

"I do," with much dignity.

"I am glad," he said simply. "I hope you will be very happy."

The tears rushed to Elinor's eyes at the gentle tone. "Ward, will you forgive me?" she asked hurriedly.

"O, yes, what does it matter?" he said with an effort. "I don't suppose I should blame you." He felt dazed and stupid. What had happened that the sunlight was no longer radiant? He looked up in search of the clouds, but the tender blue of the sky shone clear in all its pale expansiveness. How calm it looked! He realized that his heart was aching. They walked along in silence until the church was reached, Elinor trying to control the nervous sobs that threatened to rise in her throat. The church was filled, and Elinor started up the long aisle to their accustomed pew, but Ward stepped into the last seat, feeling as he watched her disappear from view that all his life went with her.

"This is where I belong," he thought, bitterly. "I tried to cheat Fate with the purple and fine linen of worldly success, but she knows her children. Good God! Do many people suffer this and live? Elinor! Elinor!" He almost groaned aloud. That dear name! To think it could never be his talisman again! What must he do with his thoughts, they were always going out to her? She was so wound into every fibre of his heart that he would have to pluck it out, and tear it to pieces before he could eliminate her from his life. Life! Was *this* life, this awful misery where his heart had been? He looked around him, and his thoughts went back to the days when as a little, ragged urchin, he used to sit in this self same seat. How quickly he would change places with that boy now, even to the rags, hunger, and discontent! He thought of his lonely childish days, and they seemed heaven to him beside the misery that pinched his heart now! What deadly hand had torn the brightness from his life? O to go back again—to forget the years of his success—to forget Elinor—to go back to the pallet of straw in the dim garret,—to go back to poverty,—to hunger,—to happiness!

The imposing ritual of the service went on about him. The music throbbed, the sweet voices rose and fell, the altar lights gleamed and twinkled as of old, and the intense perfume of the myriad flowers floated in unconscious sweetness even down to his remote place. Suddenly a voice broke across his dulled senses. "I am the Resurrection and the Life!"

Ward looked up. The priest was in the pulpit.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life. Whosoever believeth in Me and keepeth My Commandments, shall live forever!"

Ward forced himself to listen while the eloquent preacher elaborated on his grand text, but the opening words had caught his imagination.

"—Whosoever believeth in Me—whosoever keepeth My Commandments—"

Whose Commandments? What were they? Had he kept them? In whom had he believed?

"At least I have broken none," he thought, in self-extenuation. What were the words, or fragments of words, that flitted through his brain at this?

"—Shalt not make to thyself any

graven image—shalt not—adore them —or serve them!"

Ah, had he not made a graven image of a woman's heart?

"Your God is a jealous God!" The clear, resonant tones of the priest's voice chimed in with Ward's reflections.

"Shalt have no other God but Me!" was the answering echo in his brain. But in the niche in his soul, where the image of his God should stand, was shrined the fairness of a woman's face.

"Ah, God! Forgive! Thou knowest! Thou hast suffered!"

* * *

The immense crowd was filing slowly out. No one recognized the figure in the last seat behind the pillar with his head bowed on the seat in front. No one noticed him, and as the silence of the great edifice closed around him, he raised his head. A faint touch of incense still lingered on the air, and an acolyte was putting out the lights.

THE VISION OF THE HERMIT.

DANIEL J. DONAHOE.

A holy hermit, ere the break of dawn
  Knelt near his cave, low-bowed in tearful prayer;
Sin weighed upon his soul, grace seemed withdrawn,
  He feared despair.

Then burst a sudden glory from the sky;
  Dark in the blaze the day star hung ensphered;
Amid encircling angels throned on high
  The Lord appeared:

And Satan stood accusing: "Is it fair
  That man, though sinning oft is oft forgiven,
Whilst I, who fell but once, can never share
  The hope of Heaven?"

Mild was God's answer; "When have I denied
  The humble seeker?" Satan stood aghast;
Black grew his frown—black with unyielding pride;—
  The vision passed.

The hermit, rising, sang for joy and wept;
  God's love and mercy filled his heart with cheer;
The gentle lesson of the vision kept
  His soul from fear.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A clarion call to the young men of Ireland and, in fact, to the young men of all countries, especially those of the educated class, to join in a holy crusade against infidelity and the materialistic tendencies of modern life would not be an inaccurate description of "The Triumph of Failure" by Rev. P. A. Sheehan, parish priest of Doneraile, in the diocese of Cloyne, Ireland. A splendid protest against what the Germans call the Time-Spirit, delivered with power and pathos, and enhanced in value by the attraction of a finished literary style, is this novel by an Irish priest, whose knowledge of sacred and profane learning, as displayed in its pages, is both wide and deep. Father Sheehan has cultivated the faculty of expression to some purpose; his power of description is marvelous indeed; and the beauty and imagery of his language, while clarifying his thought, cannot fail to secure for him a respectful hearing. Dublin is the scene of the story; and we meet with varying phases of Irish life in the metropolis. The hero, Geoffrey Austin, a college man, who has read himself out of his Catholic faith, who in his thirst for knowledge has ransacked all the philosophies of the past, and instead of gaining what he desired, lost the most precious heritage he possessed,—his faith, appears thus bankrupted in the opening chapter, and the whole book may be said to be a history of his struggles in regaining his faith. There are other characters which interest us. The worldly Irish, whose faith clings loosely to them, whose one ambition in life is to enter what they call good society may be recognized in Mrs. Oliver and her daughter; the pure, Catholic womanhood, nurtured under the inspiration of supernatural faith, the glory of the race, in Agnes Deane and Helen Bellamy. We meet also the good-natured, reckless medical students, careless but unselfish, with many admirable traits of character, and ever ready to help one in distress. The strong thinker and ascetic, the man, who in solitude thinks out great ideas and forms vast plans for the regeneration of the race, strong of will and daring of purpose, rises up before us in the person of Father Aidan. A remarkable type, a modern crusader, an Ozanam is presented to us, as we listen to Charlie Traver's burning words, as with his soul on fire after his stern novitiate under Father Aidan, he becomes a lay apostle in Dublin and nightly addresses his sublime message to the men who come in crowds to hear him. Nor must we forget little Ursula Deane, the good angel of Geoffrey Austin, who first meets her, as he is cherishing gloomy thoughts of suicide and is saved by her gentle, winning childish way and confiding spirit. That meeting and the memory of her, which after her death became a sacred treasure to him, is the turning point in Geoffrey Austin's life. The trust which this little girl, lost in the streets of a great city, reposed in him, whom the world frowned upon and rejected, was the beginning of his weary way back to the faith of his fathers. There are many touching scenes in this interesting book and many passages of rare pathos and power. It is a book that is fairly bursting with erudition, and, in fact, the author's habit of philosophizing detracts from the interest of the story. There is too great an abundance of erudition and one cannot help feeling that the story would have gained in simplicity and power, if the author had reserved his discussions on the philosophy of the ancients and the moderns for some other occasion. Then, too, he indulges in long monologues and reveries by himself, which, however good in themselves, scarcely add to the interest or strength of his narrative. The great merit of the work, however, is sure to be recognized, while the grace and beauty of the author's style will please all, who come under its captivating influence. The author has put forth in this work a powerful indictment against unbelief, while he has, at the same time, set forth the beauty and power of the Catholic faith in a way that reveals how necessary it is in the life of the man, who aspires to what is high and noble.

London: Burns & Oates; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros. $1.60.

From the opening description of the celebration of the feast of Pentecost in the Church of St. Thomas d'Aquin in Paris to the last pathetic scene of the union in death of Espiritu Santo and her youthful lover, Theodore Daretti, Henrietta Dana Skinner's novel, entitled, "Espiritu Santo," gives constant delight and calls into play the noblest sympathies and best feelings of the soul. The writing of such a book by a distinguished American convert to Catholicity is an event in the world of letters and a hopeful augury of what the future may have in store for all lovers of high-class Catholic literature. The author has

the literary gift by inheritance, but her power has been strengthened and enriched by the possession of the true faith, and she writes with a love of the Catholic ideal which gives great interest and value to her work. In this book there is no yielding to the worldly ideal of life; all the characters, with one exception, are Christian and Catholic, and that one exception appears mean and contemptible beside his fellows. There is an impression in some quarters that Catholicity produces a different type of character in the United States as if there were some distinguishing mark or virtue in our Catholicity, which cannot be found in the Catholicity of other lands, especially in that of the countries of continental Europe. This novel will help to remove any such impression. The characters are, for the most part, Spaniards and Italians and very lovable characters they are. The experience which the men of America have had with the Spanish character during the late war has certainly given Americans a better idea of the nobility of the Spanish character; and foolish and ignorant prejudices about Spaniards and things Spanish must now be regarded as unfounded. This book will do much more; no one with open mind can read it without realizing, that the Catholic faith, with its strong sanctions and its eternal hopes, has the power to enrich the soul, and to give birth to deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice and high moral courage, whatever may be the nationality of him who comes under its influence. Who can read of the terrible struggle and moral conflict which raged in the soul of Adriano Daretti during his long effort to break away from a careless, sinful life, and of the holy calm which settled upon him, as, after yielding to his better self, he arose from the feet of the confessor with the absolution fresh upon him, without being profoundly moved? It requires something more than vivid imagination to bring about such a result; the seal of divine faith is here, and that unswerving certainty in the divine efficacy and power of a sacrament, faith's gift to the soul. The heroine of the story was born in the City of Mexico, of Spanish parents, on Pentecost day, and for that reason was called Espiritu Santo. She might well be named so, too, because of her beautiful character, for she is a consoler to all who are distressed and her pure soul breathes forth holiness and peace to all around her. She attends the high mass at the Church of St. Thomas d'Aquin on Pentecost, in company with her father, and hears Theodore Daretti, a boy soprano of surpassing sweetness, and his brother Adrian, a baritone of noble compass, sing the prose of the feast, the Veni Sancte Spiritus. The little girl is so uplifted by the sweet singing, that she desires to present the bouquet of flowers, which she holds in her hand, to the wonderful boy soprano. She and her father seek him, but he has gone from the church; they find, however, his brother Adrian, who promises to give the flowers to his brother. Through the kind offices of friends, the two brothers go to live in the same house where Espiritu Santo Disdier lives with her father and sisters. A sincere and strong affection springs up between Espiritu and Theodore. She entertains the thoughtful and retiring boy, abashed in the presence of company, and he is grateful. The story of this strong abiding love of Theodore and Espiritu Santo forms the main interest of the story. There is a separation for some years, Theodore going to a relative in Italy. When he returns to Paris, he has a glorious tenor voice and sings in grand opera with his brother Adrian, who is the famous baritone of the day. But his love for Espiritu Santo sweetens his life, makes him good and noble, and gives inspiration to his work. But complications arise to prevent his cherished union with Espiritu Santo. There is opposition on the part of Espiritu's father, who has contracted a second marriage, but this difficulty is finally overcome. But long delays and great self-sacrifices intervene and finally when all seems fair and they are about to be united for life, God calls these two fair flowers to transplant them together in his heavenly garden. All this is charmingly told, with wealth of incident, passages of striking power, and many touching episodes interspersed through the narrative. Besides these principal personages, there are other characters which merit attention. The devotion of Oreste, Adriano's Italian servant, is most touching and the relation of master to servant, as here depicted, is assuredly after the Christian standard. Oreste, with his simple, manly heart and unswerving loyalty to his master even at the cost of a bitter self-sacrifice, is certainly a fine bit of characterization. There are other characters, whose nobility must strike a responsive chord in the heart of the reader. This novel is deeply interesting, a sweet and charming story, while it fascinates, and is, what so many others fail to be, an exaltation of supernatural faith and of the moral goodness which springs from faith, as the elements best fitted to form and preserve sterling manhood and womanhood.

New York: Harper Bros. $1.25.

There will be few, we think, who, on laying down the bulky volume of over six hundred pages, written by Douglas Hyde, L.L.D., M. R. I. A., and entitled "A Literary History

of Ireland," will be disposed to question the author's claim to a ripe and profound scholarship in his chosen field of research, or to deny the immense service which he has rendered, in writing such a book to the movement for the promotion of Gaelic studies. This volume is uniform with others already issued and others in course of preparation—all devoted to the literary history of different nations—which the enterprising firm of Charles Scribner's Sons is getting out for the benefit of the reading public. The appearance of this present volume is opportune; and cannot fail to awaken a wider interest in Gaelic studies and to give a powerful impetus to the movement, which under the auspices of the Gaelic League is fast gaining ground, and which has for its object the revival of interest in the ancient literature of Ireland. The name which is given to the volume before us is a little misleading, as the author justly observes in the preface; for the author refrains altogether from making mention of the literary labors of Irishmen who have written in English and devotes his whole attention to the literature of the Irish-speaking Irish. This book will be a revelation to many, who have slight acquaintance with early Irish literature, and it will be a surprise to many to learn that long before the literature of other countries was developed, Irish literature had achieved a name and found a welcome home among the ancient Irish. There is in early Irish literature an absence of great predominating names or great predominating works; but on the other hand no student of this period can fail to observe the existence "of a traditional literary taste and a love of literature amongst all classes of the native Irish. The whole history of Irish literature shows how warmly the efforts of all who assisted in its production were appreciated. The greatest English bard of the Elizabethan age was allowed by his countrymen to perish of poverty in the streets of London, while the pettiest chief of the meanest clan would have been proud to lay his heart and home and a share of his wealth at the disposal of any Irish "ollamh." The love for literature of a traditional type, in song, in poem, in saga, was more nearly universal in Ireland than in any country of western Europe, and hence that which appears to be of most value in ancient Irish literature is not that whose authorship is known, but rather the mass of traditional matter which seems to have grown up almost spontaneously, and slowly shaped itself into the literary possession of an entire nation. An almost universal acquaintance with a traditional literature was a leading trait amongst the Irish down to the last century, when every barony and almost every townland still possessed its poet and reciter, and song recitation, music and oratory were the recognized amusements of nearly the whole population." How was all this traditional literature preserved through the ages, before it was finally committed to manuscript? Much of it, of course, has been lost, but much remains in the old manuscripts scattered through the different libraries of Europe. The explanation of its existence must be found in the fact, that a people whose love of literature was so keen, trusting to ear and to memory, handed it down from generation to generation, slightly altering or modifying it from time to time to make it more intelligible, according as words died out and inflexious became obselete. In fact, as we read the author's researches, we begin to appreciate what was the office of the race of old Irish bards, who occupy such a distinctive place in the annals of old Irish literature. We begin to realize that this race of men preserved in their songs and sagas the national literature and handed it down through the ages, until with the art of printing and the advent of a school of scribes, it could be committed to manuscript. Nor can we doubt that such is the way in which whatever Irish literature we may to-day possess has come down to us. The love of the people for the heroic exploits recorded in these poems and sagas is a well-known historic fact, while the memory of the Irish peasant is proverbial. The author himself tells us that he has heard from peasants stanzas composed by Donogha Mór O'Daly of Boyle, in the thirteenth century, while from an illeterate peasant in Roscommon, in 1890, he recovered verses, which had been jotted down in phonetic spelling in Argyleshire by MacGregor, Dean of Lismore, in the year 1512, and which may have been sung for hundreds of years before it struck the fancy of the Highland divine to commit them to paper. The author brings before us the various sources from which Irish literature sprang, and is very systematic in his treatment of the different schools of literature, which from time to time immemorial flourished in Ireland. The nature of the subject compels him to bring in much historical matter, and we have an opportunity, in this way, of learning much about ancient Irish history. The picture of Irish civilization and culture in the centuries following the introduction of Christianity is indeed a striking one, and one must be purblind, who, on reading the evidence submitted in these pages, would refuse to admit the great debt which Christian civilization at this period owes to the Irish monks and scholars, who in their great universities scattered throughout the island, and the many places on the continent, where they established monastic schools,

kept alive the love for learning and preserved the classical taste for literature. The history of the development of Irish literature, whether of Pagan or of Christian Ireland, as revealed in the pages of this volume is wonderfully interesting and historically valuable. One learns much and deeply of things of which he had but a vague knowledge and begins to see why modern scholars, especially in Germany, have been making a special study of the old Irish language. The bardic schools of the Druids, the Red Branch Knights, and their exploits, the Irish spics, that great store of Irish lore, the themes of the bards and minstrels, the pre-Danish poets, the Ossiancie poems, the Four Masters—all these things, which we have heard about, we see here in their historical setting and begin to appreciate that Ireland has a literature, which, as the author declares, is superior up to the tenth century to the literature of any other country of western Europe. "The invasion of the Normans, however, put a complete stop to the natural development of Irish literature, and changed the building of churches into that of castles, in which the Irish copied, so far as they built at all, the pattern of the "invader." Yet once again at the beginning of the seventeenth century Irish literature was to show its capability, and in the hands of Keating, the Four Masters and Duald McFirbis, men of whom any age or country might be proud, it achieved an eminence, which makes a bright page in its history. These men strove to save from the general wreck brought upon the country by the English soldiery those records of their country, which to-day make the name of Ireland honorable for her antiquities, traditons and history, in the eyes of the scholars of Europe; and to a large measure they succeeded. We have no more than hinted at the great value of this learned volume on the literature of the Irish-speaking Irish. It is a monument of erudition and painstaking research and will do much to rescue the Irish name from the load of unfounded prejudice under which it has labored. An incidental conclusion, which the observant reader is bound to draw, is that the success of a nation's literature and its sturdy and normal development are bound up with the preservation of a nation's liberties. In loosing her independence Ireland lost all hope of securing a primacy in the world of letters, through the medium of her native language, and the world has lost a literature, which, as the ancient literature that has been saved fortokens, would have a distinct character and value of its own.

New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.00.

We have noticed in these pages a volume of "Exposition of Christian Doctrine," by a Seminary Professor, written for the schools of the Christian Brothers in France, in which the whole course of Dogmatic Theology was admirably and clearly set forth. The translation of the second volume, entitled "Exposition of Christian Doctrine, Part II Moral,"—has just appeared and makes an admirable companion volume to the preceding. It is no easy task to set forth clearly and with accuracy the complex subject-matter of moral theology, but this the author has succeeded in doing in a very satisfactory manner. The work is admirably conceived, the divisions are clear, the definitions are accurate and to the point, while the synopses given at the end of each chapter admirably condense in a clear and striking way the discussions and conclusion of each chapter. For practical use, this valuable manual will be found equal, if it does not surpass, the ordinary text books on the subject.

Philadelphia: Joseph J. McVey. $2.25.

Whoever desires to have a great variety of information on many subjects, in handy form, and within easy reach, should see "Cummings Encyclopaedia," by Charles J. Cummings, for many years a teacher in the public schools, and late principal of the High School, South Williamsport, Pennsylvania. There is a wealth of information in this handy volume and the information is, in the main, correct. Some idea of the comprehensiveness of this volume may be gained from a glance at the table of contents, which includes almost every elementary and practical department of human learning.

Cincinnati: The Editor Publishing Co.

Leslie's Weekly, in the June 22d number, tells with graphic details the story of the famous Dreyfus case, and characterizes it as "The Crime of the Century." Nothing in romance or fiction is of greater interest. The same number tells and illustrates the remarkable child-kidnapping case which recently centred the interests of fathers and mothers throughout the country upon the 8,000 policemen in and about New York who were looking for the lost child. Both these stories are profusely illustrated. The double-page gives one the best idea yet presented pictorially of the Paris exposition of 1900. Historic Savannah, one of the great cities of the South, has a very attractive illustrated supplement, and other illustrations include a first page, showing New York's lively Sunday afternoon summer, bicycle, and flower show; the three great army and navy rifles; the next speaker of the House, David B. Henderson, of Iowa;

yacht-club views; and the favorites in the Suburban horse-race. This is one of the greatest numbers of Leslie's Weekly, and any one who pays ten cents for it gets his money's worth, with interest.

"Introduction to a Devout Life," by St. Francis de Sales, comes in a neat little edition from the press of Benziger Bros. It has long been the help and solace of many souls and will continue to be so. As stated in the preface, the present work is addressed to persons living in the world desiring to lead a devout life. It is because of this special characteristic that it appeals to so many. The admonitions are given in such a gentle, earnest manner, that they can not fail to reach the heart and be productive of good. Price, 50c.

M. H. Wiltzius & Co., Milwaukee, Wis., publishers of Hoffmann's Catholic Directory, have just issued the directory for current year. It is complete in Catholic information, containing full reports of all dioceses in the United States, Canada and Newfoundland, Great Britain and Ireland, and the hierarchies and statistics of the United States, of Mexico, Central America, West Indies, South America, Oceanica, Austro-Hungarian monarchy, German Empire and Switzerland. It has many improvements over previous years, a notable one being a page-index of the dioceses and archdioceses. Price is $1.25, including the clergy list, which is sent quarterly to all subscribers.

A small but exquisite art gallery consisting of thirty-eight fine reproductions of Schraudolph's impressive frescoes in the cathedral of Speyer has been issued by J. Schaefer, 9 Barclay St., New York. These frescoes cover a wide range of scriptural subjects and are beautifully conceived works of art. The reproductions just issued are neatly bound in book form and will no doubt be much appreciated as a valuable help in the selection of subjects for stained glass windows, mural decorations and wall paintings. It is also an instructive holiday gift for young and old. Price $1.00.

The following new music has been received:

From Oliver Ditson Co., Boston. For Piano and Guitar: Grand National Medley Overture, Vincent Leon; Jupiter March, E. S. Phelps; At the Ball (valse-caprice), Enrico Gargiulo; A Vaudeville Reminiscence, Walter Vreeland. Vocal: The Good Shepherd, by Beardsley Van de Water; April Weather, Bid me to Live, A Good-Bye, by James H. Rogers; To Dianeme, Our Own, by P. A. Schnecker.

From White-Smith Music Pub. Co., songs, Annie G. Murray, music by George Lowell Tracy.

On the Road to Mandalay. Words by Rudyard Kipling, music revised and adapted by Henry Trevannion. Published by Joseph Flanner, Milwaukee, Wis.

Holy Angels (a Religious Reverie), by George D. Smith; published by Union Mutual Music and Novelty Co., New York. Price retail, 60 cents to readers of Donahoe's 25 cents in silver.

Just Sing a Song of Ireland, by Sterling & Von Tilzer; published by Feist & Frankenthaler, 1227 Broadway, New York. The Land of all our Love by Frank Cecil Lockwood; published by The Stafford Music Co., Malden, Mass. Petite Valse by B. B. Gillette; published by H. B. Stevens Co., Boston, Mass. The Old Farm House on the Hill; words and music by J. W. Lerman; published by the Union Mutual Music and Novelty Co., 320 East 14th St., New York.

THE LATE DENIS W. MAHONEY.

The death of Mr. Denis W. Mahoney, of the well-known firm of Flynn & Mahoney, booksellers and publishers, is a loss not only to his family and immediate circle of friends, but also to the business community of which he had been an honored and esteemed member for so many years. An exemplar of integrity in his dealings with his fellow men, and yet successful in his various enterprises, an unswerving adherent to principle, his business life taught the needed lesson that success may be achieved without abandoning the high ideals of the Christian gentleman.

Mr. Mahoney was born in the Fort Hill district, Boston, May 1849. He received a liberal education, passing through the old Boylston school and the Latin school to Holy Cross college.

He began his business life in the Pilot office, and about ten years ago started in business in company with Mr. Flynn. The venture was successful. Mr. Mahoney married Miss Driscoll and became the head of a happy home, from which some months ago the eldest daughter went forth to give herself in religion to the service of God.

Mr. Mahoney was a member of the Young Men's Catholic Association of Boston, the Catholic Union and Boston Council, Knights of Columbus. He formerly sang in the choir of St. James' Church, as did Mrs. Mahoney.

The funeral of Mr. Mahoney took place on June 19. After prayers had been said at the family residence in Dorchester, the body was conveyed to St. Peter's Church, where the services were held. A Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated, Rev. Michael Ronan, of Lowell, being the celebrant. The Rev. G. J. Paterson, of South Boston, was the deacon, and the Rev. G. J. Barry, of Roxbury, national chaplain of the Knights of Columbus, and chaplain of Boston Council, of which Mr. Mahoney was a member, was the subdeacon. The Rev. W. P. McQuaid, rector of St. James' Church, Boston, delivered the eulogy, speaking highly of the qualities of the deceased. He said that he was a model man in the Church, in the home and in society. These priests also assisted in the services: The Very Rev. William Byrne, D. D., V. G., of Boston; the Revs. Peter Ronan, rector; T. C. McGoldrick, M. H. Geary and F. J. Halloran, of St. Peter's Church; J. J. Baxter, D. D., of Boston; J. A. Walsh, of Roxbury; A. F. Roche, of Hingham; J. D. Tierney, of Salem, and W. B. Whalen, of South Boston. There was a large congregation, and some beautiful floral offerings were grouped about the remains. The choir of St. James' Church, in charge of Signor Rotoli, and the quartette of St. Peter's Church, under the direction of Charles McLaughlin, rendered the music of the Mass.

The remains were interred in Holyhood Cemetery, Brookline, Fathers Barry and McQuaid conducting the services at the grave. The pallbearers were T. J. Flynn, his associate in business; Dr. T. H. Hearn, C. F. Lyons, J. L. Corr, J. F. Walsh and J. A. Clahane.

A GOOD WORK.

The following letter from the President of the Metropolitan Truth Society makes an announcement of deep interest to all who have Catholic progress at heart.

Brooklyn, N. Y., April 18, 1899.

Dear Sir:

On Tuesday, April 4, the Metropolitan Truth Society was organized in Brooklyn under the auspices of the Right Rev. Charles E. McDonnell, D. D. Its objects are as follows:

1. To assist in the dissemination of Catholic truth.

2. To correct erroneous and misleading statements in reference to Catholic doctrine and morals, and to refute calumnies against the Catholic religion.

3. To secure the publication of articles promoting a knowledge of Catholic affairs, such as news of Catholic colleges, institutions, and societies, extracts from Catholic magazines and periodicals, synopses of Catholic sermons and lectures, and translations of interesting articles in foreign Catholic publications.

4. To stimulate a desire for higher education among the Catholic laity, and the circulation and reading of standard Catholic literature.

The Society is made up of an Executive Board and Corresponding and Associate Members, all of whom are pledged to promote these objects. The work of the Society is directed by an Executive Board under the guidance of the Society's officers assisted by committees appointed by the President. The officers are: President, Vice-President, Corresponding and Recording Secretaries, and Treasurer. The main office is at 225 Sixth Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Corresponding Members are Catholic journalists in sympathy with the Society's objects. Their duty is to forward to the Society all serious hostile comment on the Catholic Church, and to do all in their power to secure the insertion in the columns of their own papers of matter sent out by the Society.

The Associate Members are practical Catholics—men and women, who agree to advance the aims of the Society by all means in their power; by assisting it financially, and by contributing, when called upon, such original articles, refutations and translations from foreign publications as, in the opinion of the Executive Board, would be available for publication. The associates are recognized as most valuable active workers, and the Executive Board will be glad to receive suggestions from them, and to be kept informed by them of any movement or line of work which, in their opinion, might be worthy of the Society's attention.

While the Society has not imposed any obligatory dues, all members are expected to send to the Treasurer, at their convenience, a subscription of not less than $5 per annum.

The Executive Board will furnish to all members a detailed semi-annual report, setting forth the work accomplished in the various departments of the Society during the preceding half year.

Respectfully yours,
Wm. F. McGinnis, D. D.,
President.

To promote devotion to the Divine Spirit, a Pious Union has been erected with the sanction and approval of the Bishop.

A manual of instruction and devotion in honor of God the Holy Ghost is in the press and will appear shortly.

Communications to be sent to Rev. Sup., O. M. Cap., St. Anthony's House, Franklin, Ind.

QUESTION BOX.

Catholic youth writes: 1. Had Tetzel a written commission from the Pope, authorizing him to preach the indulgence? 2. Was there any clause in it authorizing him to accept money from the faithful? 3. Did he in reality commit any of the excesses charged against him? 4. Was there anything in the indulgence promising to "open the portals of heaven and close the gates of hell" for the faithful? I have heard this stated by a Protestant as a fact, also that the indulgence was granted upon the payment of a few pence to Tetzel. 5. Were the church dignitaries and officials as corrupt as Protestant historians insinuate? 6. What books treating on the Reformation and kindred topics would you recommend to the average Catholic reader?

1. By a bull, dated September 13, 1517, and to have force for one year, Leo X. accorded a plenary indulgence to the faithful of twenty-five provinces, who being truly penitent and contrite should confess their sins and contribute an alms for the completion of the Church of St. Peter at Rome. The Cardinal, Christopher de Forli, General of the Brothers Minors was named the commissary-general, with most ample power to accord different dispensations, and to subdelegate other commissioners or nuncios. The commissioner for the Rhine provinces was Arcimbold, prothonotary of the Holy See, a man who had previously performed the same functions for the indulgence of the Jubilee. Albert of Brandenburg, Archbishop of Magdeburg and of Mayence, was a special commissioner of the Pope for the indulgence of St. Peter's. He published the indulgence conjointly with the guardian of the Brothers Minors of Mayence, who was associated with him in the proclamation. One of the sub-commissioners of Archbishop Albert, as also of Arcimbold, was the Dominican monk, Tetzel, inquisitor of the faith, who had already preached in Germany the indulgence of the Jubilee. So, Tetzel was not at all the important personage the question of our correspondent would seem to indicate. He was but one of those delegated to preach the indulgence.

2. Certain conditions are always attached for the receiving of indulgences. The Holy Father, in dispensing the treasures of the church, indicates the manner and means by which these treasures can be secured by the faithful. Prayer and fasting are recognized as fitting deeds to the gaining of an indulgence. And why not alms, since prayer, fasting, and almsgiving stand together as Christian actions? It may be said that abuses attend the giving and the receiving of money. So, we read in the Holy Bible of some prayers that God Himself not only did not approve, but severely condemned, and of a manner of fasting that is reprehensible in the eyes of our Divine Saviour. The giving of an alms for Christian motives is a good and praiseworthy work, and as such it was given out as one of the conditions for the gaining of this indulgence of St. Peter's. But our enemies dwell and dwell upon it as if it were the sole condition. Let us learn from the bull of Leo X., from the instruction of the commissioner Arcimbold, and from a short instruction of Tetzel to pastors, as to the manner of setting forth the grace of the indulgence to their parishioners. From the bull of Leo, X. we learn that "All Christians" know that St. Peter has been established Prince of the Apostles by our Saviour Jesus Christ, and that to him has been given by divine grace the power of loosing or of binding souls, in these words: 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth shall be bound also in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose upon earth shall be loosed also in heaven.'" The faithful were authorized to choose any priest at all, secular or regular, (the regular could be of any of the orders), for a confessor, and such confessor could absolve them from all sins and censures, even those reserved to the Pope, a few of the most grievous alone excepted. The preaching of the indulgence was not entrusted to any special religious order; this detail was left to the commissary-general, who was a member of the order of St. Francis.

From the instructions of the commissioner Arcimbold to the sub-commissioners, to preachers and confessors, we learn many practical details. The preachers and confessors should be men of good life, of competent knowledge, determined to advance the glory of God and that of the Holy See, to labor for the salvation of the people, whom they should stir up to profit by all the graces of the indulgence. They must take oath before the commissioner to observe the instructions given them. In the church where the exercises were to be held, a cross was to be erected, and confessionals were to be placed, with the name on each of the confessor, and with the Papal arms. The sermons should be at least three times a week,

and should set forth the Pope's power to accord plenary indulgences for the living and the dead, the need of contributing to the completion of St. Peter's church as the revenues of the church in Rome were not sufficient, and as it is the church of the believers of the whole world. Four principal graces were offered to those who might wish to gain them, and so offered that one could be gained without the other. The first favor was the entire remission of sins, so that a person gaining it, would go directly to heaven. For this the necessary conditions were contrition and confession, the visiting of seven churches, and the reciting therein of five Our Fathers and five Hail Marys in honor of the five wounds of our Saviour. The sick who could not visit the churches were to perform other pious works. In addition, each one, according to his means, should contribute for the basilica of St. Peter, those who could not give money should supply by prayers, or fasting, or other good works. If some were unwilling to give according to their means, provided they contributed in any way, the confessors were not to deny them the favor of the indulgence, because the salvation of souls was after all the main consideration, rather than the building of an edifice. The second favor pertained to the choice and to the powers of a confessor. The third favor related to the special partaking of all the spiritual goods and all the good works of the church militant. The fourth favor was the privilege of applying a plenary indulgence to the relief of the souls in purgatory. As for the first, so for the other favors, an alms was one of the conditions. But, notice well, these alms were not to be placed in the hands of confessors, or preachers, or of commissioners, but placed by the penitents themselves in a special box set apart in the church for the purpose. This box was locked, and there were three keys in the hands of three different persons, who were not to open the box, except in the presence of some of the principal people of the district or parish.

The instructions of Albert of Brandenburg are of the same character.

Now to hear Tetzel in his instructions to the priests: "Take the passport of the Vicar of our Lord Jesus Christ with which you will deliver your soul from the hands of your enemies, and will conduct it to the kingdom of blessedness, by means of your contrition and confession, surely and intact, without any pains in purgatory. You ought to know that in this passport are impressed all the merits of Jesus Christ, who is there represented on the cross." Then he showed the value of the alms-giving, and the great return in spiritual favors for the little given for the glory of God.

Therefore, Tetzel was not personally to accept money. He conveyed the instructions regarding the conditions for the indulgence to be gained. The giving of alms was one condition, and yet one of such a nature that it was not to be too much insisted on, that it could be put aside for the indigent, and even to a great extent for the unwilling. Contrition and confession bringing about the forgiveness of sin were the chief conditions, and here as always the doctrine of the Church stands forth clear and distinct, that indulgence pertains only to the remission of temporal punishment, that only a soul free from mortal sin, and in the grace of God, can gain an indulgence.

3. Historians are much at variance regarding Tetzel's conduct in the affair of promulgating the indulgence. The Protestant historians who have heaped villainy upon him have been met by Catholic historians, who have just as strongly vindicated his good name. Even in the events daily occurring in our midst, men and newspapers form vastly different estimates of the participants in affairs. At this distance, we cannot be too assertive regarding Tetzel. But, weighing all that has been said for and against him, we are led to the conclusion that he has been grossly calumniated. He may have lacked in prudence, and have spoken words that provoked criticism, but we have failed to find any proofs of error in doctrine, or failure in charity. We have not the space to enlarge on the evidence we might advance for and against him. Suffice it to say, that for the excesses with which he has been charged, his superiors either in Germany or in Rome, are not to be held responsible, and that there is no official sanction of any abuse against the law and doctrine of the church in regard to indulgences, from the days of canonical penance down to our time. Even if a servant errs, the master is not to be condemned, who far from condoning, blames the fault. And the errors charged against Tetzel were severely reprimanded.

4. An indulgence neither opens heaven nor closes hell. It will be probably as true in the future, as it has been in the past, that we will have to insist over and over upon the church's plain teaching, that an indulgence does not relate to sin at all, but only to the temporal punishment remaining after a sin has been forgiven. This temporal punishment does not necessarily, nor always, remain. But we may say that generally speaking scarcely any soul is fitted (except of little children and great saints) to enter immediately into heaven. The temporal punishment which the justice of God requires after the sin's remission may be meted out in this life or in purgatory. The Church kindly comes to the help of her children,

and offers them the opportunity of using the merits of Christ, the superabundant merits of the Blessed Mother, or of the saints to quickly discharge the debt of punishment, which might require even long years of pain and satisfaction for them to discharge by themselves. She gives them the chance to pay a part of the punishment by the gaining of partial indulgences, to pay it all by the gaining of a plenary indulgence. Now, here is a soul in the state of grace, the friend of God, using this opportunity, having the excellent dispositions required, performing the works enjoined, and gaining a plenary indulgence. There is no mortal sin on the soul, and so it is not destined for hell, all its temporal punishment has been satisfied for and cancelled by the merits of Christ, and there is no reason why it should stay in purgatory, and is not such a soul fitted, in case of death at that moment to enter immediately into heaven?

We shall answer the other questions in the next issue.

CATHOLIC READING CIRCLE AND STUDY CLUB BUREAU.

Youngtown, O., May 20, 1899.

Executive officers of the Reading Circles, Study Clubs, Literary Societies, Libraries, and University Extension centres, are requested to report under the following heads a detailed account of their organization, system, and general results, so that some definite knowledge may be had of the scope, aim, strength, character and importance of the Catholic educational movement outside of schools and colleges, etc.

Such a report, we are satisfied will reflect most favorably on the zeal, earnestness and intelligence of our Catholic people in their efforts to attain a higher status of intellectual culture. The report will also be a great satisfaction to those now engaged in the work and an inspiration and a guide for many to affiliate with the movement.

We respectfully urge that the report be forwarded to the Catholic Reading Bureau, Youngstown, Ohio, and that uniform sheets of foolscap paper be used, and written on one side of the sheet only.

As great labor will be required in tabulating the reports and preparing them for publication, it is earnestly requested that every Reading Circle, Study Club, or other definite Caholic Literary Society co-operate with us, by responding in the manner and within the time indicated.

As time and means will make it impossible for us to make repeated requests for this information, we trust that this first will be sufficient.

City.
Name of Club or Circle.
Year Organized.
Time of beginning season's work.
Time of closing season's work.
Meetings: Number, Frequency.
Total Number of Papers.
Total Number of Readings.
Subject of Study, with number of meetings devoted to each.
Books used.
Members: Men, Women.
Average Attendance: Men, Women.
Number of Vols. in Library: Reference, Circulating.
Fees.
Officers, (with addresses) President, Secretary, Director.
Lectures: Number, Subjects, Lecturers.
If Circle or club is not in existence, when was it discontinued.
Remarks.

Note—Where exact information cannot be given, make an approximate statement, and place a question mark (?) after it.

Past officers and members of disbanded Circles are requested to give information under as many heads as possible, and state the year in which the Circles disbanded.

Warren E. Mosher,
Secretary.

The Dominican Sisters of the congregation of S. Catherine di Ricci have just taken possession of a splendid property in Saratoga, close to Congress Park and the principal springs. These sisters are of American foundation, having their Mother House at Albany, N. Y., and are devoted to the work of Spiritual Retreats in a very wide sense. Their Albany Convent is an active centre of Circles, Classes and Bands. In the heart of Saratoga they will carry on their work of Adoration and Reparation, and their continual prayer for "drunkards, blasphemers and all souls exposed to sin," while receiving, like the first Dominican nuns—those of Prouille—ladies and young girls who wish to follow the exercises of a Retreat or to pass a few peaceful days or weeks in a Catholic atmosphere.

Their spacious and commodious new building will meet a need greatly felt in this country by Catholic ladies of quiet tastes, who desire a refined home amidst spiritual advantages. A limited number of such will be received as residents.

Special devotion to the Holy Ghost, the Third Person of the most Adorable Trinity, is strongly advocated and recommended by His Holiness, the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII. It is a healthy sign of the times to notice that his fatherly advice has not been left unheeded.

THE MESSAGE OF THE SEA.

"In the urgent solitudes
Lies the spur to larger moods;
In the friendship of the trees
Dwell the sweet serenities."

Donahoe's Magazine.

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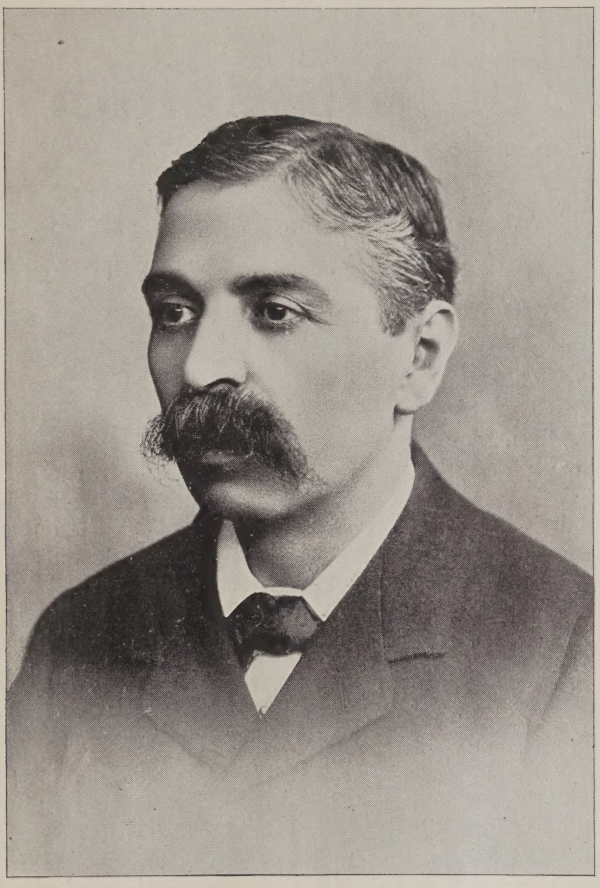
THE REVIVAL OF MUSIC IN IRELAND.

THE FEIS CEOIL.

BY D. J. O'DONOGHUE.

Doubtless many Irishmen in America have heard of the Feis Ceoil, or Festival of Music, and knowing nothing of its inception must often have wondered what were its precise objects and who were its promoters. The present article will, it is hoped, put readers in possession of the facts concerning a movement whose artistic success has been remarkable, and whose aims have received the cordial recognition and support of people of all classes of society and of all shades of belief, political and religious, in Ireland. That Ireland, which has produced so many excellent musicians, should be interested in such a movement goes without saying, but the promoters of this musical revival are not yet satisfied. They think the native country of Carolan, Balfe, Wallace, Field, Stevenson, Stanford, Stewart, and so many others has a great deal more to do in the matter. The Feis Ceoil has unquestionably been warmly welcomed, and each succeeding year has added many friends and supporters, but such an organization ought to number its members by thousands rather than hun-

EDITH OLDHAM.
Hon. Sec. of Feis Ceoil.



SIGNOR ESPOSITO.

dreds, and those who are responsible for the movement will not rest satisfied with what, in any other country, would not be considered a hopeful result. Ireland, however, is slow to take up anything purely intellectual, and consequently the Feis Ceoil has proceeded on an income fluctuating between eleven and fourteen hundred pounds to carry out very important projects, necessitating a tremendous amount of voluntary labor by many enthusiastic music-lovers, and entailing a vast correspondence on the devoted honorary secretaries, Miss Edith Oldham, and Mr. George Coffey. To Miss Oldham, as everyone in Ireland, who has heard of the Feis, is aware, the very existence of the association is due. An accomplished musician and an untiring worker, she has borne the chief burden all along, and her unusual tact and ability have overcome the innumerable obstacles that stand in the way of every movement in Ireland which endeavors to unite different parties and classes.

The original scheme of the promoters was a very modest one. Mr. O'Neill Russell, well known in America as an enthusiast in Gaelic matters, to whom, more or less, the inception of the movement is due, wrote some letters to one of the Dublin papers, deploring the apathy of the Irish people where their national music was concerned, and the constantly growing neglect into which it was falling, and suggested that a yearly festival of Irish music, a Moore festival in fact, should be held at which the "Irish Melodies" and Irish music generally might be sung. The letters led to some correspondence, and gradually the idea of an Eistedfodd, such as the Welsh carry through every year in so whole-souled a manner, became fixed. This idea was not new. It had been mooted by many people long before Mr. Russell's return to Ireland from America, but had never been taken up. This time, however, owing largely no doubt to the lull in political affairs, the matter assumed shape, and a committee was formed to put the theory into practice. But very little

was done until Miss Oldham joined the committee. She immediately interested all the leading resident musicians, the committee was enlarged, and from that day to the present moment, the work has made a steady advance. Meanwhile, the scheme broadened, subscriptions began to flow in, and what was originally a kind of Moore birthday concert, glorified, became a great national festival of music, interesting to all lovers of music and particularly to those who wished to see not only native music studied and preserved, but music in general cultivated and spread over the whole of Ireland. More important still, the committee was most anxious to form a school of Irish musicians, and with that object in view offered prizes for various compositions, including a cantata on an Irish subject, a concert overture, anthems, songs, violin and piano duets, etc. These have since been extended, and some very striking and meritorious compositions have been the result. Indeed, nothing is more astonishing about the Feis movement than the amount of local musical talent, in some cases entitled to be termed genius, which has been discovered.

After infinite labor the first festival was held in Dublin in 1897, and though there was a considerable deficit in the accounts, mostly covered by guarantee, the artistic success of the festival did not admit of a moment's doubt. The festival lasted a week, which was devoted to daily competitions in all classes of music, and to evening concerts. Four hundred pounds were distributed in prizes in the various competitions, and much brilliant ability was discovered. The triumph of the week was the performance of the prize cantata, "Deirdre," the work of Signor Esposito, a well-known resident of Dublin, who was recognized as a notable pianist but was not generally thought to be, as it turned out, a composer of genius. His work was highly dramatic, and revealed a knowledge of technique and all the other essentials of good work to such an extent as to surprise even those who knew him well. The prize was offered to all resident musicians in Ireland, irrespective of nationality, provided they

BRENDAN ROGERS.

had lived a certain number of years in the country, and to Irish musicians resident anywhere. Signor Esposito, who has been settled in Dublin for many years, has more than justified the opinion formed of him by those who only knew him through his connection with the Feis. He has won other prizes, both in Ireland and England, for compositions which are highly esteemed by his musical colleagues and also by the public. The prize for the concert overture of the 1897 Feis was won by another distinguished Dublin musician, Dr. James C. Culwick, one of our leading organists, and the composer of many admirable pieces. The anthem prize fell to a Belfast musician, named Hardebeck, who has since received several other prizes for compositions; the piano duet by Mr. George F. Bull of Dublin; and the minor prizes went to Mr. Craddock of Clonmel, Co. Tipperary, Mrs. Beckett of Dublin, and the Rev. E. Whelan of Bray, Co. Wicklow.

DR. JAMES C. CULWICK.

In the vocal and instrumental competitions—which included those for soprano, mezzo-soprano, baritone, contralto, bass, tenor, bands (brass and reed), vocal quartettes, choirs (male, female, mixed and school), singing in Irish, boy's solo, brass and reed bands, string quartettes, harp, violin, violincello, pianoforte, organ, flute, clarionet, cornet, euphonium, bassoon, trombone, alt-horn, bombardon, and Irish pipes—some of the competitors showed a decided musical gift, and the Feis justified its existence by the production of some admirable young singers and instrumentalists, whose future career should be creditable to them in the event of their choosing a professional life. The instrumental playing was particularly fine, and evoked the warmest commendation from the judges, who were well-known experts in the different branches of musical art.

Such was the first Feis Ceoil, and its success led to the registering of the name and the formation of a properly constituted association, with an executive and sub committees. Offices were taken, and preparations for the festival of 1898 were begun. To the first festival competitors, to the number of one thousand or thereabouts, had come, and Belfast and the north generally had sent a specially large contingent. So impressed were the northerners with what they had seen and heard that they applied to have the second festival in Belfast, which request, subject to certain conditions, was granted. Accordingly the second Feis Ceoil was held in May, 1898, and though there was still a

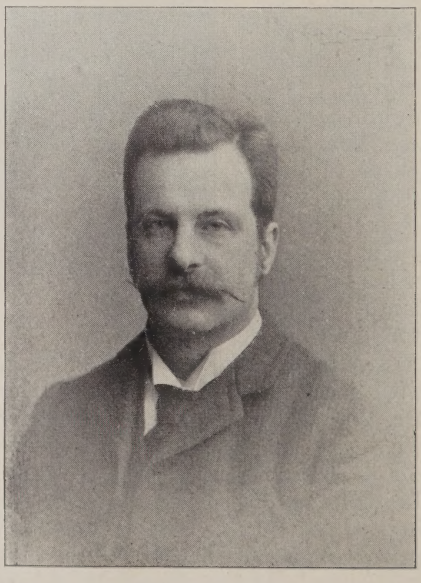
deficit, it was so small that it was felt the Feis was now firmly estabtablished. In many respects the program of the week was different. There were no radical changes; the festival still remained Irish in spirit; but instead of giving as in the first year, concerts made up of works, or selections from the works of representative Irish composers like John Field, William Rooke, W. V. Wallace, Sir R. Stewart, Lord Mornington, Sir John Stevenson, Mme. Augusta Holmes (the eminent Franco-Irish composer, whose "Irlande," a work for full orchestra, was performed at the first Feis with great success), Alexander Roche, Dr. Wood, Professor Villiers Stanford, etc., it was decided to perform Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Golden Legend," and to utilize the other evenings, as before, for performances of the prize compositions, for ancient Irish music, and for the prize-winners' concert. The artistic merits of the Festival were greater than before, and the judges, some of whom were distinguished musicians from England, admitted generally that in some respects the Feis showed excellences which were not to be found in much older and more tried organizations. For example, Dr. Roland Rogers, who has been for nearly

MRS. A. A. NEEDHAM.

JOSEPH SEYMOUR.

thirty years one of the chief adjudictors at the Eistedfodd, declared that one of the male voice choirs sang with absolute perfection. He had never heard better singing. Among those who were present were delegates from the Eistedfodd, the Highland Mod, and other Celtic bodies, and all were agreeably surprised at the performance of the infant Feis. It was universally admitted that in sight reading and in instrumental music Irish people were far ahead of the Welsh, who have been earnest cultivators of music for many years. In the solo competitions very great talent was displayed. Mr. Denis O'Sullivan, the well-known Irish American baritone, who was one of the judges in the vocal competitions, stated that the winner of the basso prize, an Armagh man, possessed what was probably the finest bass voice in the world. Yet this young man was an amateur, and by profession a horse-dealer! The violin-playing was superb, and two first gold medals had to be awarded, one to a Belfast musician, the other to a young Nenagh lady. Belfast, the North, as was perhaps natural, carried off many valuable prizes, including as in the first year, that for the big choir competition. Cork repeated its success of the first year by again winning the chief prizes in the band contests.

The competition for composers was also very successful. The cantata prize was won by Dr. Koeller of Belfast. The work was not by any means as good as Esposito's "Deirdre," but it was nevertheless an extremely clever work. The subject was Ossianic and "Reullura" was its title. The winner of the concert overture prize was Mr. Brendan Rogers, organist of the Pro-Cathedral, Dublin, and the audience was delighted with what proved to be a sparkling work, and accorded the composer, who conducted his own work, an ovation, a fact which gratified Dublin writers exceedingly, for Belfast is peculiarly jealous of the capital and it was not expected that the North would rise above its local feeling in the matter of prize winners. But having cap-



C. H. OLDHAM.

PAULINE ELSNER.

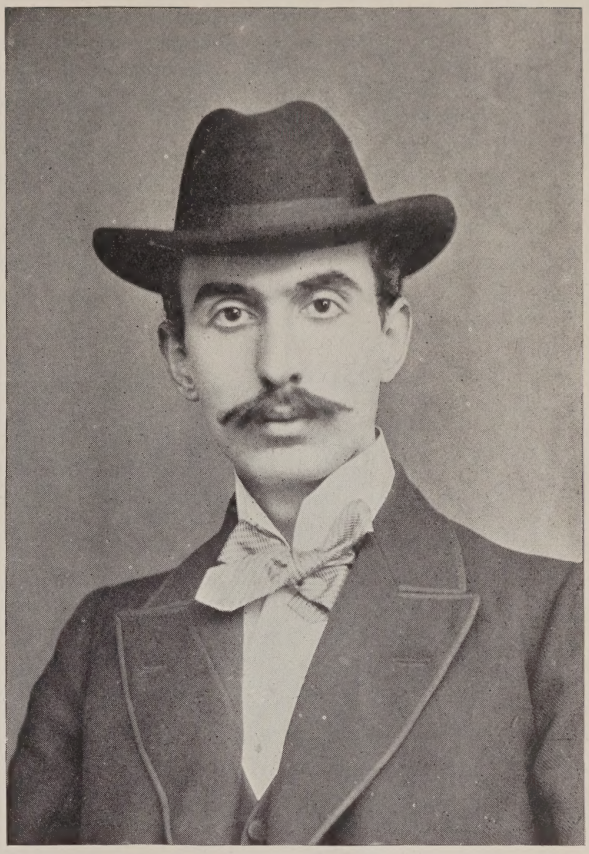
tured many valuable prizes Belfast was magnanimous, and gave hearty applause to all others, in this only imitating Dublin's good example. The anthem, a beautiful work, was won by Mr. G. F. Horan, one of a family of distinguished Dublin organists, and one of the young Irish musicians from whom most was expected. Unfortunately, when the sealed envelope, which contained the name of the successful composer, was opened, Mr. Horan was dead, having died only a few days previously. His family had the melancholy pleasure of hearing his fine composition, "Remember Thy Creator," magnificently rendered by the full choir and organ, with solo for Mr. Denis O'Sullivan. Under those pathetic circumsances the event was a more than usually impressive one.

Other prize-winners were again Dr. J. C. Culwick, for an original Irish song; Mrs. Needham, a gifted Irish lady whose songs are immensely popular all over the United Kingdom; Mr. Leopold Dix, of Dublin, who won the three prizes for an original unaccompanied part song, pianoforte solo, and arrangement of an Irish air as a song; and Joseph Seymour of Dublin, who got the prize for the best arangement of an Irish air as a part song. It should be mentioned that the adjudicators on the compositions are English musicians of the highest standing, either as composers, or as theoretical musicians. The violin and pianoforte duet prize was won by Mr. F. R. McClintock, a county Louth man, who has this year (1899) won the prize for the concert overture. Altogether the Belfast Feis showed a distinct advance in every particular. As a result of experience gained, the committee decided to abolish the restriction placed upon professionals, who were previously allowed to compete only in the composers' competitions, and also to offer additional prizes. There were fifteen hundred competitors in the second Feis, and this year that number has again been increased.

EDWARD MARTYR.

Held in Dublin in May of this year, the Feis, now working with perfect smoothness, notwithstanding the intricate nature of arrangements, has at last reached the position of being self-supporting. This

year, for the first time, there will be a satisfactory balance-sheet. The organization is carried on by voluntary labor, and the only managerial expenses are a small sum for office rent, and the fifty pounds a year paid to an assistant secretary. The knowledge of the Feis is spreading, and as people more and more widely recognize its good work, the greater support it expects to obtain. There is only one opinion in Ireland as to the value of its educational work, and even those who remained sceptics until the recent Feis are now quite convinced of its worth.



HAROLD WHITE.

The same enthusiasm marked the last as it did the first Feis. Large audiences assembled all day at the various competitions of the week, and in the evenings the great hall of the Royal University was thronged. The cantata prize was awarded to Dr. Houston-Collisson, but his work was not performed owing to certain technical difficulties. Instead, a fine performance was given of the exquisite cantata, "The Eve of St. John," by the late eminent Irish composer, Sir Robert Stewart. The other prize compositions were extremely interesting and sometimes brilliant. Mrs. Needham again scored a success, winning two prizes for songs, one of which was characterized by Prof. Villiers Stanford, the greatest of living Irish musicians, as "beautiful." Mr. Harold White, a young Dublin musician of much promise, also won two prizes. Mr. Leopold Dix also scored in one of the competitions, as did Mr. McClintock, who, as already stated, obtained the prize for the overture. Mr. Hardebeck of Belfast, who is quite blind, carried off three prizes—the anthem, (for the second time) the pianoforte and violin duet, and the arrangement of an Irish air as a part song. Signor Esposito won two prizes, and his pieces according to the judge, were the best sent in in any competition, and were, by common consent, the best performed this year. The vocal and instrumental competitions maintained their high standard, and among several new contests, that for full orchestra was particularly exciting, the combatants being respectively Dublin and Belfast—the former winning after a very close competition. Among the judges was Mr. Plunkett Greene, the famous Irish

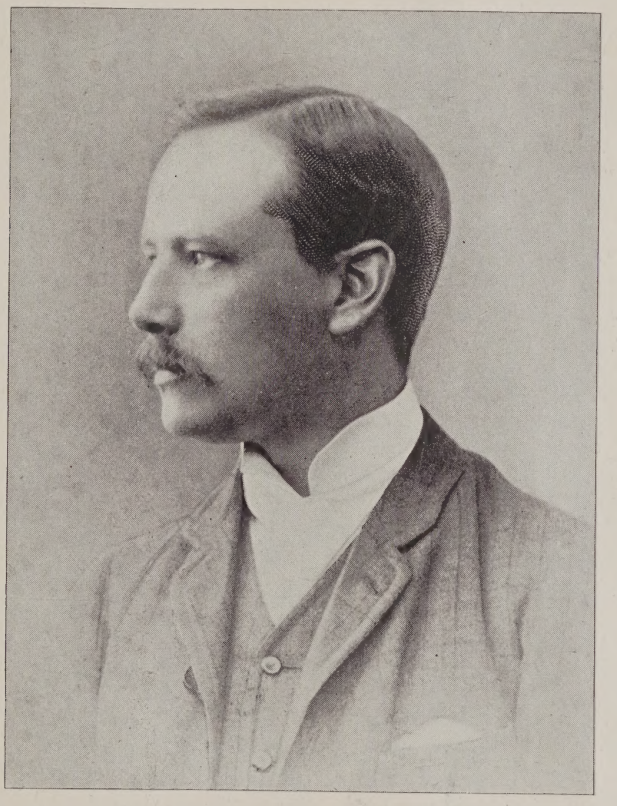
baritone, who reported that he was delighted with the singing, and he specially commended a baritone named Doyle, for whom he predicts a great future, if he enters the ranks of professional singers. He stated that the mere discovery of Doyle (who is a telegraph operator) justified the existence of the Feis. He never wished to hear he added, a finer or more manly rendering of an Irish melody than Mr. Doyle's. This singing of an Irish melody is of course one of the tests, and another is reading at sight, and the singing of a very difficult classical piece.

Two or three of the features of this year's Feis deserve special mention. One of the leading choirs had as its conductor a working engineer, while another, a Newry choir, which sang splendidly, and carried off one of the first prizes, is made up chiefly of factory hands, and its conductor is a working plumber! Mr. Vincent O'Brien's boys' choir, too, gave a wonderful performance and received a special gold medal. The concerts of the Feis were conducted by Signor Esposito, whose choir and orchestra gave an admirable rendering of the various items, notable among which were the arrangements of Irish airs made for the Feis by Dr. Thomas R. Joze, one of the leading Irish musicians and a native of the city on the Liffey. His arrangement, for choir, organ, trumpets, etc., of the fine air, "The Merchant's Daughter" to the rousing words of Edward Walsh's "War-Song," was a triumph,

D. J. O'Donoghue.

and carried the audience completely away. The work had to be repeated amid the growing excitement and enthusiasm of a vast and fashionable audience to many of whom the treason in the song was forgotten for the moment, national feeling and the beauty of the air getting the better of the sentiments of an assembly which included every political section, from most blatant orange to most fervent green. The next Feis, which is to be held in Belfast, after which it is hoped that Cork will be chosen, is certain to be a greater success than ever. In fact, the work steadily progresses, and with larger support in money the Feis could do many things which at present cannot be touched.

A few words about the members of the committee of this truly national organization may fitly conclude this article. Though the personnel of the committee has undergone some changes they are comparatively few, and have tended only to give the Feis more representation. It is largely composed of musicians, prominent among them being Signor Esposito, Brendan Rogers, Dr. Joze, Dr. Koeller and Joseph Seymour, already mentioned. Other musical members of great influence are Walter Bapty once possessor of a beautiful tenor voice, and now a prominent teacher; Mr. W. H. Vipond Barry, a leading Irish organist, and son of a notable Irish musician; Robert Dwyer, conductor of the winning orchestra of



DR. LAWRENCE WALKER.

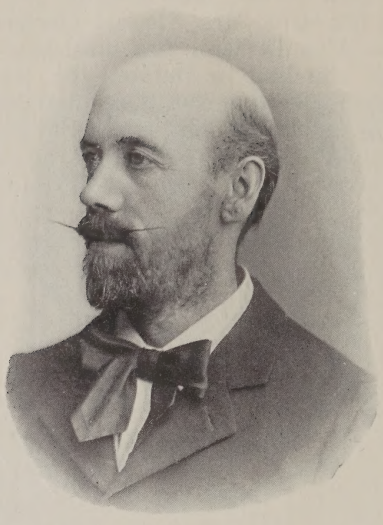
WALTER BAPTY.

this year's Feis; Miss Pauline Elsner and her sister Mrs. Stewart (formerly Miss Alex Elsner), two musicians of high standing in Dublin, the latter being our leading contralto; Miss Madeleine Gordon, a Cork lady; Miss Clare Patton, member of a clever musical family of Dublin; Dr. W. G. Price, one of the most prominent of Belfast musicians; Dr. Lawrence Walker, a distinguished pianist and teacher, and Gall," a great scholar and a true poet, the most distinguished man of letters in Ireland; Sir Francis Cruise, M. D., a leading Dublin physician; Henry Dixon, a most active worker in all national movements; P. J. McCall, author of "The Fenian Night's Entertainments," "Irish Noinins;" the O'Donoghue of the Glens, worthy possessor of a famous name, and a stanch supporter of Irish music; E. E. Four-

MRS. ALEX STEWART.

of the same city; while the special musical sub-committee includes these and others, like Dr. Joseph Smith, conductor of the Dublin Musical Society, and Charles Kelly, the best known of resident Irish bass singers. The lay members of the committee are not the least active of those interested in the work, and among them are Dr. George Sigerson, author of "The Bards of the Gael nier, an enthusiast in Celtic matters generally; Hugh Kelly of Belfast, secretary of the Ulster Yacht Club, who has had a great deal to do with Sir Thomas Lipton's "Shamrock"; H. Macaulay FitzGibbon, editor of several well-known works and a distinguished graduate of Trinity College, Dublin; T. W. Rolleston, poet, critic and scholar, whose transla-

H. Macaulay Fitzgibbon.



C. J. McCarthy.

tion into German of Walt Whitman's poems is a tour de force; C. J. McCarthy, the Dublin City Architect, an interesting personality, and one of the best known figures in the life of the Irish metropolis; C. H. Oldham, Barrington lecturer on political economy and one of the best authorities in Ireland on questions of trade, commerce, and all economic subjects, a fact which does not prevent him from taking a keen interest and active part in most Irish literary, artistic and musical matters; George Prescott, an amateur musician of some ability; T. O'Neill Russell, a sweeping supporter of everything Irish, particularly of Thomas Moore and Irish music, and a profound disbeliever in all that is classical; Robert Young of Belfast, an old and warm encourager of Irish music, of which subject he possesses extensive knowledge, a fine old veteran, whose patriotic enthusiasm is refreshing to witness; and lastly the humble writer of this record of a successful and united Irish movement.

"LEOBEL."

BY HARRIET A. NASH.

Major Allen detached a shining two pounder from his hook and stored it carefully in the basket. Then he commenced packing away his fishing tackle, gazing steadily meanwhile at the other occupant of the boat, whose eyes were fixed upon her own line at the point where it disappeared beneath the water.

"Mrs. Osgood," began the Major, having arranged his case of flies and reeled his lines with method and deliberation, "I have been wanting a few moments' conversation with you."

His companion turned appealingly. "My dear Major," she said, "that sounds so dreadfully like the preface to a proposal. And I consider it my duty to warn you, that if you interrupt my sport at this juncture I shall not have even a sisterly affection left to bestow upon you. Can it wait until the fish stop biting?"

The man laughed easily. "It's not a proposal," he said. "I thought you knew that my annual proposal is due in January. This is a far less agreeable thing—I want to ask a favor. And as it is important that all the omens should be auspicious—it can wait."

The woman with gesture of relief turned to her line. All about them reigned intense stillness, broken only by the splash of a leaping trout or the sunset call of a wood bird to its mate. The boat drifted idly along the shore of the little lake in the cool shadow of the forest. Out in the centre the still water reflected a rich glow from the sky above it. On every side of the forest, no sign of life or human habitation save on the farther side a lighter shade of green, marking an opening which might lead out to clearings, and highways, and so if followed on to the busy world, miles on miles away.

Major Allen lounged idly in his end of the boat and resumed his scrutiny of his companion—a scrutiny of the class rather than the individual—wondering drowsily what made this difference in women. This one, the widow of his closest friend, his friend herself for years, was in no way remarkable. Her face—had he ever noticed it before—was interesting rather than beautiful. Her outing dress was of the simplest style, her hat a plain sailor. Yet every turn of her head, every motion of her strong, shapely hands, marked her for a woman of the world, his own world. Wearying of the sport, she took up the oars presently, with a laughing comment on his indolence, and rowed out into the light. The glow was fast dying from the sky, and the moon, a tiny crescent, hung close above the tree tops far up the height. Mrs. Osgood skilfully whirled the boat about that her passenger might without moving catch a glimpse of the moon over his right shoulder.

"Leobel says it's the surest sign of good luck," she assured him. "And I am in a most complaisant mood. Under so favorable circumstances are you ready to begin?"

Major Allen frowned a little, and sitting upright took the oars from her with some authority. "Not now," he said abruptly. "It's time to go in."

He was sending the boat through the water with swift strokes, when her sudden exclamation caused him to stop, with lifted oars, and follow the direction of her eyes. Close to the water's edge, surveying them with large startled eyes, stood a deer, its graceful head

outlined against the mass of foliage. For a moment only—then recognizing its arch enemy—man—it turned and disappeared, crashing recklessly through the forest in utter forgetfulness of the evening meal of lily-pads it had come to seek.

"What a pity it's close time," exclaimed the Major with all a sportsman's enthusiasm.

Mrs. Osgood gave him a reproachful look.

"How grasping men are," she said. "That beautiful creature is a positive regret to you because it cannot be sacrificed to decorate your bachelor rooms with a pair of antlers or a rug. While to me it will always be a pleasure as a graceful part of an exquisite whole. I can go away and leave it content in knowing it is here whether I come again or not. You men dissect things so. If a thing pleases you, you grasp for it as if unconscious that with its environment it loses half its charm." She ended with deep earnestness, but her companion made no reply, for at that moment the boat grated upon the pebbles and springing past her, he drew it high upon the little beach. During their short walk through the woods to the hotel both relapsed into that comfortable silence which is the privilege of old acquaintance.

It was not until several days thereafter, that Major Allen made known his request, hesitatingly and withal a little defiantly, as if suspecting disapproval. They were out together again. This time strolling along the smooth road that wound away through the forest to the Canadian line. Mrs. Osgood listened patiently while he talked, answering arguments she had not dreamed of offering. She was not entirely unprepared, for in common with the rest of their party, she had not failed to note his interest in the pretty daughter of their landlord. She had given some consideration to the matter—even wondering what she could say when he approached her on the subject—as he was sure to do. But today, listening, she was relieved to recognize a case where advice was useless. If there was here the possibility of a mistake, it was help into he wanted—not out of it. And Mrs. Osgood possessing one of those rare natures which believe in giving people what they want rather than what is good for them, at once adjusted her thought to his plans, wondering how she could best assist him. It was a favorite complaint in her family, that Mrs. Osgood was a slave to her friends. Yet she wondered a little as Major Allen unfolded his plan, if he realized one-half he was asking. Neither a woman of society nor business, she yet was by no means an idle one. Clubs and societies by the dozen made demands on her time and her undeniable brilliancy of thought. Public charities that appealed to her sense of justice, private ones that were dear to her heart; friends who wanted advice and sympathy or oftentimes only "some one to tell it to," all conspired to usurp her time and attention. Major Allen knew better than any one else how she had contrived during the past year for time to devote to her own dearest aim, a literary work which represented the accumulated thought and study of years. He alone had been permitted to see its beginning, and critical as he was in respect to woman's literary ambitions, had pronounced it good, urging her to go on with it.

Yet here he was, asking her to take into her home this child of the forest, all ignorant of city life and customs, and devote the winter to making of her "a woman like herself"—who had been born on Beacon street. Not that Leobel was ignorant or uncouth. Beautiful she was beyond question. Educated to a degree, for the fond parents had sent their only daughter to the best schools within easy distance. Leobel had proudly shown her a graduat-

ing dress of white muslin and a diploma tied with blue ribbons, acquired that very year. She played the parlor organ at the hotel, read poetry by the volume and even wrote herself some graceful little verses correct in metre and rhythm. To Major Allen, captivated for the first time in his forty years of life, these efforts seemed to indicate capabilities which might develop marvelous results. Mrs. Osgood's quieter judgment decided that in them the girl had reached the utmost of which she was capable. She wondered a little that this man of keen insight in all such matters should thus delude himself. Yet today, she uttered no dissenting word to all he said, and almost to his surprise consented readily to invite Leobel to spend the winter in her city home; stipulating only that the engagement, already an assured fact, should not be announced until spring, since Leobel as Major Allen's fiancee would be much noticed and have little opportunity for quiet observation of the life about her. And though the Major demurred, on this point his ally was firm. Leobel herself offered no objection to this course. In her world people didn't announce their engagements anyway. At Five Rivers, the nearest settlement, the girls thought it far more fun to conceal them and keep people guessing and mystified. But she was willing to do either way. She thought it would be lovely to spend the winter in the city and learn something about the place before she went there to live. And if Mrs. Osgood thought it would please him, she was quite willing to take a course in music, though she had taken eight quarters already and hated to practise.

Mine Host Barker and his wife were divided between pride that this fastidious city gentleman should desire to become their son-in-law, and regret that he would take their child so far away. From the hour of her birth this daughter had been to them a being superior to the life around her. Her very name had been chosen as "handsome and out of common," and her educational advantages were believed to have fitted her for any walk in life. It was no surprise that strangers should realize her value. Yet Leobel seemed entering upon a future which they could but dimly comprehend, and Mrs. Barker in particular, though she declared "the Major wasn't a mite stuck up," nevertheless held him in no small degree of awe.

The other members of the large party of which Mrs. Osgood and Major Allen were two, looked on with deepest interest, for Major Allen was a man of no little distinction and more than one carefully-baited matrimonial hook had dangled unnoticed before his eyes in years past. The male contingent, though one and all commending his taste, held various opinions as to the outcome, all of which were promptly settled when observation showed that Mrs. Osgood had taken the case into her hands. Her tact was as undeniable as Leobel's youth and beauty.

It was late in October that Leobel arrived in the city. Mrs. Osgood, with a sigh, locked her manuscript into the deepest drawer of her desk, and prepared to devote the winter to her guest, a devotion not entirely without compensation as time went on. Loebel proved an agreeable guest, interested in all she saw, and betraying on closer acquaintance a striking originality that delighted her hostess. "At least she won't be commonplace," that lady assured herself, with a dawning hope of possibility in Leobel's future. Yet that same originality caused her much perplexity and made more than one serious disturbance in her plans for the winter. In many instances the girl was almost childlike in her appeal to Mrs. Osgood's judgment; other matters she calmly settled for herself with a prompt decision that occasionally left her host-

ess helpless and dismayed. The piano practice was faithfully kept up, but when Mrs. Osgood, at Major Allen's instigation, suggested further literary effort, Leobel frankly admitted that she didn't mean to write any more. She just did a few poems at school because all the girls did. But it was hard work to sit and chew your pencil, wondering what to say next. Besides, there was more literature already written than people ever read, far better than she could write, too. Yet day by day as Mrs. Osgood studied her guest, she felt her wonder at Major Allen's choice disappearing. It was such a lovable character that unfolded itself before her, notwithstanding all that might be deficient in it.

Mrs. Osgood's "at home" days were first a puzzle, then a delight to her guest. "Rare and choice," Major Allen called them, for Mrs. Osgood never attempted society, only, when convenient, gathering about her a choice company of acquaintances. It was on one of these afternoons, late in February, that a lady approached Mrs. Osgood to say goodbye. "So glad to have been here," she murmured, "though I did not know the special significance of the occasion until just now. Your charming little guest has just announced her engagement. Is it not delightful?"

"I couldn't help it," declared Leobel as soon as the guests had gone. "I don't know that you and he will like it, but that woman in grey had just sat there and talked as if she owned Major Allen for an hour. And so when she turned to me and asked if I knew him it came right out. I said: 'Oh, yes, and I am so glad you like him so well, because we are engaged.' Wasn't her face a study! And do you think he'll care?" a little anxiously.

"I am sure he will be pleased," was the response. "The delay was at my suggestion, as I thought it would be pleasanter for you."

But Major Allen when informed displayed less enthusiasm than his friend expected, merely remarking that "perhaps it was just as well," and immediately turning to Leobel with plans for a cottage he wanted to build near her father's hotel next year. He came more frequently after that, though Mrs. Osgood with some anxiety noticed that he was graver than usual, and experienced much relief on learning that he was troubled by business complications which might call him West for some weeks. Leobel apparently had found nothing amiss. As Major Allen's fiancee she was receiving far more attention than had fallen to the lot of Miss Barker from Five Rivers, and though her hostess was pleased to note that the attentions were quietly received, it was none the less evident that they were pleasing to the recipient.

"Leobel develops wonderfully," Mrs. Osgood suggested to Major Allen, as they sat in the twilight, the day before he started westward. The Major, gazing abstractedly at the polished toe of his shoe, roused himself to reply that he had expected her to, adding after a pause, so long that Mrs. Osgood's thoughts had wandered far from the subject, "under your tuition." And after that both were silent until Leobel came in, radiant with delight, to relate the adventures of an afternoon spent at a matinee with some young cousins of Major Allen. They were hardly less occupied after his departure. For invitations multiplied, and Leobel, in spite of all remonstrances, insisted on accepting them all, tasting of first one diversion, then another, and incidentally coming in contact with some theories of life which both interested and puzzled her.

"I think I will break my engagement," she announced calmly one evening, on one of those rare occasions which found her alone with her hostess. "You see," in answer to Mrs. Osgood's exclamation, "I never thought

much about these things until I came up here. I supposed everyone married who had the opportunity. But lately, since I've been hearing these lectures on the higher woman, I've been thinking a good deal. It's perfectly clear to me that woman can only attain her highest development when she meets man on the plane of equality—and that she cannot do as a wife."

"Leobel," broke in Mrs. Osgood, "I shall certainly not take you to any more of those absurd lectures."

But the girl continued quietly: "Of course I am very fond of Major Allen, and I am sorry to disappoint him. He is a cultured man and I am sure he will look at these things in the right way (though they say men never do). But anyway, my highest duty is to myself and my sex. So I am going home to tell my father I want to go to college. And after that I shall study law."

Mrs. Osgood watched the lovely profile against a background of shadows, half impatient, half amused, at this daughter of a race that had ever known for woman but one destiny; wondering what effect these sentiments would have on the mother who required no higher authority than what "he" said. But ridicule, argument, remonstrance had no effect on Leobel. Mrs. Osgood having at last extracted a promise that she would hold her plan under consideration until Major Allen's return, thought it wisest to drop the subject, trusting to time and new influences to efface it from the girl's mind.

Meanwhile Major Allen's return, already long delayed, was again postponed. And though Leobel kept her promise to write him no word of her future plans, Mrs. Osgood was annoyed to learn from time to time that she clung tenaciously to her purpose. She might marry someone, far in the future when she could meet man on his own plane, but not yet. Her present aim was for mental expansion. She spent much time considering various colleges, that she might select the one best suited to her needs, and the puzzled hostess, reluctantly admitting to herself that a college course would be of inestimable advantage, began to frame an argument which might persuade Major Allen to a four years' delay.

With the first warm days of spring a strange restlessness came over the girl. She ceased to speak of college and higher development or even of Major Allen, save to speculate occasionally as to his return. "Do you suppose he really means to build a cottage down home?" she asked one day. "If I thought we should go every summer——." "No, I am not homesick," she declared with some heat, in reply to Mrs. Osgood's question, "but of course I can't help thinking about home sometimes."

Two days later they were entertaining callers, the wife of Major Allen's law partner and her cultured daughter, whom rumor said—well, never mind! Miss Spearing was certainly both cultured and agreeable, and was making herself very pleasant to Leobel, when the maid entered to announce "Mr. Burman." All the way down the long room Mrs. Osgood searched the remote corners of her brain, trying in vain to recall the face of the stalwart gentleman who towered in the doorway, as if uncertain whether to venture farther. Before she reached him, Leobel flew past her with an exclamation of delight.

"Why, Tom," she cried eagerly. "How perfectly lovely! When did you come?" And immediately plied him with questions thick and fast, while the guest, crimson with mingled embarrassment and pleasure, stood holding her hand and gazing down upon her with eyes that saw no one else. The Spearings, though inwardly amused, were to all appearances politely unconscious of the new arrival until Leobel made known to Mrs. Osgood "her

friend, Mr. Burman," eagerly explaining that "he was away on the drive last summer," and Mrs. Osgood, with more ceremony than was necessary, presented him to the Spearing ladies, who, having gracefully acknowledged the courtesy, with thoughtful tact took their leave immediately after.

"Hope I didn't drive 'em off," said Tom Burman a little anxiously, as he settled himself in a large easy chair and looked admiringly at Leobel. Mrs. Osgood studied him furtively, a little uncertain as to what this visit indicated. He was a fine specimen of manhood, straight as the pine trees among which he had been reared, and not without a certain grace of manner, on the rare occasions when interest in his subject overcame his self-consciousness, with a dignity which even embarrassment could not conceal. Instinctively she felt that in his own world he was a man of power. Poor fellow! Mrs. Osgood's practiced eye could not mistake the look on his face as he gazed at Leobel. What a pity it was! But Leobel, quite unconscious of it all, was chattering on of home and friends, snowshoeing parties and "sugaring-offs." It was when the caller rose to go, and, stumbling over a rug, regained his footing with a quick backward step, that a sudden flash of memory recalled to Mrs. Osgood where she had seen him before. Traveling leisurely up the Kennebec last summer, the party had stopped several hours to watch a jam of logs just above a tumultuous fall of water. Acres of brown logs, tossed in wild confusion, piled crosswise, lengthwise, or caught by one end and lifted high in air. And scattered over them was an army of men, lithe and muscular, picking here and there with seemingly futile efforts, yet all together under the direction of one mind, working out the tangle of wood. The foreman, in flannel shirt and heavy boots, had strolled sure-footed over the rough floor, suggesting here, controlling there. Mrs. Osgood had seen him quietly send a young lad from a post of danger and take the place himself. When the whole mass started and the men rushed shoreward, this man was last to go; it was at that moment, when the logs parted beneath him and a warning cry arose from the shore, that he had saved himself by this same backward spring, which recalled the moment now. Mrs. Osgood reflected how far less awkward he had seemed that day than here in her parlor.

Leobel watched the caller as he went down the street.

"Wasn't it nice to see someone from home?" she said, half to herself. And much as Mrs. Osgood doubted the wisdom of the visit for the young man's own sake, she was glad of its effect on Leobel, whose homesickness seemed to have vanished.

Late the following afternoon, Mrs. Osgood sat waiting a little impatiently for Leobel's return from an errand to her dressmaker, growing each moment more annoyed with Madame Justine for the delay. It was quite too late for their drive already, and she had ordered the carriage back to the stable when Leobel came in, not alone, for Tom Burman was with her. Leobel came straight to Mrs. Osgood and stood before her, while Tom waited anxiously in the doorway.

"We've just been married," announced the girl, "Tom and I. I hope you don't think he'll care very much. But the minute Tom came in yesterday I knew I never could marry him or anyone else but Tom."

Mrs. Osgood rose, white with indignation.

"This is most dishonorable," she said severely.

Tom Burman drew near, a troubled look growing on his countenance. "I'm afraid I don't understand it right," he said helplessly. "I thought she wasn't going to marry him anyway. Didn't you say so, Leobel? I

thought she was set on goin' to school some more."

Mrs. Osgood hesitated. The deed was done. There was all too little happiness in the world anyway. To mar it for these two could not help Major Allen now.

"Well, never mind," she said, a little wearily. "It seems to have been a mistake all the way through. It is better to find it out now than by and by."

"And you'll tell him?" coaxed Leobel. "He takes things best from you."

Mrs. Osgood hesitated again. "Yes," she answered at last. "I will write him."

"I shall write him myself," said Tom Burman firmly. "I don't want even to seem to be interferin' with another man's rights without tellin' him about it."

"What about the 'mental expansion,' Leobel?" Mrs. Osgood could not forbear asking, as she assisted her guest in hurried preparations for departure. Loebel's eyes met hers innocently.

"Oh, Tom doesn't approve of it," she answered. "He says I know far too much already. But no college in the world could ever make me Tom's equal. His superiority is in higher things than mere education. You see, Tom's different from other men."

Major Allen received Tom Burman's manly letter by the same mail that brought him Mrs. Osgood's carefully worded one. He replied to Tom's from Chicago, sending with the letter a substantial wedding present. Mrs. Osgood waited for her reply until he walked into her library one evening a week later, bearing himself in no manner like a disappointed man.

"How's the book getting on?" he asked presently, after they had exhausted a variety of subjects without touching upon the one uppermost in both minds.

Mrs. Osgood brought forth the manuscript; she had added a meagre chapter since he saw it last.

"What a pity," he said regretfully, "to waste your winter so. And before Christmas I knew I had made a mistake, though the greatness of it never dawned upon me until just before I went away. That part of it is too late to correct."

She took the pages from him and commenced packing them away.

"Do you remember, Agnes," he said slowly, "that night on the lake last summer, when my error culminated? If I had asked you then——"

Mrs Osgood rose hurriedly.

"No—no," she said. "This is far too soon. By and by, perhaps, when I have finished my book."

But he stopped her.

"I have waited eight years already," he asserted, "and I decline to wait any longer. We will finish the book together."

DAYBREAK IN THE COUNTRY.

EDITH MARTIN SMITH.

Soft twitterings of birds; the perfumed breath
Of drowsy dawn among the whispering grain;
A single star fades in the lambent sky—
And life resumes it's round of toil and pain!

RECOMPENSE.

BY MICHAEL MONAHAN.

When life is at an end:
Will peace then come
To hearts that throbbed too much,
Or else were dumb
With their great ache and loss:—
Shall these the touch
Of death at last befriend,
And lift their cross,
When life is at an end?

When life is at an end:
Shall they who poured
Their meed of love in vain,
Find all restored
By Him, the source of love,
Who gives again
Thrice o'er what they did lend;—
Since still they strove
Till life was at an end?

When life is at an end:
Shall they who sought
In humbleness and awe,
The holy thought,—
Shall they be less than he,
Before the Law,
Who still to form did bend,
A Pharisee,—
When life is at an end?

When life is at an end—
Oh, may we leave
The After then to Him,
Nor idly grieve
Because we know no more:—
Lo! there lies dim
The fearsome way—a Friend
To walk before!
When life is at an end.

THE MYSTICAL LIFE.

BY S. L. EMERY.

Among the burning questions, which thrill the religious and scientific world today, is one of so fine and delicate a nature that it presses into its service the subtlest faculties of brain and heart. It is the question whether there is any connecting link (to use the Darwinian phrase) between thought and sensation; i. e., whether the mind of man is only a final evolution from the primal forces that make up his body, or is absolutely different from his body, another and a separate creation.

This query raises several closely connected ones. Is the Scripture account to be taken literally, that the Lord first formed man from the slime of the earth, and, secondly, breathed into his nostrils the breath of life,—two essentially differing processes? Or are we to think that from protoplasm to protoplasm, from step to step, one phase of life passed on into another, and man is only an ape of a higher order, with brain-cells more perfectly developed? Is his God only that which each of us conceives of Him in his inner consciousness,—the Unknowable, the Unconditioned, the Cosmic Force, the Unthinkable, the Final Cause, the Ultimate Atom? Or is he Abba, Father,—Emmanuel, God with us,—the Holy Ghost, the Comforter,—the Holy Trinity, one God; Almighty, All-true, All-loving; absolutely supreme and creative, yet all our own? Shall our only prayer be the great Pagan cry:

"O somewhere, somewhere, God unknown!
Exist and be!
I am dying, I am all alone,
I must have Thee!"

Or shall it be the outburst of the great Hebrew orator's exultant faith: "I know Whom I have believed, and am certain that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day!"

In approaching these questions, we can follow two paths,—the one eminently objective, the other subjective. In the latter, like many scientists so-called, we take everything as it appears to us,—to our finite reason, to our human senses, to our bounded and cramped experience. The other method was chosen by that first scientist of our day, Louis Pasteur, lately gone to his reward, with the tears and grateful plaudits of a whole world following him. His method was simply this,—he assumed that what the Catholic Church taught was true, and upon that basis he wrought out the tremendous conclusions that have revolutionized, to some extent, the scientific world. Let us today adopt his method, and consider, under some special lights, what the Church has already said.

Catholic theology is divided into four classes: dogmatic, moral, ascetic and mystical.* In each of these the same position is taken, that God, though invisible, is an infinite being, a spirit, an essence; positive, substantial, eternal; most real, most active, because He is life and action Himself. This Supreme Being by His own will created angels, spiritual substances like

*"In ascetical theology we count the degrees of perfection in mortification as they raise us nearer to God; and in mystical theology we distinguish the successive states of mental prayer and heights of contemplation according to the intimacy and completeness of our union with God in each of them."—Fr. Faber. "The Blessed Sacrament." Page 46.

unto Him,* but immeasurably inferior; and man, visible body and invisible spirit, concerning whom the Council of Vienne distinctly says: "Anima rationalis est forma corporis."

Fr. Faber says we are taught by Catholic tradition that the material creation is ruled and administered by the spiritual substances we call angels; and the great doctor of Scholastic Theology teaches ** that so real, so powerful, is the existence of these unseen angels, that they are, as it were, the fountains of all motion.*** Now see what Cuvier says, speaking of certain fluids: "We cannot yet decide whether these agents are really material." And Boyle remarks, despite his scepticism: "I do not know what may happen, but it seems to me that sooner or later men will be constrained to abandon mechanical principles, unless they associate with them the wills of certain intelligences; and to speak frankly, there is no hypothesis more capable of giving a reason for things that occur, than this one which admits of such an association." Notwithstanding all the thought and investigation of scholars, this statement still remains true: "In the midst of the camp where the sciences have pitched their tent, there is one Ark, one veiled sanctuary, around which the minds of men have watched, patiently as the Chaldean astronomers of old, these many centuries. . . . So far there has been a charmed circle round it, which science has not overpassed. It is the secret of being alive, the Sanctuary of Life. Will science ever make it known? Or is it a hiding-place too near Himself, that God should allow us to break into its august recess?" *

When we put all these considerations carefully together, and reflect that the visible hand, the foot, the eye, the brain, are not life,—when we ask ourselves: What is this unseen life?—the realm of the unseen, as the Church represents it to us, becomes more possible, more probable, and our investigations can be pursued on a firmer footing than before. For with this world of unseen forces, of angelic hosts, and with the Great Spirit who is their Creator and their King, the soul of man—the anima—has close connection; that rational soul which is really the "form" of the body. And with this special relation, mystical theology has to deal. It is a School comparatively forsaken just now; but it will, ere long, be one of the strongest arsenals the Catholic Church will use in forging weapons to meet her foes. Let us consider its nature by a living example, one not far off but near.**

In this new land of America, we think that anything handed down from 1620 is a relic, and anything that dates from 1492 is venerable indeed. A mysterious charm invests the Round Tower at Newport, and the Dorchester burial-

*"In the category of spirits are the vast number of souls; in that rank also are the angels; in that rank is God."

Bishop Gay: "The Christian Life and Virtues." Vol. 1, Page 139.

**Vide Fr. Faber: "The Blessed Sacrament." Pages 339-341 in totum.

"St. Thomas went so far as to teach that these angels are the fountains of all motion, or at least he represented them as fulfilling the functions of the vortices of Descartes, and he argued against Aristotle, which is singular, as showing he was following some authority he thought stronger. Moreover he infers in his method of theologizing, that all these angels are of the single choir called in the Scriptures the Virtues."

***See Dante's Paradise, Carey's translation, Canto II., last twenty-two lines.

"The virtue and motion of the sacred orbs,
As mallet by the workman's hand, must needs
By blessed movers be inspired. This heaven,
Made beauteous by so many luminaries,
From the deep spirit, that moves its circling sphere,
Its image takes and impress as a seal."

*Vide Fr. Faber on "The Blessed Sacrament." Pp. 333-342.

**We disclaim any intention of entering into the discussion as to the exact origin and antiquity of the Carmelite Order, but simply make use of their own statements as bearing upon the subject of the present paper.

ground with its oldest authentic stones in or about Boston. A sense of awe broods over Salem at thought of the witch-craft days and the Scarlet Letter.

But how many of us are aware that there is, in America, something that claims to date back far, far beyond Columbus' coming; a family that was old, when the Caesars were young; an ancient line that began long before the birth of Christ, in a land whose history was in swift process of making, when Europe had no place in history at all? Its cradle was on the Eastern shore of the Mediterranean, on "a seaward-looking mountain," that Garden-Mount, verdure-clad, with trees of luxuriant foliage, and flowers of every sort that grow in Palestine. There this ancient family took root in the days of Elias the prophet, many hundred years before the Christian Era dawned. Today, in Boston and Baltimore, in St. Louis, New Orleans and Montreal, the nuns of Mt. Carmel live their silent lives among us, representing—tremendous thought!—the spiritual growth of no less than three thousand years.

Before Shakespeare and Dante held men's minds beneath their sway; before Palestrina had attuned the world's ear to his harmonies; before Michael Angelo planned St. Peter's, or Attila stood still before Leo, or St. John died on Patmos with the vision of the New Jerusalem unfolded to his eagle gaze, the hermits of Mt. Carmel dwelt in their solitary cells, and prayed, and praised, and loved God—the all-sufficient God—alone. Gaze with awe, in St. Peter's great Roman basilica, at the long line of statues representing the founders of religious orders. Go back beyond St. Vincent, St. Francis, St. Benedict, St. Jerome. Who is this, more ancient far than they? Read on the base the inscription given by Pope Benedict XIII. himself:

"Universus Ordo Carmelitarum fundatori suo sancto Eliae prophetae erexit. The entire Order of Carmelites has erected this to the holy prophet Elias, its founder."

It is of importance to our present subject to consider with care some points in the history of this great prophet. We find that to a singular degree he lived and talked with God, the unseen, all-strong, all-fair. Again and again Scripture tells us that some mystical word came to him, bidding him to go hither and thither, do this and that, and he obeyed. By the power of that word, he raised the dead, brought down fire from heaven, foretold the future; but perhaps few things strike the careful reader's attention more forcibly than this childlike, absolute simplicity, wherewith he speaks to one outside and above himself, whom he calls his God.

Finally, he knows not death. A chariot of fire bears him away from his faithful follower's sight. The narrative calmly says that he went up by a whirlwind into heaven.* The years roll by, and a later oracle proclaims the mystic word. "Behold!" it is said, "I will send you Elias the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord. And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers; lest I come, and smite the earth with anathema."**

Other centuries pass. The Incarnate Word is with man. He is transfigured on Mt. Thabor in the presence of Peter and James and John. Who are these visitants whom their astonished eyes behold? "There appeared to them Elias with Moses, and they were talking with Jesus."*** It is a general belief that Elias is one of the two witnesses referred to by St. John in the Apocalypse, who will prophecy, clothed in sackcloth, before the terrible Last Day, and who will finally suffer martyrdom.**** In the vision of the little

*4th Kings 2: 11.
**Malachias 4: 5, 6.
***St. Mark 9: 3.
****Apoc 11: 3, 12.

Augustinian nun, Anne Catherine Emmerich, of Westphalia,* in the present century, she says that she beheld the prophet Elias writing at a table, and, in her quaint simplicity, she asked him if he was not tired waiting so long. The magnificent reply vouchsafed her was: "In God, there is no time."

If we judge all these things by the standards of modern criticism, we shall be apt to call them antique legends and the fancies of a heated imagination. But suppose, for the time being, we accept them as literally true. Then another line of reasoning will at once hold good. The Catholic Church teaches that God is a Spirit, almighty; that man has a living spirit, created by him, absolutely different from the material body, though both make the man; and that, between that Almighty Spirit and man's invisible spirit, exist relations so real, so important and so lasting, that our relations with anything or anyone else dwindle into comparative insignificance beside them. Whoever we may be, whatever our religious status, let us try sincerely to adopt for a time this positive side of the argument, to put ourselves into the true position of the Catholic church, and to view things as she does. At least, it is as noble, as elevating a position, as that which results from seeking a "connecting link" between man and the lower forms of creation, and it can do the mind no harm to breathe upon those loftier summits, where the "connecting link" is between us and higher things.

Let us suppose, then, that the story of Elias the prophet is literally true, even to Anne Catherine's vision of him in his tireless vigil, and that it will be true, even to his second coming before the final day of earth. This prophet, whom perhaps none other except St. John the Baptist equalled in greatness, has, it is claimed, a spiritual family existing still among us. Always, since Eliseus followed Elias, even till the whirlwind parted them, a succession of solitaries, or hermits, as we call them, dwelt upon the holy Mount of Carmel. As great authorities as St. Jerome of the Latin and St. John Chrysostom of the Greek Fathers call Elias the founder of the monastic life. In the splendid apostrophe of him, written in Ecclesiasticus, where we are told again that he is "registered in the judgments of time to appease the wrath of the Lord, to reconcile the heart of the father to the son, and to restore the tribes of Jacob," it is expressly said: "Who can glory like to thee...who makest prophets successors after thee?"* The prophet Micheas speaks of those that "dwell alone in the forest, in the midst of Carmel."** Josephus, the Jewish historian, calls them Essenes.

After the Christian era, this life of the solitary or hermit spread further through the East, and at length entered the West, and passed to France and England. We read of monasteries in Antioch and Alexandria, Tyre, Tripoli, Jerusalem, in Cyprus and Sicily, in Brussels, Kent, Kildare. No less than three hundred and ninety-three writers and learned men, Jesuits, Dominicans, Franciscans, Benedictines, have held to this very ancient tradition, that there is an actual spiritual descent from Elias in the Carmelite Order, which would thus be proved the oldest in the Christian world today. Finally, Pope Sixtus V. set the seal of papal authority upon it, by permitting the feasts of Elias and Eliseus to be celebrated and their offices recited, as patrons of the Order.***

When the Carmelite nuns were founded remains yet in obscurity. St. Teresa is their well-known and duly recognized reformer, who restored the rule in the sixteenth century to its primitive severity; but Pope Clement V. states that there were religious women who followed the Carmelite rule

*Life of Anne Catherine Emmerich. Quarterly Series.

*Eccles. 48: 4, 8.

**Micheas 7: 14.

***See "Saints of Carmel." Proper Offices of the Saints granted to the Barefooted Carmelites. Translated from the Latin for the Carmelite Convent of Boston, 1896.

in Palestine before the conquest of Ptolemais. Tradition informs us that the Blessed Virgin Mary knew of the Order; for, on the feast of Pentecost, when the Holy Ghost came down in tongues of flame, several men "who walked in the footsteps of the prophet Elias," were converted to the teachings of the gospel, and became acquainted with the spotless Mother of Jesus Christ. St. Brocard, in dying, said: "God has called me to the Order of hermits, and by a special privilege we are named brethren of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Despise the world, walk in the footsteps of Mary and Elias."

The rule was very strict; silence, penance, prayer, fasting, poverty, chastity, obedience. Its extreme severity was, at length, mitigated, and was even then severe enough as the world would think it; yet Teresa of Jesus, on fire with a divine thirst for perfection, brought it back in the very century of the rise of the Protestant Reformation, to its primitive fervor. What was the cause of this?

The love of the invisible, and faith in the unseen. She did it in order to make amends for the insults offered to her Lord whom her eyes beheld not, and whom yet she passionately loved; and she did it because of her zeal for the salvation of souls. An overwhelming desire filled her, to see the men and women of her Order serving God with an absolute and unlimited devotion, not from any selfish motive, but that they might help Him to save the sheep that were gone astray, and to gather together those who were not of the fold. A young Carmelite friar, now known as St. John of the Cross, the doctor of Mystical Theology, as we may venture to call him,* became her right hand in her arduous undertaking; and when she died, at sixty-seven years of age, consumed with fire and love, they had succeeded in establishing thirty-two monasteries of the strict observance.

Again, it spread into Italy, France, Belgium, England. In the year 1790, the Carmelite nuns came to America at the request of Father John Carroll, the ecclesiastical superior of the United States, even before his departure for Lulworth Castle to receive his Episcopal consecration; and they were the first community of women bound by religious vows that our nation possessed. (The Ursulines were in Louisiana, but Louisiana then belonged to France.) This was truly a sublime act of faith in the unseen power of prayer on the part of our first American Prelate of hallowed memory. At present there are monasteries of the Order in Baltimore, St. Louis, New Orleans and Boston; and there is one in Montreal.*

Thus in brief we have a story that begins with Elias on Mt. Carmel, centuries before the Christian Era, yet shows him to us on Mt. Thabor talking with his and our Redeemer,—amazing thought!—a story that reveals to us a religious organization claiming the great Hebrew prophet as its founder, and receiving the blessing of our Lord's own Mother while still alive in Jerusalem; an Order that is even now among us, gathering our own companions into the marvelous fascination still exerted by its rule upon certain responsive minds. What is this fascination, that has been felt so long and is unabated still?

It has no other explanation,—and can it possibly have?—than the absolute and sovereign reality of what is unseen, unfelt, inaudible; and its absolute realization by the unseen soul, informed with life unseen. It proves to evidence (unless to him whom

*In January, 1892, the bishops of the ecclesiastical province of Valladolid, in Spain, sent to Pope Leo XIII. a petition, begging his holiness to grant that St. John of the Cross shall be declared Mystical Doctor for the universal Church. Bossuet, in his time, went so far as to say that St. John of the Cross merited in Mystical Theology the authority that St. Thomas enjoys in Scholastic Theology and the Fathers in Moral Theology.

*For information concerning the Carmelite Order, see Fr. Currier's recent work on "Carmel in America" from documents supplied by the Baltimore convent.

Scripture bluntly calls the fool) the existence of a God who is indeed Abba, Father,—Emmanuel, God with us,—the Holy Ghost, the Comforter; and of the soul, the anima, created by Him, a spiritual essence, made to His image and likeness; to which the body is the servant and the inferior, yet even it is, nevertheless, destined, and it is able, to become spiritualized, like to the body of the incarnate and risen Son of God.

The Abbé Baunard has most forcibly said: "We shall never sufficiently understand the connection that exists between the purity and virginity of man and our comprehension of that Being, entirely spirit, Who, far beyond our matter, hears myriads of beings, spiritual like Himself, eternally proclaim to Him that He is the Holy of holies. Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God! These words are a never ending compact between God and the souls entirely enamored of His austere beauty."* Before anyone, however gifted in the natural order, however learned in scientific matters, ventures to cavil at the mystical life, let him consider the qualifications requisite to understand it, and still more to sit in judgment upon it. In our day of intense business activity, and research into the vital forces of the natural kingdom, there are two classes of men who live among us, and yet are not of us, the prophet and the poet; they who are, in an intellectual or a spiritual sense, the mystics. Thus Tennyson could foresee, in poetic vision, that "through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day," and he could, to some extent, paint for us the pure soul of a Galahad and an Agnes, the one crying out:

"Ah, blessed vision! Blood of God!
My spirit beats its outer bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars!"

the other praying:

"Break up the heavens, O Lord! and far,
Through all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
In raiment white and clean!"

And in this era of deliberate intellectual degradation, of a vile touching of pitch and inevitable defilement, Tennyson has given, to the knight of the Round Table and to the virgin Agnes vowed to God, the distinguishing characteristic of stainless purity. The body has been made subject to the spirit, and the unseen spirit seeks the unseen God as surely as water seeks its level. If the poet sees this in the semi-inspiration of the divine afflatus, what does the real mystic see?

Where other men see the beauty of mountain or sky or human face, and hear the song of the bird, the ripple of the wave, the intoxicating strains of music, and feel the sympathy of human friendship, the rapture of mortal love, he sees Beauty itself, hears Sweetness itself, and he loves Love itself.

The celebrated Raymond Lully once entered, unknown, the school of the great Duns Scotus, and was asked by the lecturer: "Quotuplex pars scientiae est Deus?" (What part of science is God?) "Deus non est pars," was the overwhelming reply. "Deus non est pars, qui est totus." (God is no part, who is the whole.)* This is one explanation of the Carmelite life, God is indeed their all. Their wise doctor, St. John of the Cross, tells them: "God makes the soul empty, that He may fill it," and they act in bold faith upon the word. The Scotist School of theologians, says Fr. Faber, has made the Beauty of God a separate divine attribute in itself.** Now this Beauty can be

*Life of St. John the Divine. By l'Abbé Baunard.

*See Spiritual Works of St. John of the Cross. Cardinal Wiseman's preface.

**"It is but one proof of the consistency of the Scotist theology that the same school which gives so dignified a place to creation in its philosophy should also differ from other schools in treating the Beauty of God as a separate divine attribute in itself."
Bethlehem: Page 295, Chapter 6.

known and relished by the same methods whereby men's minds are trained to appreciate other beauty; namely, by following lofty ideals, and driving from them what is ignoble, ugly, and untrue to the principles of art. In a higher degree, the Carmelite does the same. Penance, silence, prayer, fasting, obedience, poverty, chastity, these things drive away the attractions of earth, and give room for the supreme, overmastering attractions of the Beauty of God. In heaven, seeing it, we shall be forever satisfied; for we shall see, as a modern French Bishop has said to Carmelites,* "A splendor unspeakable, and unspeakably sweet; an exquisite purity, a grace without parallel, a harmony which will be full and intense; a perfect unity, harmony and unity combined, the symphony of unity, harmonic unity; a unity which is living, essential, eternal, infinite; blooming infinitely, and blooming in itself; and this is Beauty."

This same Beauty, so the Carmelites tell us, fills their austere life, even now, with joy. Amid its austerities, and by that very means, they behold the all-sufficient Loveliness. When we follow out these assertions to their ultimate conclusions, we are forced to own that a solution for the social problems of our day has been found by them. In their poverty, their fasting, their cold cells, their scanty clothing, their apparent loneliness and destitution, their separation from home and happy human ties, these nuns,—and the fact is absolutely beyond disputing,—are content and more than content; they are replete with enviable joy. Fiction may misrepresent them as it will. No novelist or historian can ever completely stultify that unparalleled line of happy solitaries, from Elias to Mary, and from Mary to Teresa, and from Teresa to the last young novice, who, more blest than any bride of earth, puts on delightedly the rough serge dress, and hides her exquisite face for the eye of her God alone. Through thirty centuries, they have found Him to be the all-sufficient Riches of their poverty, the divine Fire that burned and consumed not, the mystic Touch that comforted, the Friend that never failed them, the Lover stronger than death, eternally true.

When, after their example, we begin to think less of the body, and more of the unseen, masterful soul; when we realize what the Holy Spirit of God is, and submit completely to Him; the solution of many a social question, both for rich and poor, will be attained, and the solutions are stored in the mystical theology of the Catholic Church as in a safe treasure-house, where prudence and obedience guard the treasure, till the fulness of times shall come.

But, unless the reality and activity of the spiritual kingdom are kept in view, we can not wonder that the practical use of the Carmelites is sometimes questioned. The chief motive of their establishment in the United States was "that they might aid with their prayers the missionaries who were laboring for the good of souls." We have seen that St. Teresa, in her reform, was actuated by her zeal for the salvation of souls, and by her sorrow for the wounds inflicted upon our Blessed Lord by the sins of a guilty world. All this is utterly impracticable and unintelligible, unless we believe in that Supreme Being who was the very Source and Centre of all being to the Prophet Elias, and has been so, ever since, to all who call him founder and father. And it is puzzling and inexplicable, also, to those men who, believing in that Supreme Being, are tempted nevertheless, by the materialistic temper of our day, to think more of what appeals to the outward senses than to the unseen forces of the unseen soul, and who gauge the worth of a thing by its value in dollars and cents, rather than by its connection with the invisible but omnipotent Master of all.

Of what use are Contemplatives!

*"Christian Life and Virtues." By Bishop Gay. Volume II, Page 283.

May the Holy Spirit of God open men's minds to know! It has been said by a modern writer that Christianity is yet in its childhood; and there is is an interesting prediction that the saints of final ages will surpass in greatness all that have been seen since the Apostles' days. As science is pushing its way fast and far into realms that once seemed beyond its probable reach, so mystical theology will continue to unveil to men's faith the realm of the spiritual and the supernatural, and they shall understand the victories of prayer. They shall realize how many souls it is saving, in untold, not to be counted numbers, by the baptism of desire, won by prayer from the Heart of God. They shall know that the Catholic Church is indeed the Mother and Mistress of the world and of the ages, through the power of her saints and saintly souls, in the might of the Blood of the Lamb. They shall know, beyond cavilling, that the Word of God has never been void, nor His will left undone in the end; for they shall see, with purged eyes, His spiritual banded armies, stronger than flame, swifter than wind, fulfilling completely His word.

To enter on this added phase of the mystical life, its tremendous, practical use and its amazing and practical possibilities, another time and another article would be required. Such things as these should be thoughtfully and prayerfully studied, as we study the music and paintings and books of the masters in the intellectual order; that is, with humility and reverence, and with a willingness to acknowledge that they know better than we do the things that pertain unto their separate spheres.

Today, the chief thought should be of the essential relations existing between man's invisible soul and his visible body, and between man's soul and his God. Following Louis Pasteur's methods, we must acknowledge that man is, generically, but little lower than the angels; and, through the Incarnation, has even been exalted high above the angels, at the right hand of the throne of God, the absolutely, eternally true. This the Catholic Church openly recognizes; and from such marvellously close relations between Deity and Humanity, between the invisible and the visible, between spirit and matter, come the marvels of the mystical life, which she alone knows how to classify accurately and to properly control and use.

THEN AND NOW.

BY JOS. J. MURPHY.

Once long ago he came,—
The blest oasis in the desert years,—
Foreshadowed by the mystic seers
Who spake his race, his name.
But lasting shame!
Men's eyes were veiled. He spake to heedless ears.

Once more he passes by,—
Dread Visitant to end my earthly race,—
But when or how, I may not trace,
As thieves in ambush lie.
But ah! shall I
Abide his call, or hapless spurn His grace?

A Cool Retreat.

IN THE WOODS.

STORM.

BY WALTER EGGINTON.

The approaching storm spreads such a darkness over the woods that the light in among the trees, is twilight. Everything has a greenish, unreal look; and little pools of water, still and dark, gleam strangely in the dim light. The fitful breeze sweeps the woods at intervals and stray leaves and twigs seem live things running for shelter. Occasionally the low rumble of thunder mingles with the rush of the wind and seems like the growling of some somnolent but waking monster. The darkness deepens until the gleaming pools seem to be the only spots of light. Suddenly, the trunks of trees, black and thick, stand out in sharp outline against a blinding back-ground as the heavy sky is split by lightning. The fire dodges across the sky and is gone, leaving the darkness denser and the stillness, for an instant, oppressive. Then with a sudden force like bursting artillery the thunder peals and rolls and shakes the earth. Slowly it dies away in the distance and the rain comes, driving down through the foliage in heavy drops that increase momentarily. It is a downpour sudden and violent that seems to quell and quench the wind; and trees and shrub stand motionless and seemingly overawed. All things are still, and, as it were, under the power of the overwhelming rain whose rushing sound is almost a roar. But above this and in spite of it the vivid lightning flashes and the thunder roars, booming and cracking and bursting like armies at war. The darkness is blackness now and the lightning shows the pools of water glimmering as the rain drives into them, between the great, dark trees. The sound of heavy rain fills the woods in the pauses made by the awful thunder. The night and the storm have come.

OUT OF THE WOODS.
SUNSHINE.

LANDING OF THE COMMISSION AT BALIZE, BRITISH HONDURAS.

WHERE EUROPEAN FOOT FIRST TROD.

HONDURAS.

BY E. LYELL EARLE.

In considering the Republics of Central America, we are apt to forget the fact that, whilst very close to one another geographically, they are widely separated in institutions and habits of life. This arises from the fact that the natives of the respective states were in various stages of civilization when the Europeans conquered them, and, according to their degree of civilization, have they the more readily adopted modern ideas and methods.

Thus the natives of Guatemala, being close to Mexico, had shared in the progress of that country and are today the most civilized aborigines in the New World. In Costa Rico and San Salvador the European has been unable to leave much of an impress on the more savage dwellers of that section of the continent. In Nicaraugua the native is just in a transition state, while in Honduras, which we are about to visit, the ancient race has almost ceased to exist, leaving strewn on all sides the mighty ruins of a progressing people.

After the conclusion of our mission through Nicaragua we had been order-

ed to meet the United States Railroad Survey Corps at Yzabal, to proceed thence to Balize, British Honduras, and through Honduras proper.

In going from Greytown, Nicaragua, to Yzabal, Honduras, we crossed the very route Columbus followed on his discovery of the American Continent. But wonders that were hidden from the great navigator were to be open to us. We were to see the ruins of a defunct civilization, which dates back certainly to the early Christian centuries, and which surpassed any then found elsewhere in the world, save in Greece and Rome.

Our voyage through the Golfe Dolce and the Rio Dolce was a passage through a very fairy land. The Rhinebergs of Germany, and the barren Palisades of the Hudson are cold and insignificant compared with the interlaced wantoning foliage and giant forests rising almost to the very heavens from the golden river.

From Yzabal, as we had a delay of three days before the arival of the survey corps, I determined to cross the mountains to Capan, the seat of the ancient Maya civilization. I knew that the Peabody Expedition from Harvard College was there making explorations for the Cambridge Museum. By the merest accident I met a Padre who was making the round of his mission. At first I took him for a Spaniard, but was astonished to hear him answer my halting, broken Spanish in English, with a soft, rich Dublin accent. He was, in truth, an Irish missionary priest, whose life was devoted to ministering to the natives through Central Honduras. And I thought me how the brave warm-hearted Irish Soggarth, and the brave and warm-hearted soldier of Erin had fought the battles of all na-

A Native Dwelling, Honduras.

MUNICIPAL PALACE AND PLACA, AT THE CAPITAL, HONDURAS.

tions and carried the blessings of the faith through the world wide and far. He proved a most entertaining and well informed companion. Not only did he know men and things of world interest, but he knew Honduras as few men knew it. He knew the history also of the so-called British Honduras, the most gigantic national steal on the American Continent. And he told it to me, just as I shall tell it to you.

But first of our stop at Gualan. I decided to stay over night at the invitation of "Padre Ambrosia" as the natives spoke of him, but really Father John O'Brien as some fond old mother called him in the old home. I was glad I did remain as I witnessed a scene that was full of deep faith and pathos.

It was the vigil of San Lucia and the Padre had brought a relic of the saint which he exposed for the veneration of the natives. San Lucia was a very popular saint in Gualan. On her feast day all the young maidens visited her shrine and prayed for a devoted, loving husband. No young woman neglected this pious practice, and frequently the hopeful young suitor would anxiously kneel in the background, and on the approach of his beloved make his most ardent, and generally successful appeal.

All Gualan was especially anxious this year about San Lucia's visit, as they called it. The whole country was talking of the love story of Donna Anita, the most beautiful maiden in Honduras, and Signor Alberto Bartola, who had been betrothed to Donna Anita from infancy and who, the malicious said, had deserted her. Others however declared that he had joined the rebels in Guatemala.

After sundown I went to the Chapel and mingled with the men in the rear

watching the kneeling maidens, both Spanish and native, pay their vows to sweet San Lucia. Suddenly there was a commotion at the door. The men stepped respectfully aside. A tall, dark young woman hurried toward the crude altar, and threw herself almost on her face before the relic of the saint.

"Anita" whispered the worshipers, "Anita."

All eyes were turned toward the prostrate figure. Her long robe fell about her like a shroud. Her waving black hair covered her almost to the waist. From the rise and fall of the body, and the suppressed sobs scarcely audible in the silent chapel, it was evident that Anita was greatly agitated. Not a heart there but bled for her. She was the daughter of the Alcade and beloved by everyone in the province.

After a short time she raised her head and remained kneeling, her eyes fixed devoutly on the relic of the saint. As the dim light fell on her countenance I wondered how any man could delay the happiness of so fair a maiden. She could not have been more than nineteen, but she was a woman. At seventeen Central American maidens are fully developed women. Anita was a pronounced Spanish type, raven hair, soft and wavy, dark eyes, a skin as fair as the cream on the lily, and a high clear brow that told of in-dwelling intelligence.

Softly she murmured her beads and as she did all other petitions were forgotten in the anxiety to secure hers.

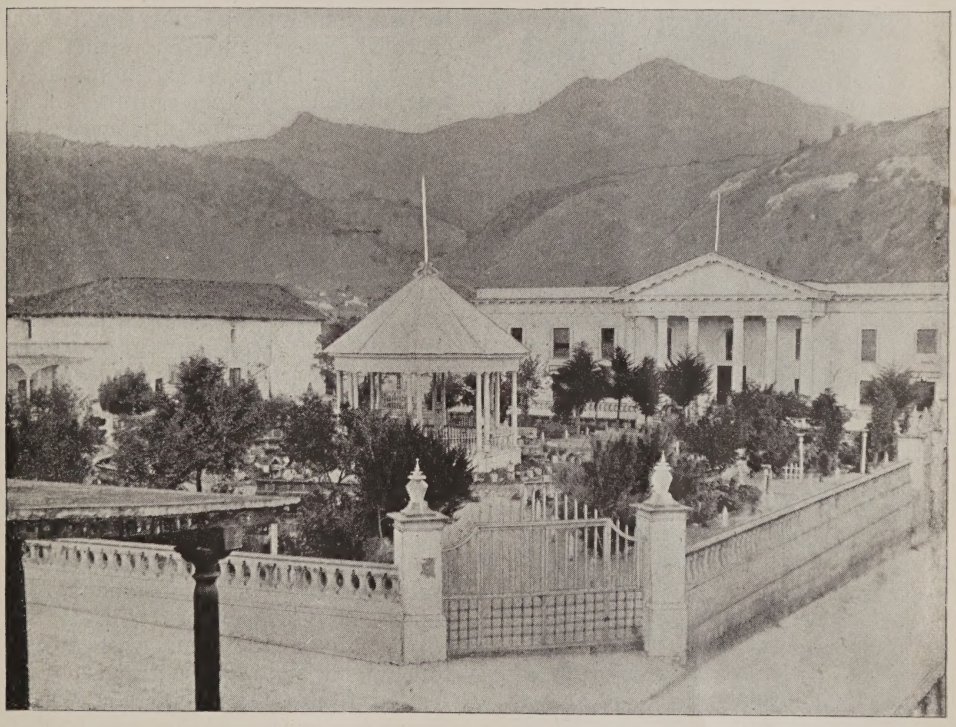
GROUP OF NATIVES ON A FIESTA, HONDURAS.

Scarcely had the petition ended when there was a sound from without the Chapel, the thud of horse's hoofs resounding along the rocky road, leading toward the Chapel. Another shout, "Ave, Signor Alberto, Ave," and a handsome young soldier rushed into the Chapel and in an instant was kneeling by the side of Anita.

At the commotion the Padre hastened from the improvised confessional,

and the next instant was blessing the kneeling couple. The people broke out into a hymn of thanksgiving, when the Padre announced that on the morrow the marriage would be celebrated, and that a *fiesta* would be given the people, by the Alcade.

It is needless to dwell on the festivities of the morrow, on the joy of Anita and Alberto, or of the simple natives. Fourteen other marriages were celebrated and when we left Gualan that afternoon for Copan the town was certainly a happy one.



THE PRISON NEAR CHOLUTECA.

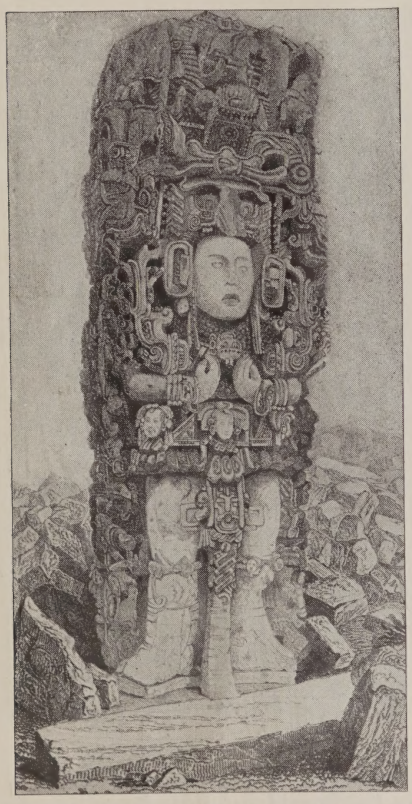
When we arrived at Copan we were the guests of a Spanish padre, who spent an entire day with us in going over the magnificent ruins of the ancient city. He knew its every spot of interest. And furthermore he knew its history which he had from the natives who had preserved it as a sacred tradition. It would be interesting to tell in detail of all the wonderful relics of an almost defunct race found in Copan. The ruins of the temple are the largest and best preserved. The immense steps leading up to the rock of sacrifice, on which the human victim was held while the priest tore the palpitating heart from his bosom and offered it to his demon god, are still intact. All the rain of four centuries has not been able to efface the horrid stain dyed into the very rock. On all sides there were gods of all shapes and sizes and degrees of grotesqueness. Verily the tempter found a ready soil in the heart of the trusting natives, but he has been driven hence by the saving name of Christ.

I left the padre at Copan and crossed the mountain by mule to Yzabel.

The next morning the expedition started for Balize, British Honduras.

Our party had grown to quite large proportions and when we landed in the harbor of Balize, we were received with public honors by the English governor.

Balize, the capital of British Honduras, is a city of ten thousand inhabitants and is the same as any colonial English town. There are no native Indians in the state. With true Saxon instinct the English have either killed them off or expelled them. To take



ONE OF THE MANY GODS.

their place they imported slaves from Africa.

The history of British Honduras is the history of England's colonial methods the world over. She has absolutely no right to the territory, and if there was not so much aping of Anglo-Saxon methods, and so much courting of a treacherous friendship, Uncle Sam would have driven out the British lion long ago.

British Honduras was originally a portion of Guatemala. In the days of piracy in the Caribbean Sea, English pirates used to run into the harbor of Balize for safety. They soon founded a small settlement there, without any right or warrant. The few natives were either annihilated or driven away. Other English and Scotch adventurers soon joined the pirates and British commanders either connived at or aided them in their opposition, first to Spain and then to the Republic of Guatemala. For two centuries England tried every means diplomatic and military to secure a legal status for Balize. At first she was satisfied at obtaining the right of protection for so-called British subjects, in reality pirates. She always had cunning enough to insert the deceptive clause "Saving the authority of Spain over the country." This claim grew stronger till in 1862, during the war of Rebellion, when England, taking advantage of our troubled state of affairs and no longer fearing the waning power of Spain, declared Honduras a free British colony. The way for this steal had been prepared by Mr. Clayton, the American commissioner for the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, in which, among other things, the concession of a participation in the Nicaraugua Canal was granted to England, and also the promise of the United States not to include British Honduras in any farther negotiations in regard to the Central American Republics. Never did man yield more easily what every true American, who loved the integrity of the Continent, should have refused. Where was the Monroe Doctrine at this time? Where the readiness to repel all foreign pretentions which is so pronounced in our own day?

England hoped to establish herself on the south as well as on the north of the United States. The strip of land she stole in Central America is of great

strategic value. She hoped to be in at the death of the Central American States.

Honduras proper is the largest state in Central America, and is divided into thirteen departments. It was early considered the Eldorado of the Isthmus. Today the richest ores are still unmined awaiting probably American energy and capital. At Alancho we saw gold washed from the river sands in great abundance. In the interior silver and iron are said to exist in vast quantities. There is very little artificial cultivation except of coffee. Tobacco, grapes and oranges could be raised at a high profit with scarcely any trouble and expense.

But these industries must be fostered by foreign wealth. The republic itself is bankrupt. Internal mismanagement and revolution, the creature and curse of any hour, have exhausted all the native capital, while foreign investments are placed under the protection of their respective nations, scarcely any revenue accruing to the state therefrom.

Honduras was freed from Spain in 1821, and since that time has been the booty of almost any adventurer. There are about sixteen thousand whites, the rest being natives in a more or less advanced state of civilization. Many of the people however are poor and listless. There is little encouragement of native enterprise. There is a constant bidding for foreign favor and protection. Unjust taxes are placed on every native product, and success or great wealth is generally but an incentive to government confiscation.

The Gulf of Fonseca on the Pacific, and the Bay of Honduras on the Atlantic side, are two of the finest harbors in the world, and may one day teem with international commerce.

England has long indulged the golden, but, we trust, impossible dream of having at least one terminal of an inter-oceanic canal at some port in British Honduras, thus giving her a national control of the great water-way to the Pacific. But we are confident that no more favors will be granted to Johnny Bull on the American Continent.

As we traversed the country we saw on all sides heart-rending proofs of a revolution then raging. We witnessed the siege of Choluteca by General Sierra, leader of the revolutionary party. It was a most primitive method of warfare though bravery was not wanting on either side. On the second morning of the siege we were invited to witness a duel between two natives, one selected from each army. Hostilities were entirely suspended for the time being and both commanders drew up their forces in battle array to witness the conflict. With few exceptions the soldiers were a motley crowd, armed with all fashion of weapons, not more than five hundred on each side carrying modern fire arms. A few of the leaders were arrayed in gorgeous trappings, reminding one of the splendor of European commanders, without the power or wealth which sustained these.

The scene recalled the days of chivalry, though without its glamor, when some fearless knight met the mightiest champion of the enemy in the open plain, and the mutual hatred of the contending forces was, for the while, forgotten in admiration of unflinching valor.

At the sound of the trumpet two stalwart natives, naked to the waist, rushed into the open space between the two forces, and commenced a most savage struggle. They were armed with short, blunt blades, something like the bowie knife of the North American Indian. There was absolutely no skill in their use. Just mad, savage abandon, slashing each other in face, arms and breast till they fell exhausted from loss of blood, even then dragging themselves over the bloody ground to get one more slash even in the death struggle.

All this time both armies were shouting themselves hoarse, every man screaming for the success of his champion. When all was over they carried

the men away in solemn procession, and a herald gave formal notice that in six hours hostilities would be resumed. Never was valor wasted in a more cursed cause; never the sacred tree of liberty watered with more wanton blood. Never can there be a healthful planting or outgrowth of freedom in such soil and with such cultivation.

Save in times of revolution the natives live in their primitive habits of life and are a peaceful, industrious people.

Nowhere in Central America had we met a greater variety of or more annoying insects. A strong netting was an absolute necessity, almost constantly day and night. Tarantulas are particularly hideous and deadly, and of immense size. A species of seed tecks are very annoying, and legion. In almost an instant, they bury themselves in the flesh and in a few hours bring forth a hateful brood. The only way to escape them is to carry a ball of bees-wax and as soon as the insect strikes the skin to roll the wax over it, and it buries itself deeply therein. Otherwise you must suffer all the horrors of several varieties of itch for many a day to come. The natives do not seem to mind them. They always sleep in the open air on a rawhide, most of them without any netting, and with very little clothing.

Wherever we went, we had proof of the deep faith and piety of the Indians. They have never forgotten, or turned away from the faith they received from the early missionaries. One may readily find one's way through Honduras without a guide, simply by following the roads leading to the various Shrines of Our Lady. A peculiar custom prevails among the pilgrims or Romeros, who make the pilgrimage to the shrine of La Senora de la Conception. Each person deposits a stone along the road at fixed distances, and these have grown to be veritable mounds, now crowned with crude stone crosses. These are enduring monuments to the natives' simple faith.

Honduras is a state rich with native promise. Its sole curse, as it is the sole curse of all Central America, is revolution, which leaves the country a prey to every adventurer who dares aspire to become its master. For the good of the United States it is necessary that some federation of the Central American States be effected, immediately and well, to prevent the greedy nations of Europe, and especially the British lion, from casting longing eyes on that fair portion of the American Continent.

MOODS.

BY B. F. GRIFFIN.

The forests of twilight are dumb with snow,
A dark wild land of shadows gray
Where the desolate winds of nightfall blow,—
Why then, blithe heart, this song of May?

The larks have caught voice in the wind-swept blue,
A tender glory the greenwood rears,
Now the violet's heart is a-shine with dew,—
O eyes of yearning, whence thy tears?

FROM THE SEA.

BY S. F.

Fronting the open sea between St. Valery and Fecamp is a long stretch of desolate yellow-white sand. At low tide it is dotted and wrinkled by black, oozy rocks and long sinuous lines of seaweed. Here and there are bits of spars and wreckage that have been cast up by the reluctant sea. And among the seaweed, and in the little pools of water that are lingering about the bases of the rocks, are small crabs and shellfish, and queer little jelly-like things which scarcely seem to have any substance at all. Overhead, sea-mews and ospreys wheel and circle about, and make sudden descents among the seaweed after dainty morsels which their keen eyes have espied.

But when the tide comes sweeping in over the black, irregular outer reefs; and over the black rocks from which the fishermen cast their bass lines; and up, up, almost to the very base of the sand dunes themselves, the beach narrows down to a long, yellow ribbon which swirls and sifts its fine sand under the fierce lashings of the north winds.

One morning, as the ebb-tide was slipping and gurgling from rock to rock, a woman emerged from the dunes and went slowly along the beach, stooping here and there to pick up bits of wreckage which had been washed up by the waves. When she had gathered all she could carry, she took some rope from her pocket and made the pieces into a strong bundle. With this slung across her shoulders she moved back toward the dunes.

Suddenly she paused and gazed earnestly at the water. It was only a plank she saw, rising and falling with the waves, but it was fuel, and dropping her bundle she waded out until she could reach and draw it ashore. Only then did she discover that there was a small metal box, twelve or fourteen inches in length, securely lashed to the plank.

The strong ocean currents which set toward the north shores of France bring in many strange bits of wreckage, and the woman had had her share in finding them. But none the less eagerly did her fingers work at the fastenings which secured the box. So much precaution was not without its meaning. The box was valuable, and if no owner was found—well, perhaps it would help her toward the three hundred francs she had been longing for so many months.

But when the box was released she found that it was securely locked, and that all her efforts to open it were unavailing. On the cover were strange little marks. She peered at them eagerly, and shook her head. Well, she would take it home to little Jean. He could read, and would explain the marks to her.

Over behind the dunes, and hidden from the sea by the mimic mountains of sand, were several storm-battered houses. They were built of rough slabs and wreckage, and had neither doors nor windows on the exposed sides. Behind them were drying-benches and other apparatus for curing fish.

The woman passed around one of the houses and threw her bundle down near the door. A man was seated on the ground, mending a net. He looked up as she approached.

"*Bien!*" he growled, "you have come at last! I must have my breakfast so that I may catch the low tide. *Mais,* Elise, what have you there?"

He took the box and examined it

carefully. Then he tried to open it, but without success. When he picked up a hammer she snatched the box from his grasp.

Non, non, Jacques!" she protested. "You shall not break it! The box is not ours, yet. We may find the owner."

He laughed, jeeringly.

"We will not look very hard," he sneered. "But truly, Elise, you must not think of giving it up. The sea gives to those who find. You should remember your husband and children. The box may contain jewels or money. *Bien!* who knows but it will buy me a new boat and a keg of wine."

"I shall let Monsieur le Cure have it to-morrow, when I go to town," she said, firmly. "Perhaps he will find the owner. If he does not, I suppose the box will be mine. But it will not go for a boat and a keg of wine, I can tell you that, *mon ami.* I have other use for it."

"Bah! the miserable three hundred francs you are forever dinning into one's ears!" he grumbled, sullenly, as he picked up the seine and resumed work. "How much have you got of it, Elise, and what is it for?"

"I have twenty francs," she answered, placidly. "But never you mind what it is for, Jacques. Better mend your seine so that you will be ready for the low tide.

He muttered something under his breath, which she passed unnoticed. In the wine shop of M. Lecoux, and among the fishermen on the beach, he was a great man; but at home it was Elise who arranged things.

After a time the children began to straggle in from the parish school at St. Valery, two miles away. First, there was Guillaume, of the strong limbs, who loved the sea and hated books. Then there was Francois and Henri, who could race along the beach like the wind; and Sophie and Helene, whose hair was the color of the waves when the storm-clouds are shadowed in them, and whose faces were tanned and roughened by the wind and sea, and, like Guillaume, all of them abhorred the little schoolroom at St. Valery. And then there was little Jean.

But, curiously enough, Jean was not so small as one would think. Indeed he was of the same age and almost as large as Guillaume himself. And he loved the sea, and the open air, and the games; but far, far above all the rest, he loved his books. So the neighbors lowered their voices and spoke of him compassionately as *pauvre garcon* and Jacques shook his head and growled *maurais, maurais!* And it was not so very long before that even Elise herself had shared their opinion and thought of her precocious boy with misgiving.

But one day Monsieur le Cure had called on her, and he had spoken so warmly of little Jean and the possible honor in store for him, that she felt almost oppressed by the sudden rush of affection and pride which had overwhelmed her. After the good man left she had gone out on the beach and given herself up to meditation until she was aroused by the children coming from school. After that she had always mentioned Jean first instead of last. But as the days went by an unspoken dread began to trouble her. At the end of the year Jean and Guillaume would be too old to attend the parish school. Then there would be nothing for them but to come home and help their father with the fishing. It was all right and proper for Guillaume. But Jean?

In the evening she called Jean from his books and told him to explain the marks. The boy gazed at them intently for some time, then spelled out: *"Honore Perregaux, Rue St. Martin, Paris."*

Jacques raised his head, angrily.

"You will be a fool if you give it up," he said, sharply.

Elise did not answer, but the next day she wrapped the box carefully in her shawl and carried it to Monsieur le Cure, at St. Valery.

And now the days and weeks went

smoothly by. Jacques recovered his good humor, and smoked and sang and told stories, and now and then sauntered down to the beach and caught a few fish, or made himself the centre of a group of admiring listeners.

One day as they sat down to dinner the Cure entered.

"Bien! I am just in time!" he cried, gaily, as they placed a stool for him at the table. "I have good news for you. The box is in the possession of its owner."

Jacques looked anything but pleased, and even Elise seemed a little embarrassed. But the Cure did not appear to notice.

"I had a letter from the owner this morning," he continued, as he took a roll of bills from his pocket. "He writes that the box is very valuable, and that the finder must accept this as a slight reward," handing the bills to Elise. "I congratulate you, Madame Jacques. Four hundred francs is a good day's work."

Jacques caught his breath sharply and half rose to his feet; then he sank back and tried to turn off his elation in a laugh. But after the Cure's departure he allowed his enthusiasm to again break forth.

"Four hundred francs!" he cried, joyously. "Four—hundred—francs! *Bien, bien!* It will buy me a new boat, and a seine, and two kegs of wine; and —and you can get a new dress, Elise, *ma chere.* Four hundred francs! *Vraiment,* we are rich!"

"I found the box, Jacques," said Elise, quietly.

"Oui, oui! You must have a new dress, and—and what else, *ma chere?"*

"Let me see," said Elise, counting on her fingers. "I shall use one hundred francs to buy new clothes and sabots for the children, and a dress for myself, and some hens for the henyard."

"Vrai!" impatiently, "but the three hundred francs?"

"They are to buy a scholarship for little Jean at Beauvais. I have spoken to Monsieur le Cure about it. Three hundred francs will pay for his education at the good Home. He will have to leave us, of course, but he will come back a man. *Surement,* Jacques, we have had good luck."

AUGUSTIN DALY AND THE LITTLE ASPIRANT.

BY ROSE EVANS.

One warm day towards the end of May, some years ago, there came by mail to my New York lodgings a square, gray envelope bearing in the upper right hand corner a mystic device, that had a most exhilarating effect upon me. This tonic device was a wide-mouthed mask with frowning brows. Beneath ran the thrilling line, "Daly's Theatre." The address was written in an easy, rather literary, hand. I tore open the envelope to find within a very gracious little letter, written by Mr. Daly himself, according me an interview at a near date. Exulting, I straightway fell to practising pirouettes and courtesies, and my Lady Teazle pouts and laughter, in preparation for the great day set by Mr. Daly.

The day arrived, and I made my way up Sixth Avenue and along the famous "Tenderloin" district. Filled with expectancy and gladness, the poetry and glamour of the "profession" strong upon me, I looked upon even the Tenderloin as lovely. Presently

my mood changed. I came to Mr. Daly's "back yard" and the great number on the wooden gate made my heart thump. "After all," I thought, "I may not take the great world nor even Mr. Daly by storm." When I entered, like all aspirants to fame, I had some initial trials to pass through. The first and most tangible of these tests of courage was Mr. Daly's bull-dog that, as I shut the gate, rose up in all its ferocity of aspect and slowly gyrated towards me, darting an evil red glance from his hot little eyes. I had heard of the sentinel beast, and, as common-sense demanded, feared him. But a gruff old man who was sweeping the step of the stage entrance called off the brute, and I was free to pass up the stairway leading to—what?

After a little seeking I found myself in a big, square, lumber room where other aspirants, seated upon stiff little chairs in a dolorous row, were awaiting their fate. I thought the "whole lot" looked very unpromising, and perhaps they thought just the same of me.

Mr. Dorney, Mr. Daly's faithful aide-de-camp, passed slowly through once, giving us, from beneath shaggy eyebrows, a somewhat testy glance. It is more than likely that this man, so able in his line, viewed us suspiciously, for it is safe to assume that genius just as rarely drifted into that big lumber room of the pretty theatre as it appears elsewhere. The manager himself passed and re-passed through the room several times before any of us—the waiting, hoping ones—were called to his office. That morning Mr. Daly had with him a man whom I still recall distinctly, for he seemed so absolutely, so dramatically suited to walk at the elbow of a theatre manager. This man carried a fat roll of manuscript. He was lean enough himself, and with his spectacles, "lean and hungry smile" and long, spare, auburn locks looked the typical playwright of novel or drama—not of real life. Mr. Daly also had a wad of little sheets pinned together. I idly wondered if they bore memoranda for alterations in the bespectacled playwright's play.

The manager stooped very much, almost as if he were constantly passing beneath low projections, which his hat, his wonderful hat, could thereby alone escape. His chest seemed deficient, collapsed, giving the impression that he must possess a puny voice. But the contrary was true. The shoulders were certainly narrow and sloping. I fancy Mr. Daly found no time for the building of physique, though the tall figure was active and nervous, expressing a vigor which was not muscular. His big gray-green eyes, singularly beautiful eyes, did not appear to take in for an instant the presence of the would-be thespians on the little chairs. They were matters of course like the pile of smooth planks, the heaps of boxes, and the pieces of damaged scenery. Mr. Daly looked alert, but a little dejected, and bored too, I thought. Each time he passed he was talking steadily in a clear, authoritative, musical voice, a perfectly even, non-dramatic one. I have heard that he was a man of inexhaustible patience and evenness, despite his Celtic blood, whenever he felt that the smooth course would prevail, but could wax explosive and dynamite the situation or man into satisfactory shape when that was needed.

The curious, far-famed hat (the like of which no other man in New York City dared to put on) he wore all the time, although the day was excessively warm. This hat seemed to me to have been the ordinary derby at the start, but through some such telescopic change as befell the pretty person of "Alice in Wonderland" had afterwards been distorted into its present unique form. He wore a suit of grey and displayed neither fob nor watch chain. His face was handsome, and bore the stamp of noble, upright living.

When at length I entered Mr. Daly's office I was greeted with a beaming smile—rather to my discomfiture, so surprised was I—and the great manager shook hands with me, a trembling little aspirant. I had been told that he never did this, and when I recovered from the shock my humility suggested the thought, "Ah, Mr. Daly was really shaking hands with his Grace." An Archbishop had given me my letter of introduction. We talked for fully half an hour, the manager questioning me more as to my ambitions and plans, age and predilections, than as to the definite courses of instruction and study through which I had passed. This seemed to indicate that Mr. Daly thought more of original material than of formative influences. He seemed to discount all instruction one might have had. Of course he kept his hat on during the interview, for that is managerial etiquette, never to unbonnet.

Mr. Daly closed the interview in his office with this question, "Are you of Irish extraction?" adding, "you have a good Irish face." Reluctantly, most reluctantly, I confessed I was no Celtic maiden, had not a drop of Irish blood in my veins. Mr. Daly's only response was to repeat, a little regretfully I thought, "But you have a good Irish face."

Then we passed directly from the office into the theatre of the playhouse and out on the stage. The manager repaired to a remote part of the dim and nearly deserted auditorium—two women equipped with long-handled feathered dusters were carrying on an animated conversation in true stage whispers in one corner of the place. With a calm "begin please," Mr. Daly's voice came to me. For a moment I was paralyzed, and possessed of but one thought—pity for Mr. Daly, "He has to do this every day, maybe! What a bore." And I looked again, this time with positive pity, at the tall man leaning against one of the slender iron pillars, all outward patience and equanimity despite his thousand and one big schemes and his irritable fibre.

I opened with the much-abused, oft-spouted "Quality of Mercy" lines from "The Merchant of Venice." Mr. Daly listened to the end without interrupting. Then, by way of paving the road to criticism, he said, "You use your voice well, but—" then he grew more animated, and in quite a cruel fashion descended upon my phrasing and emphasis, knocked quite to pieces all my preconceived notions upon verbal grouping, and left me feeling shaky and dissatisfied with my painstakingly acquired "Methods." I found, too, that morning that Manager Daly's "buts" always opened up the gist of his criticisms, and that what went before didn't count, was merely palliative. These palliatives he never used with the professional actor. Despite his kindly patience it seemed to me I went on from bad to worse, and at the end of each selection the melodious, unimpassioned voice from the end of the auditorium urged "O something lighter—much lighter!" till at last I thought that I was reciting mere thistledown and that presently both I and my selections would float away. When the unpleasant ordeal was over and Mr. Daly had joined me again, he said, to my astonishment, though just as graciously and agreeably as at first, "You must work up something really light you know—and come to me again in a month." And then "Of course you sing?" "No." "Then you must come here this summer and take a few lessons from our singing teacher. Anyone can learn to sing a little," hopefully. And with another pleasant smile he bowed me out, as Mr. Dorney ushered in aspirant number two. I longed to whisper to the incoming one "Let it be something light! Much lighter than you intended."

THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN AGONY.

BY JAMES W. CLARKSON.

During the past two years there have been, now and then, reports cabled from Europe indicating that the Church was experiencing serious defections in Austria-Hungary. Occasionally we were told that the movemen, though yet but in its infancy, was assuming portentous dimensions, was rapidly increasing in strength and energy, and there was much rejoicing. Now, at last, it was said, a great wave of reformation, that was sure to be far-reaching in its effects, was sweeping over Europe. But, as usual, a slight acquaintance with the situation has been sufficient to dispel the fears of some and dash the hopes of others. A quarter of a century ago it was firmly believed, even by great statesmen, that the Old Catholics, with Dollinger at their head, would create a division in Germany which must deal the Church a mortal blow. On closer examination the terrible anti-papal army turned out to be hardly a corporal's guard; and the result of the movement was to inspire the easy-going Catholics of the Empire with a fiery zeal they had not known since the Crusades, and to place them in a position in which they practically control its policy.

Protestantism has not entirely the monopoly of so-called Christians whose lives and principles are inconsistent with a belief in any religion based on revelation. There are thousands of nominal Catholics in every Catholic country who hold very loosely to the faith of their fathers, when they do not abandon it altogether. Suppose that these people fancy they can advance a cause in which they are keenly interested by the formal desertion of a creed they had long really deserted, and they will have no hesitation in proclaiming themselves Calvinists, or Lutherans, or Buddhists, provided they see in their action a means of obtaining their ultimate object; and this is what has just happened in Austria-Hungary. The progress of the Slav element towards supremacy in the dominions of the Hapsburgs has driven the more extreme and radical Germans to despair. A considerable number of them have turned longing eyes toward the Greater Germany on their border, and see in a union with their kindred their only chance of salvation. They believe with justice that one of the reasons why many of their western kinsmen regard their aspirations with disfavor, as they undoubtedly do, is grounded on the dread of having the Protestants of the Empire swamped by the addition of nine or ten millions of Austrians, nearly all Catholics. If a Catholic minority is able to fill such a preponderating role in the political and social economy of the country, with a Catholic majority Germany would cease to be one of the Protestant great powers. To meet this objection the cry "Away from Rome" was raised in every part of Austria and Hungary where the presence of a German population gave it a chance of being heard. It has been attended to, apparently, by nearly 3000 Germans of a certain political type throughout the dual empire. The apostasy has been entirely confined to those who had long ceased to have any connection with the Church. persons she would gladly see depart from her, if she were ever capable of despairing of the salvation of anyone. The purely political and racial character of the movement has been recognized by the leading Austrian Protestants. Their highest authority, the Vienna Consistory, while not absolutely declining to receive the new con-

verts, has advised its ministers to subject them to a probation before their reception, which is almost equivalent to a rejection. The effect of the movement on the Austrian Catholics has been precisely the same as that of the Old Catholics on the German Catholics. It has been equally beneficial in every respect. It has aroused the lukewarm and stimulated their dormant energies. It has created renewed activity among German Catholics in every quarter of the Empire. The press is described as fairly teeming with works in defence of the faith, and yet the press is utterly unable to meet the demands made on it from all sides. This queer religious movement is not even a passing danger; it never has been a danger at any time.

But ineffective as the movement may be in causing any appreciative loss to the church or in arresting the decay of positive religious belief, which is quite as rapid among the Protestant communities of Austria and Hungary as it is in Prussia or Saxony, it is undoubtedly one of the many symptoms of a disease which is dismally ominous for the future of Austria-Hungary. It is one of the signs that the question of races and nationalities which has for more than a generation been the controlling factor in the life of the dual monarchy, must soon come to a crisis, and whether its solution result in a complete organic transformation or in a death struggle, only the future can tell.

Until 1867 Austria was simply a heterogeneous collection of nations, whose only symbol of unity was their submission to an absolute and aristocratic monarchy. But this unity, which, though artificial, had been successfully maintained, became impossible when encountered by representative institutions. The national antagonisms which had already been revealed by the Hungarian rebellion of 1848, acquired uncontrollable energy when, after the defeats of 1859 and 1866, it was decided by Francis Joseph to adopt a liberal constitutional regime. At first the Emperor tried to maintain the unity of the whole empire. Then, dismayed by the unanimous resistance of the Magyar nation, he created the dual monarchy, which established what was little more than a dynastic union between the two divisions of the monarchy. He did more: he abandoned to the Hungarians all the Slav countries which had been subject to the crown of St. Stephen on its union with that of Austria in the fifteenth century. In this fashion a Magyar state was organized, half liberal, half aristocratic, embracing scarcely 7,000,000, but strong enough in its pride and unity to control the 12,000,000 of Slavs around it, although obliged to grant some semblance of autonomy to Croatia, the leading Slav state in the dual monarchy, except Galicia and Bohemia. The new state was known officially as Transleithania, from the little river Leitha, which divides the Austro-Hungarian monarchy on the southwest.

The political action of Hungary since its independence is another proof of the impossibility of one country ruling another with fairness, however lofty its pretensions to impartiality and regard for freedom. Many of our readers will remember the time when Kossuth was hailed by enthusiastic crowds of Americans as the martyr of liberty. The real fact is that he had worked as earnestly during his short political career to reduce the subject Slavs of the Hungarian crown to an intolerable servitude as he had done for the independence of Hungary. What throws a darker shade on his policy is that he himself was a Magyarized Croat, and, if he had succeeded he would not have been the Washington, but the Castlereagh of his native land.

As soon as the Magyars had achieved their freedom the very men who had

repelled with such noble ardor the attacks of Austria on their language and nationality, proceeded at once to adopt her centralizing policy, and have worked for its realization with a brutal and ferocious energy which Austria herself had never displayed, and which, in many respects, is the exact counterpart of England's policy toward Ireland.

The emancipated legislature at first proposed to have the laws printed in Hungarian alone, a language two-thirds of those these laws affected could not understand. No person unacquainted with it was to be admitted to hold any public office, or exercise any profession, or hold a benefice, as priest or minister, in any religious body. The Magyars were determined to take possession of the parliament, the tribunals, the school and the church. Even the parish registers were to be drawn up in their idiom in districts where it was wholly unknown.

The school has naturally been the battle-field of the contending forces. The Hungarians devote all their energies to the Magyrization of the younger generations. One of the organic laws of the monarchy guaranteed, indeed, a public school for Slavs or Germans wherever they were sufficiently numerous to need an education in the mother tongue. But the law has been shamelessly evaded; with results, however, the reverse of pleasant for the Magyars. To preserve their language, as well as their religion,—for the present rulers of the kingdom display a marked inclination in the direction of lay education,—the Slavs have taxed themselves to found schools throughout the subject provinces, where their faith and language and nationality will be saved from danger.

The most picturesque and dominating figure among the leaders of this revolt against Magyar centralization is undoubtedly the great bishop of Djakovo, Strossmaier, probably the most remarkable man that Croatia has produced. The enormous revenues of his see are certainly in striking contrast to the modest incomes enjoyed by Catholic prelates in most parts of Christendom. The spectacle of a bishop deriving an annual income of hundreds of thousands of dollars from domains stretching for miles on every side of his episcopal city, hills whose slopes are clothed with vineyards, rich plains and valleys covered with innumerable flocks and herds of cattle, is one which the modern world can hardly reconcile with the precepts of evangelical poverty. But when it is remembered that all this wealth has been devoted to the creation, the civilization and education of a nation, the Bishop of Djakovo will, perhaps, be pardoned for his opulence, especially as he has rendered so profitable for himself and others a district that, a century ago, was little better than a prairie. His financial as well as his intellectual genius has been employed in the moral and material uplifting of millions who, before him, were an impoverished and timid race of helots. These woods and meadows and vineyards have been transmuted by the potent wand of this episcopal magician into schools, colleges, universities, scientific or aesthetic institutions and churches. The instruments of intellectual culture, the great monuments which he has founded have been powerful incentives to manliness, self-respect and national pride among his race, a race hitherto looked upon as degraded. The cathedral erected by him in Djakovo—one of the most magnificent edifices in Europe—has of itself played an important part in inspiring the Croatian Slavs with a new conception of their national dignity. Pilgrims in crowds come all the way from the borders of the Adriatic and the Danube to glut their eyes with a sight of this symbol of Slavic grandeur and of future rehabilitation. "Ah, your Grace," answered a poor peasant, who

had traveled hundreds of miles to gaze on this marvel, to an inquiry of the bishop as to the nature of his thoughts as he stood in amazement and rapture behind a pillar, "ah, your Grace, I was thinking what must Heaven be, when here on earth, in our own country, we can see such beautiful things!"

But with all this wealth and magnificence, the unity of Strossmaier's public and ecclesiastical life has never been marred by any discords in his private life, which is simple, almost ascetic, in its stateliness. At the ripe age of eighty-four he continues to struggle with youthful energy against the encroachments of Hungary, and this energy was never more fruitfully manifested than in his resistance during the last and present years to the attempt of the Hungarian government to force a civil marriage law on such an intensely religious people as the Croats.

Strossmaier has many ideals, all tending to the political and religious unity of the Croatian Slavs. Complete autonomy, if not independence of Hungary, the reunion of the schismatic Slavs with the church; then, the creation of a Great Croatia, stretching from the Adriatic to the Danube, and one in religion as well as in race and language, are among his lofty ideals. But he is in no hurry. He knows that these ideals cannot be realized in his lifetime. He believes that time is on their side, just as time is on the side of the Church, of which he is such an ornament, and all his efforts have been devoted to the task of preparing his country for this great historic work of intellectual and moral regeneration. It is, indeed, a work of time, of continuous efforts, of those occasional compromises which the real statesman often feels the necessity of in presence of accomplished facts. There are signs of late that this prudent system of temporizing—a weapon which in the hands of the illustrious bishop has won enormous victories for the national cause—is beginning to irritate the restless and combative spirits that are at once the weakness and the strength of every national movement. A Young Croat party, not very important in numbers, but decidedly so for its intellectual culture, has sprung into existence and opposes a respectful resistance to the cautious attitude of its former leader. Indeed, the present position of the Young, or Radical Croats toward Strossmaier is not unlike that which the Young Ireland party adopted toward O'Connell. A singular circumstance in this connection is that while the Catholic bishop would receive all of his blood and race into the Slav community without distinction of religion, the Young Slavs, many of whom pride themselves on being free-thinkers, will have nothing to do with schismatics. No Slav who refuses to acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope is admitted among them.

But the bishop has still about the entirety of the popular masses on his side, and, even in the cities, the Radical party does not appear to be making much headway.

The Croats have now, thanks to the unwearied endeavors of their ecclesiastical leader, a cultivated language as well as an intellectual life. And a noteworthy characteristic of the Slavic revival in Austria-Hungary is that while, ordinarily, language is the precursor, the parent of nationality, in Crotia and Bohemia, nationality has, in a certain sense, been the parent of language. It was not until the Croats were aroused to a consciousness of their national unity that they bethought themselves of cultivating their native tongue, hitherto considered as the despicable jargon of peasants and goatherds. Croatia has now a literature of which it is justly proud, but it only dates from about half a century ago. Letters and art have placed their services at the command of the national idea, and, in the form of poems or his-

torical romances, are trying to revive the glories of the country's past. The Academy of the Arts and Sciences, and the university, founded and lavishly endowed at Agram, both through the instrumentality of Strossmaier, are also doing a splndid work in contributing to the moral energy and enlightenment of the people.

There seems to be little doubt but that the national idea of the Croats is in a fair way of being realized. Whether this realization will take the form of a strictly Croatian state, exclusively Catholic, organized on the principles of the Young Croats, or a Slavic confederation, embracing Croatia, Dalmatia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, and even Transylvania, according to the vast and generous conception of the Bishop of Djakovo, is uncertain. But whatever the solution, it cannot be favorable to the interests of Hungary. It is perhaps as well to remark that no party among the Croats is disloyal to the dynasty of the Hapsburgs. In any reorganization, the Croats assume that the Emperor of Austria will remain their king.

The other nations subject to the Crown of St. Stephen—Slovacs, Serbs, Ruthenians of Hungary, Slovens, Rumanians of Transylvania—at first gave but little trouble to their Magyar masters. Until four or five years ago they either did not vote at all or voted with docility for the Hungarian nobles who sought their suffrages. But the determination of the government to interfere with their language and schools excited the anger of these long-suffering and rather listless peasants. In presence of this abuse of power, the threatened nationalities formed a coalition. A congress of their delegates met for the first time at Pest in 1895. In that held in 1897, an active policy was determined on, a memorial of their grievances addressed to the Emperor-King, and an appeal made to European opinion against the oppression of their Hungarian tyrants.

The impolitic attempt of the Magyar government last year to compel them to comply with the provisions of the Civil Marriage Law would seem to have infuriated them to a degree of which even the arrogant Magyars are beginning to comprehend the danger.

The Austrian or Cisleithanian division of the dual monarchy has shown much more liberality toward its non-German provinces than Hungary has shown toward its non-Magyar ones. In the fundamental statute of 1867, it is declared that every ethnic group has an inviolable right to maintain and cultivate its language and nationality. The state recognizes that all the languages in use in the monarchy (landesuebliche Sprachen) have an equal right to be employed in the schools, the administration and the various acts of public life. In countries inhabited by different races the schools must be so organized that everyone can be instructed in his mother tongue without being compelled to learn another. When it is considered that in some districts there are three or four languages divided among a few thousand people, it will be seen that the application of this law cannot be easy.

The judicial system is sometimes grievously hampered by this confusion of tongues. A case was recently tried where the plaintiff spoke Czech, the defendant Slovenian, two of the witnesses German and one Polish, while only three of the jurors understood one another. As the judge spoke only Polish and German, it is hard to understand how he could have settled things to the satisfaction of all parties.

The proportion of the German to the other races of Austria is even less than that of the Magyars to the subject nations of Hungary. The Austrian Germans are a little over eight millions. The races which were entirely under their control less than half a century

ago are somewhat more than fifteen millions.

In no part of the Empire was the compromise of 1867 between Hungary and Austria hailed with more enthusiasm than among the German Austrians. They reckoned that on a more restricted field they were sure to have the upper hand in dealing with opposing nationalities and to be able to retain their ascendancy. In this, however, they reckoned without their host. The marvelous good fortune of the Hungarians at once aroused the jealousy of the Czechs, Poles and members of other nationalities, who considered themselves quite as well qualified for political independence as the Magyars. Bohemia had freely chosen a Hapsburg for her king in the fifteenth century, almost at the same time that Hungary had done so. What historic rights, then, had the Crown of St. Stephen which the Crown of St. Wenceslas had not also? Accordingly, the Czechs demanded the reconstitution of Bohemia, Moravia and Silesia as one kingdom, and the coronation of Francis Joseph as its king. It seemed for a time that the Bohemians were on the point of realizing their aspirations. In 1871, the Emperor by a rescript declared that he was ready to recognize the Kingdom of Bohemia, and "to renew this recognition by a coronation oath." The country was to be represented by a delegation elected by the Bohemian parliament for the management of affairs common to the whole empire, exactly in the same manner in which Hungary was represented. It was to obtain complete autonomy and an electoral system which assured proportional representation to all the nationalities within its borders. But Francis Joseph found it impossible to carry out his views. The German party of Austria took alarm. Hungary protested against a revolution which would serve as a hopeful example for her own recalcitrant Slavs. The reactionaries became for a time omnipotent. The Bohemian diet was dissolved, the right of suffrage modified, and the German minority in Bohemia became once more supreme.

A greater disaster followed. A large proportion of the champions of the Slav idea laid down their arms. The great landholders, most of whom were either of German descent or Germanized Slavs, became frightened at the rise of the democratic party of Young Czechs, which was much more anxious for national independence than for political liberty. The struggle between the Old Czechs and the Young Czechs has since been often bitterer than that of either against their German antagonists. They have occasionally united, however, for the attainment of objects in which both were equally interested. During the ascendancy of Count Taaffe, which lasted from 1879 to 1893, several of these coalitions were fruitful of great national results for Bohemia. The University of Prague, the intellectual centre of the kingdom and yet a very hotbed of Germanism, a sort of Czech Dublin University, was partially rescued from the Teutons and divided into two universities, one Czech, the other German. An ordinance, issued in 1886, decreed that no official could hold any office in Bohemia who did not understand both Czech and German. This had the effect of driving most of the Germans from the public service. It must be remembered that about one-third of the population is composed of Germans or Germanized Slavs, the latter more thorough supporters of Teutonic supremacy than even the Germans to the manor born, for it would seem that language rather than blood is accepted as the symbol of race throughout the Austria-Hungarian Empire.

These and other concessions granted during the Taaffe administration, the riots between the students of Prague, sometimes becoming real pitched battles, in which the Teutons usually had

the worst of it, the fierce quarrels in the schools and in the Diet, exasperated the Bohemian Germans almost to frenzy.

The entire policy of Count Taaffe pointed in the direction of an ultimate federation between the different parts of the monarchy, replacing the present artificial dual compromise. But the turbulence and anti-dynastic tendencies of the Young Czechs completely baffled the benevolent designs of the Austrian statesman. The Old Czechs were alarmed by the radical and destructive proclivities of their former colleagues. In 1889 they formed an alliance with the German conservatives, and after the elections in the following year the Germans had a majority in the Bohemian Diet.

Since then the struggle of races has grown daily more acute and vehement. Scenes of scandalous violence are constantly taking place both in the Austrian Reichsrath and the Bohemian Diet. Not only are the Germans themselves hopelessly divided in the Austrian Reichsrath, but the Slav majority is split into a number of hostile factions: Czechs, Poles, Ruthenians, Serbo-Croats, Slovens.

One would naturally imagine that all this anarchy must indicate a speedy disruption of the monarchy. But the forces that make for at least an external semblance of unity are still far stronger than the centrifugal tendencies of the Young Czechs. Even the Young Czechs themselves confess in their secret hearts that Bohemia, as an independent state, would be ground to powder between Germany and Russia. The German Radicals may threaten in their anger to secede to the Greater Germany, but the Austrian Germans are a pleasure-loving, easy-going race, and not at all in love with the Prussian drill-sergeant. As for the Poles of Galicia, they are almost contented, while repudiating neither their traditions nor their ideals.

Galician Poland is the most important Slav state in Cisleithania, both in numbers—it contains nearly 7,000,000 inhabitants—intelligence and unity. Intensely aristocratic and Catholic, the Galicians have separated from the Czechs on account of the democratic tendencies of the latter, and formed a coalition with the German conservatives, whose policy they entirely dictate, as, indeed, they have dictated the policy of every party with which they have made an alliance. Their horror of Russia renders them better qualified than any of the other Slav nationalities, which have Russian sympathies, to forward the foreign policy of the government. Hence, most of the prime ministers and statesmen of the empire have, during the present generation, been Poles (Smolka, Dunjewski, Badeni, Goluchowski, etc.) Their loyalty has won them such brilliant returns that perhaps its disinterestedness may be called in question. Their enemies accuse them of holding views that are purely selfish, though not of a separatist character. They are said to be exploiting Austria in the interests of a reconstitution of ancient Poland, and this they scarcely care to deny. The soul of Poland still informs and sways its mutilated body. The Galicians make less noise than other nationalities, but they are masters at home and, to some extent, of the monarchy.

We see, then, that Austria is threatened by the same evils as Hungary, torn on her borders by hostile nationalities that menace her with dissolution. Austria-Hungary holds together by a single tie, the dynasty.

Certainly, the nationalities of the empire are intensely proud, whatever may be their national preferences, of that long line of princes who have occupied for hundreds of years the various thrones of the monarchy. Their portraits are to be found everywhere, on the walls of the schools of all creeds,

in the hut of the Ruthenian peasant and in the palace of the Galician noble. This sentiment, and it is deep and heartfelt, may be the salvation of the monarchy when the transformation which is inevitable takes place. There is no reason why this transformation should not assume a federal character, or why the United States of Austria should not succeed the dual empire which has been a mere makeshift, and whose continued existence seems impossible in the light of present events. Switzerland is but a small country; still, the spectacle of a federal nation consisting of cantons whose inhabitants are of different races and speak different languages, yet manage to lead a harmonious and prosperous national existence, might, perhaps, teach the distracted Eastern Empire that for her also safety lies in the same direction.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

Rev. Father Gasson is an Englishman by birth. He was born at Seven Oaks, in the neighborhood of Knole castle, Kent county, Eng., Sept. 23, 1859. His father came from an old French family, while his mother was descended from old Kentish stock by the name of Curtis, several of whom held the rectorship of the parish church of St. Nicholas at Seven Oaks.

Father Gasson went to London at an early age and began his preparatory studies at St. Stephen's school. At the age of twelve he began to apply himself to the Latin language under Rev. Allen T. Edwards, a distinguished clergyman of the Church of England, who was at that time one of the curates attached to St. Stephen's church. In 1872 he came to visit his relatives in America, and continued his studies under a private tutor in Philadelphia. He entered the Catholic church on Oct. 5, 1874, being received by Rev. Charles Cicaterri, S. J., at the chapel of the Holy Family, 57th and Stiles streets, Philadelphia.

Father Gasson entered the Society of Jesus Nov. 17, 1875, and took the simple vows of religion on Dec. 8, 1877. After completing the usual studies at Frederick and Woodstock he was appointed one of the professors at Loyola college, Baltimore. This position he held until 1886, when he was called to New York to fill the chair of rhetoric in St. Francis Xavier college, where he remained until July, 1888.

In August, 1888, he was sent by his superiors to make advanced studies at the Royal University of Innsbruck in the Austrian Tyrol. Here he studied dogmatic theology under Professors Straub and Stentrup, moral theology under Professors Biederlack and Nodlin, canon law under Professor Nilles, church history under Professor Michael and Hebrew under Professors Tuzer and Bickel, and scripture under Professors Flunk and Nisius.

On July 26th, 1891, in the quaint university church of Innsbruck Father Gasson was ordained to the priesthood by the Rt. Rev. Simon Archner, prince-bishop of Brixen. After his ordination one year was spent at the university, performing, in conjunction with his studies, the duties of chaplain in one of the charitable institutes of the city.

In 1892 Father Gasson was recalled to America. Two years were spent in Frederick, Md., when, in August, 1894, he was sent to Boston and was assigned to teach the members of the junior year at Boston College. This post he filled for two years, when, upon the departure of Father Doonan for Philadelphia, he was promoted to the class of rational philosophy, which post he still holds.

Besides the duties attached to his professional office he is one of the preachers in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, director of several sodalities, and

frequently aids the clergy attached to the German Catholic Church. He is deeply interested in the welfare of the poor boys of this city and frequently brings their needs to the attention of the congregation. He preaches on the third Sunday of each month, usually delivering a connected series during the year.

Very many persons outside of the church go to Father Gasson for the spiritual advice which he is so capable of giving and does so generously, graciously bestow. His work at the Catholic summer school has attracted the most favorable comment from the bright minds which always follow his scholarly lectures.

Rev. Wm. F. McGinnis, D. D., president of the Metropolitan Truth Society, states that the success of his organization has been simply phenomenal.

"The only explanation I can offer" he states, "is the tremendous need of such a society. As Walter Lecky recently wrote me 'when one realizes the immense amount of ability, culture and good will in the Catholic laity it is a crying shame that there is no outlet for the same.' I have experienced this myself. Several first-class scholarly men and women anxious to do work, with no opportunity, a few sporadic efforts, no success, then indifference and pessimism. Thus, I came across a Catholic gentlemen recently who is perhaps the best informed man in this part of the country, concerning South American affairs. Yet his pen is idle. He had written a few letters to the papers. They were rejected. He hailed with delight our systematic movement."

"Very shortly we will have upon our lists, specialists in every branch of knowledge to whom matter will be sent for refutation. We have likewise been receiving requests for our book lists from more than a dozen states, so that our people are showing their good will to read and place upon public library shelves the works of Catholic authors."

The career of the Hon. John W. Goff, the present Recorder of the city of New York, should be an example and an inspiration to every school boy in the land. In his rise to power and fame are emphasized the splendid opportunities offered by our republic to young men endowed with industry, zeal, a lofty independence and an indomitable will.

Just a half century ago he was born in the town of Gorey, County Wexford, Ireland, and he is as proud of his Irish nativity as he is of his American citizenship. His parents died when he was nine years old and he went to live with an uncle in England. He became a telegrapher, but moved by the spirit of adventure, at the age of fourteen he bade adieu to his uncle's family and traveled through England and Scotland.

Soon after he took passage for the United States and in the summer of 1865 landed in New York.

Realizing the grand possibilities in store for the deserving, with light heart and still lighter purse, the energetic youth at once sought such employment as would give him the start in life he so much desired. In the large dry goods establishment of Arnold, Constable & Co. he secured a clerkship. This he resigned a couple of years later to accept a higher position in the Broadway house of A. T. Stewart, the merchant prince.

Between Stewart's and the house at which he boarded stood the great institute of learning founded by the philanthropist, Peter Cooper. Here young Goff entered as a student and for several years supplemented his days of hard labor at Stewart's, by nights of hard study, in science and art in Cooper Union. Graduating with honor in 1872 he became a law student in the offices of Hon. Samuel C. Courtney, U. S. District Attorney.

The modest compensation received being insufficient to support him he earned enough to meet his expenses by reportorial work on one of the great dailies of the metropolis. After four years of study by day and of work by night he was admitted to the bar, being one of the four students who received honorable mention from the examining board.

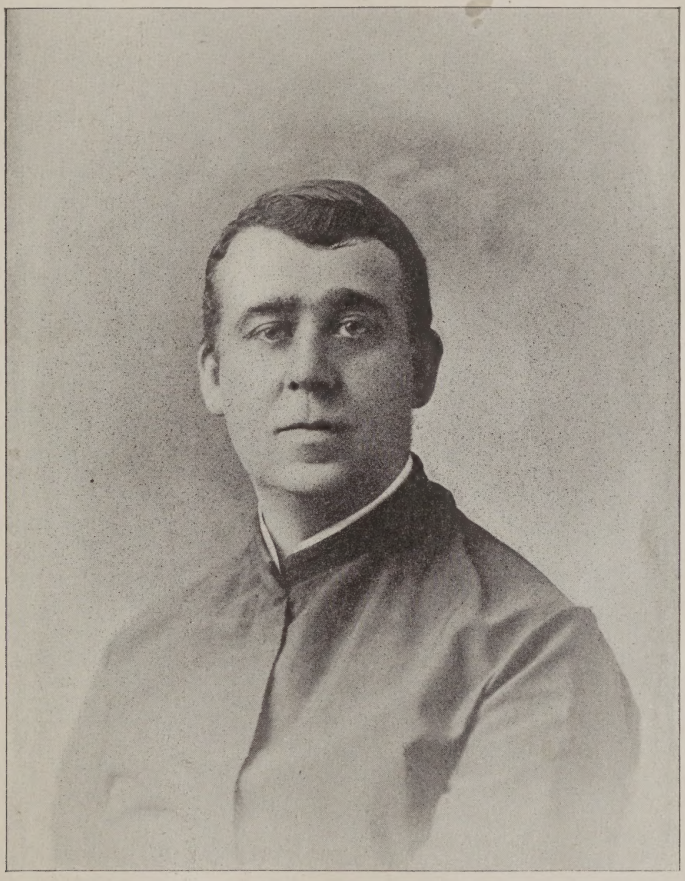
In 1888 he was appointed assistant to the District Attorney of New York. In 1890 he was nominated for the office of District Attorney by the People's Municipal League, and led his ticket by many thousand votes. In 1894 he was nominated for the office of Mayor of New York, but refused. He was then nominated for the office of Recorder of the City and County, accepted, and was elected for a term of fourteen years by a majority of some sixty thousand votes. He polled ten thousand votes more than any other candidate on the same ticket. The Recorder is a judge of the highest criminal court. The office is one of the four important ones established in the early history of the colony, and has always been regarded as a position of the very highest honor and importance.

One of Recorder Goff's characteristics through life has been his intense devo-

tion to the cause of his native land. Indeed, he could not well be otherwise, for as the grandson of a patriot who had shouldered his pike and followed the rebel Father Murphy upon the Wexford hills in the memorable days of '98, he could not be other than a rebel against injustice and wrong. While in his early teens, one of his first acts after reaching New York was to join the famous Phil Fenian prisoners from the penal colony of Freemantle in Western Australia, in 1876, was planned and executed by the Supreme Council of the Clan-na-Gael, of which he was a member.

"John W. Goff," says the New York Press, "has the genius of O'Connor."

His career as a judge gives promise of a record on the bench as brilliant as was his previous enviable record at the bar.



REV. THOMAS I. GASSON, S. J.,
Prof. of Philosophy in Boston College.

Sheridan Circle of the Fenian Brotherhood, of which he was made secretary. As such he attended the different conventions and was active in its ranks until the Fenian brotherhood was supplanted by the Clan-na-Gael. In the Clan he held at various times positions of the highest trust and importance. One of the Clan's achievements—the rescue of the six

His honors rest lightly upon him. His great characteristic is his perfect naturalness. There is nothing of the "grand, gloomy and peculiar" about him.

Since his advent to fortune and fame, he is the same plain, frank, unassuming man he was in the days when the world knew and cared but little about him. He is simple and modest in dress and appear-

ance, pleasing and affable in speech, clear in enunciation and dignified in hearing. A worthy son of an heroic sire, he is a representatve of whom the Irish race has every reason to be justly proud.

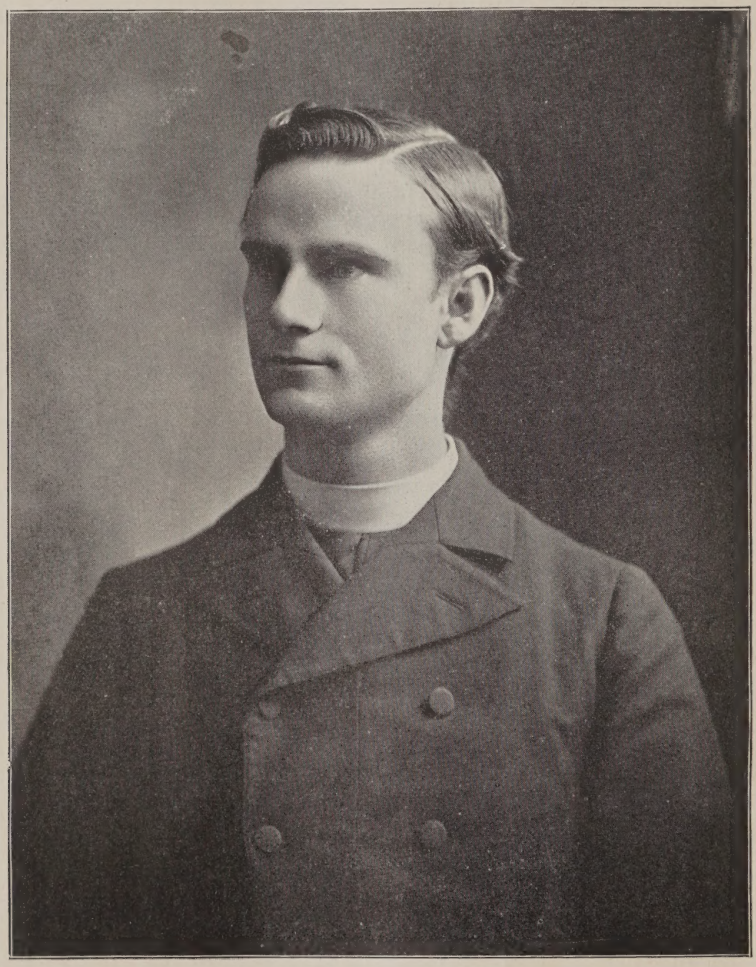
There is a fine-looking, kindly white-haired old gentleman, who sits in his home at Lancaster, Ohio, surrounded by his books and manuscripts, and occasionally casts a mind's glance back to those stirring and spectacular times of the Civil War.

And General Hugh Ewing, of an illustrious family, has more than a notable military career to make him content. His backward perspective shows also the accomplishments of a jurist, a diplomat and a writer—a life well spent and work well done.

What finer than that such a one can spend his remaining years in the quiet comfort of his library, dividing his days between his books, his family, and his God; for General Ewing considers it a welcome pilgrimage to attend Mass each morning.

Lancaster was Gen. Ewing's birthplace, and after a youth spent in companionship with his kinsman, James G. Blaine, he was intended for the army, but when he was graduated from West Point at the age of twenty, he retired to civil life and spent the following three years in the study of law.

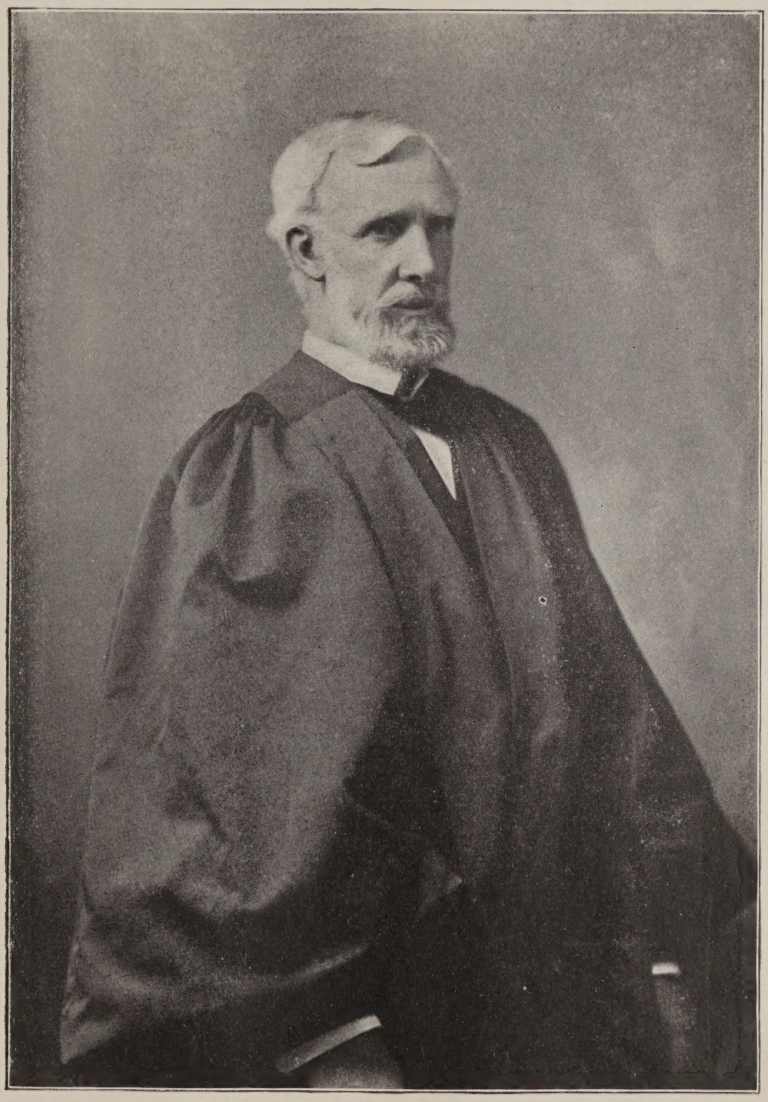
As a West Point man the young lawyer



Rev. William F. McGinnis, D.D.
Pres Metropolitan Truth Society.

was very acceptable to the war department and he was at once appointed Brigade Inspector with the rank of Major. Afterward closely followed his commission as Colonel of the 30th Ohio infantry, later his promotion to Brigadier-General, and finally the gallant officer's nomination to a major generalship of volunteers.

It was as a brigade commander that Gen. Ewing's most distinguished services were rendered. One event is well told of by Past Commander in Chief John S. Kountz, of the G. A. R., in his recollections of the Vicksburg campaign:



HON. JOHN W. GOFF,
Recorder of New York City.

"Gen. Grant having determined to make another assault on the 22d, the point chosen was where the Cemetery road crosses the enemy's entrenchments. At 10 o'clock a. m. three corps moved simul-

taneously to the attack. Our brigade, led by a volunteer storming party of 150 men, provided with poles and planks for crossing the ditch, pushed forward at double quick with Gen. Hugh Ewing in the lead, whose personal courage and bravery that day shown I shall never forget.

General Ewing.

"A few of the party reached the ditch, crossed it and planted the stars and stripes on the outer wall of the parapet, where they waved till night, the position being unassailable. The fire then encountered by our brigade was so hot and determined that the men were compelled to shield themselves a few rods from the works, being unable to advance and unwilling to fall back. In this assault the 37th Ohio lost about 15 per cent of its strength, while our brigade sustained considerable loss. Gen. Ewing's report says: 'The troops bore themselves throughout with gallantry and skill. Their general commanding believes that nothing but the broken and entangled nature of the ground over which they charged, with a want of previous knowledge of its condition, prevented them from successfully entering the enemy's works.'"

Gen. Ewing's tastes are distinctly literary. An omnivorous reader, a traveler, soldier and diplomatist should have

something of life to give to others in print. And so he has done. All are works of fiction. "The Black List," "The Castle in the Air" and "The Gold Pagne" are his published works. In addition four unprinted stories of considerable length, among them "The High Sierras," notably is a charming and powerful work.

The Rev. C. W. de Lyon Nichols has severed his connection with the Protestant Episcopal church, professed the Catholic faith, and has been received as a communicant of St. Stephen's, New York city. Rev. Mr. Nichols is well known in New York and recently has been assistant rector in St. Luke's church, giving his services without salary. His chief claim to fame, however, rests on his literary work, and "The Decadents" will have to be a novelty indeed if it eclipses "The Greek Madonna," in which Mr. Nichols modestly pictures himself as the hero, blessed with uncommon superiority of mind and physical beauty.

Mr. Nichols sent a letter to Bishop Potter announcing his conversion to Catholicism, and this was the first intimation that any of the Episcopal clergy had of his change of faith. Even the rector of St. Luke's had no idea that his assistant contemplated any such radical move.

C. W. DE LYON NICHOLS.

Mr. Nichols says: "For three years I have been studying and debating the reasons which have led me finally to sever my relations with the Episcopal church and become a Catholic. I find that the spiritual light which I sought could best be found for me in the mother Church, and so I resigned my priestly office in the Episcopal church, and am now a simple Roman Catholic layman.

"All the preliminaries to my change of

WILLIAM M. BYRNE.

faith I conducted very quietly. I talked with priests on railroad trains or wherever else the meeting appeared to be casual. I even did not visit any particular Catholic church very often as that might have excited comment.

"When I was a student in Johns Hopkins, however, Cardinal Gibbons presented me with an autograph copy of his 'Faith of Our Fathers.' That was before I entered the general theological seminary of the Episcopal church. Several years ago, however, I read the book and it impressed me greatly. Then I heard Henry Austin Adams lecture on Cardinal Newman, and that had much to do with my ultimate conversion. Father Colton of St. Stephen's gave me much instruction and it was after nearly half a day's rigid questioning by him and his full staff of assistants that it was decided to receive me into fellowship."

Mr. Nichols is the son of George Kneeland Nichols, and was born in Nichols, Conn. He was assistant at St. Thomas' church, New Haven, and afterwards became rector of St. Stephen's church, Staten Island. His term as chaplain in the department of public charities and correction of New York continued during seven years.

William Michael Byrne, son of Michael Byrne, was born in 1863 at Quinton, Salem county, New Jersey, and received his early education in the public schools there. He afterwards studied at Mount St. Mary's college, Emmitsburg, Md., and finished his collegiate course under the Jesuit Fathers at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1887. Registering as a law student with Bradford & Vandogrift, of Wilmington, he entered the law school of the University of Pennsylvania, and was graduated as Bachelor of Laws in 1889. He was admitted to the bar of Delaware in 1890. After a few years of practice Mr. Byrne became associated with his preceptors under the firm name of Bradford, Vandogrift & Byrne, which relation continued until the appointment of Hon. Edward G. Bradford as Federal Judge for Delaware. He has taken a prominent part as a speaker for the Republicans in their various campaigns, and was among those who labored to unite the Republican party in the last congressional contest in Delaware, when by the tact and sagacity of Colonel DuPont, the Republican leader, both factions united on a single candidate, who was elected by a handsome majority.

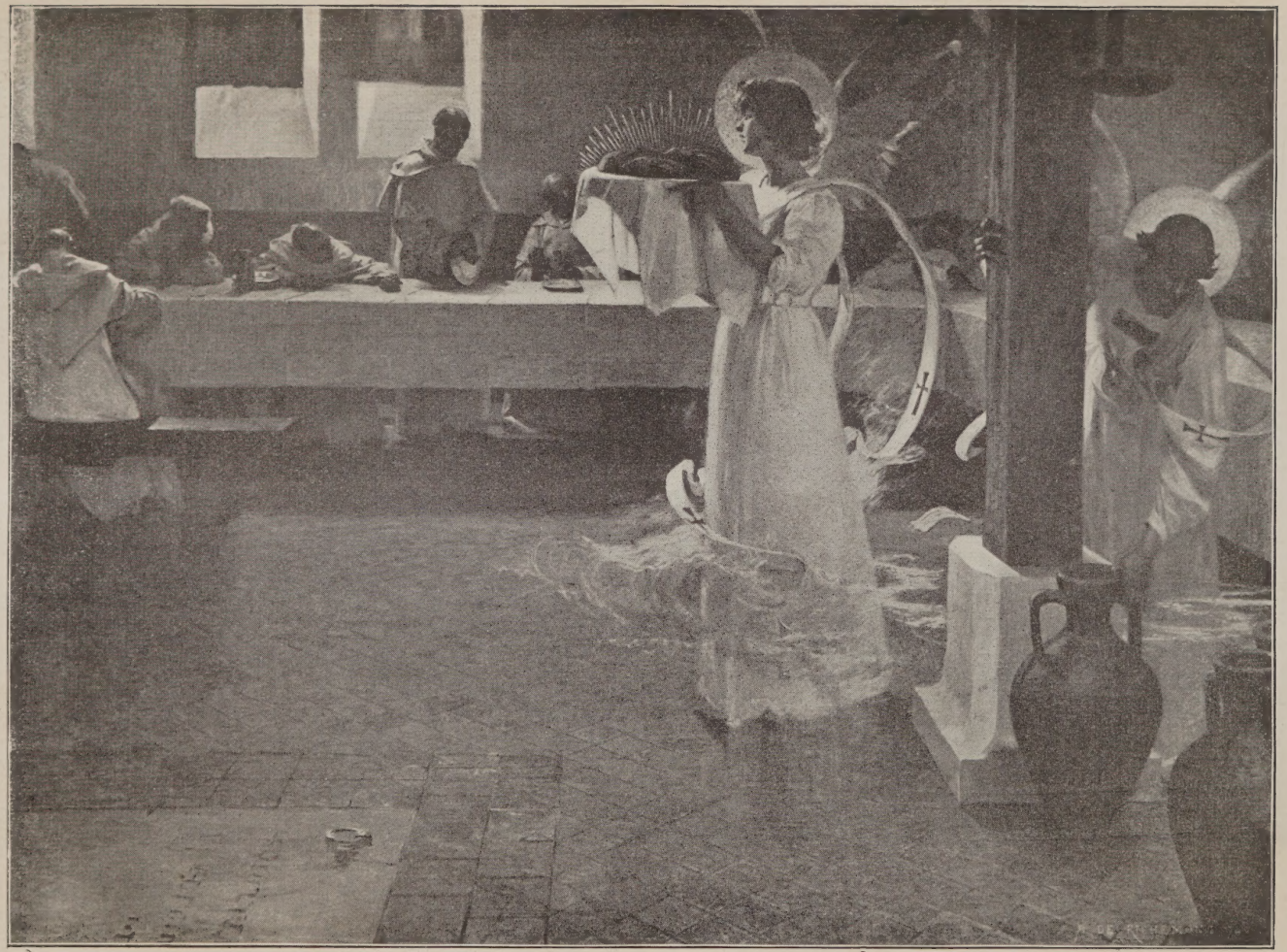
Mr. Byrne is a staunch Catholic and a regular attendant at St. Peter's Pro-Cathedral. He is a member of the Delaware Historical Society, the Board of Managers of the Wilmington Free Library and the Knights of Columbus.

Mrs. Miriam Coles Harris, another distinguished convert, entered the church about two years ago. She is the leader

MRS. MIRIAM COLES HARRIS.

of a very healthy school of literature. "Rutledge," the first and best-known novel written by Mrs. Harris, was published in 1860 and its appearance was considered a literary event. It had a wider circulation than any novel except Uncle Tom's Cabin, and the mystery surrounding the author piqued the public curiosity; but it was not until her two succeeding novels, "The Sutherlands" and "Louie's Last Term at St. Mary's," were given to the public that Mrs. Harris became known as the author of "Rutledge."

Her novels show that she has been a keen observer of people and things. The characters are flesh and blood creations possessing all the virtues and yet the weaknesses, too, of human nature. Although a woman of deep religious feeling she does not intrude this upon her readers by any forced attempt at the pietistic. She knows how to tell an interesting story without attempting either a purpose novel, with its figures working out a moral pattern, or an analytical novel with its scientific dissection of mind and heart.



THE ANSWERED PRAYER.

"HEAVEN'S REFLEX—KILLARNEY."

BY HERBERT HONOHAN.

Vandalism abroad — National sentiment threatened.

"You have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins."

—Shakespeare.

Such might be the apostrophe of the stranger brought for the first time face to face with that Garden of Eden, Killarney, whose sale is now one of the topics of the moment. He is amazed, he is dazed by its simple loveliness, by its wealth of natural color, by its complete reposefulness. A study of its beauty from a critical point of view becomes an utter impossibility; he is too much intoxicated with the sublimity of its chaste grandeur to be critical, and the scene itself defies the process of criticism, for is it not God's own choicest handiwork? It was here the eminent American humorist, Judge Haliburton, in his narration of the adventures of Sam Slick in England, found his airiness abandon him in the intensity of his wonder and admiration. Perhaps, indeed, there is no more magnificent epitome of the glories of Killarney penned than in this author's words, "Oh, God," he cried aloud in rapture, "how beautiful!" and the hills gave back the cry, "Oh, God, how beautiful!" The greatest Victorian poet of the age has said—

"The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle: answer echoes dying, dying, dying."

Attention is focussed just now on the announcement that this exquisite spot, famed of tourist and beloved of nature, is about to be subjected to the rude changes which a utilitarian syndicate has decreed for dividend earning purposes. A great portion of the lakes belongs to the Herbert estate which has passed into the hands of London mortgagees and they are offering to dispose of their interest in the property to a commercial firm or syndicate whose declared object is to let loose the hand of the despoiler on this nest of ravishing beauty. It is proposed, amongst other things, to cut the woods on Torc mountain and on the Muckross demesne immediately that possession is taken, and by this means recoup preliminary expenditure. The water power of Torc Cascade is to be utilized for developing electrical energy, and Muckross House—which was last year so much spoken of as a probable Royal residence—is to be turned into a factory for extracting the valuable chemical compound, carbide of calcium, from the limestone with which the estate and the country round about abound. This calcium carbide commands, it appears, a good sale for the manufacture of acetylene gas. The Upper Lake is also to help the electrical energy. The island of "Sweet Innisfallen" is doomed to be converted into a modern tea-garden, with (in the season) negro-minstrel entertainments, merry-go-rounds, and all similar and sundry amusements common at watering places. Dinis Island, which the Queen once visited, is to undergo a similar metamorphosis; steam launches, working by time tables, will do away with the pleasure oar boats; and gate tolls will be increased. In addition to all this an electric tramway will make the round of the Muckross demesne, and a funicular railway will carry the tourist

to the summit of Torc. To crown all frequent firework displays are promised from Muckross Abbey.

These rumors have excited feelings of intense indignation amongst all classes. Killarney hemmed in by its majestic mountains, and basking in its sun-showers, has been of the world a thing apart. The tourist who went there enjoyed a *dolce far niente*. He was no longer troubled with the shriekings of trains nor the rumbling of machinery; he enjoyed nature unspoiled by man's desecrating hand; he forgot the world and its troubles, and for the time being had a foretaste of Paradise.

The lakes and property adjoining are divided between the two landed proprietors Lord Kenmare and Mr. Herbert. (*En passant* it will interest readers of "Donahoe's Magazine" to learn that Mrs. Herbert has just been received into the Catholic Church). They are, however, a sort of national trust and the Irish at home and abroad are exercised as to a scheme wherewith to preserve them to the nation. In its poverty Ireland turns with gratitude to the enthusiasm with which the Irish in America are becoming fired on the subject, and their scheme of proposed purchase finds instant favor before a multitude of other proposals.

Killarney has been called "the home of lakes" and the "gem of the Western World" with its magnificent mountain peaks, its green swards, and gushing cascades, all surrounded with the atmosphere of romance and tradition. A writer has told the story of the tourist in the Holy Land who observed with pain the irreverent hurry of an American in rushing through the sacred places and he ventured to offer a protest. "Sir," said Jonathan, "I am timed to do Europe in a fortnight. I have thrown in the Holy Land, but if I stay here longer than one night, I can't see Killarney, which takes three days."

It is not easy for Irishmen to rest under the thought that steam whistles and music-hall ditties may soon profane the sacred quiet of Killarney where nought is worldly. Forbid it, Heaven! We look with hope to its acquirement by our more well-to-do kith and kin as a National property. We would save it from the despoiling hand of the vandal, and all countries that love their beauty spots will applaud our desire.

WORSHIP.

BY MARY F. NIXON.

My altar is the great blue sky,
The clouds its altar cloth;
The candles, fireflies' dainty light,
Or gleaming silver moth.
Before me lies the whole wide earth
The temple where I pray,
Growing beneath my longing eyes
More radiant day by day.

My music is the doves' soft coo,
The deep sea's surging sound.
My rubric,—whatsoe'er I will,
Where'er my steps are bound.
Fervent the love within my soul
Dear Nature's God to Thee!
Thou sheddest peace and calm and light
In each perplexity.

THE PLAYTHING OF FATE.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

PART I.

CHAPTER II.

Harold sprang to his feet.

"Why, father!" he exclaimed, the angry blood pulsing through his veins.

"Yes, it is strange that I should be the first to suggest another should take my dead child's place by your side," said the old man," and you may understand from that how necessary I deem it. But Harry needs a mother's care and such his cousin Alice would give him. She is a noble woman. She has, as you know, had much trouble in her life and has endured it bravely, and my wife loved her as a daughter. She is not young it is true, but then neither are you, and she will be all to your boy that even his own mother would have been. Under her he cannot fail to grow into a worthy man. And besides, Harold, you need a companion. You may not feel the loss of one now but when you are old—"

"Pardon me!" Harold broke in. "But this is a subject most painful to me. I cannot think of such a thing."

The old man rose and laying a hand on Harold's shoulder, said:

"Your loyalty has made you most dear to me, my son. But your marrying again will not make you unfaithful to her. She knows all things now and will doubtless smile her approval, seeing that it is for her child's sake it is being done," and turning abruptly he left Harold alone.

Harold began to pace the long veranda, his mind in a tumult, his heart torn with contending emotions. The truth of his father-in-law's words, emphasized by the knowledge that he expected ready compliance with his request, forced itself in upon him with all its grim reality. His boy needed a mother, the house, a woman's guiding hand, and these he could give them by marrying Alice Davis. A wave of rebellion swept over his heart. Must he sacrifice his own personal feelings, his long, well-liked liberty, his—oh, it was surely not his love that then set Miriam's rare face, and brown, dreamy eyes before his mind! His thought then ran back to Miriam and he recalled the promise he had made her, and how eagerly on his homeward walk he had planned her future, bright, successful, all through his effort. And that must be relinquished! She must be left to spend her young days at distasteful toil and he must be ever after haunted by that hungry expression of her glorious eyes, and all because an old man, tottering on the verge of the grave, so willed it! For years that man's word had been received without question, must it be so forever? His steps grew quick and impatient. True, he owed much to him, and yet had he not in return given the affection of a most devoted son? Many a cherished hope he had laid down upon the altar of duty to his dead wife's parents. The sweetest dream of his life was to travel, but when they had said, "Don't leave us, Harold!" he had put the wish from him forever. And must he ever yield to such wishes and whims? Not in this, he determined. And yet that old man's wealth was entirely his own to dispose of as he

wished. Suppose,—Harold's breath came short and fast,—he should punish the father's disobedience upon the son! Suppose his child should be compelled to face the world as he had done, that child reared so tenderly, and tainted, as the old man hinted, with his mother's disease! His mind painted the gloomy picture and at it his heart grew faint. "And I the cause of your misfortune, my boy!" he cried to himself. "No, no! I love you far more than life or happiness, but O Miriam! Miriam!" He flung himself on his chair and covered his face with his hands. In that moment he realized he loved Miriam Hale with the first and last love of his life. After a long hour he rose and sought his room. "But I will help her," he thought, "and—she shall never know. It would do no good and—and—it is enough for one to be unhappy. Yet," and his heart leaped at the thought, "I could make her love me! O Fate! what have I done that your inexorable hand has fallen so heavily upon me!"

CHAPTER III.

Miriam did not light her lamp that night but leaned for long hours over the sill of her little bed-room window, living over again and again that walk with Harold Stewart. Memory brought back with all vividness his words, his glances, the pressure of his hand and the girl wondered why again her heart should beat so tremulously. Then hope, newly sprung into life, carried her to the Sunday afternoon, when she should see him, talk to him, hear his pleasant voice and be happy. What should she say, she wondered. Should she tell him about her drawing, Margaret's kindness, or talk of the birds, and flowers and trees. Would he understand her, or think her very foolish, as her grandmother did, for loving these things. Then she remembered what he had said about her future and the words were the key to open the door of roseate dreams. "I will learn very fast," she said to herself, "and will one day be a great artist. Then I will pay him back threefold what he will give me and I shall never forget him while I live. And the world shall know to whose kindness I owe my success and if my work lives his name shall be remembered as my benefactor and friend." A clock striking the midnight hour drew her from her dreaming. "How foolish I am!" she thought. "Here I have not looked in my books tonight. What would Margaret say if she were to know."

As she turned from the window and lighted her lamp, her eyes fell on the books she had forgotten to return to Harold and she reproached herself for the precious hours she had wasted. She took up Poe and as she ran through the memoir of that unfortunate child of song, the tears of pity stood in her eyes. "He was poor, too," she thought. There were many marked passages in the book and as she read them she felt as if Harold were speaking to her. But when she came to the last lines of the "Bridal Ballad,"

> "Lest the dead who is forsaken
> May not be happy now,"

she laid down the book with a little shudder, for the words were marked with the date of a day some five years before. She knew he had been married, but she could not understand this sudden revulsion of feeling at being brought face to face with the remembrance. A jealous whisper then made itself heard in her heart; "He loved and loves her yet." She sprang to her feet angry at herself for such a thought. "What do I care whom he loves!" she said to herself. "He is nothing to me save a good friend,"

and she undressed and went to bed, but not to sleep for a pair of blue eyes seemed to light the darkness and a pleasant voice to break the night's silence.

Somehow time wore on until it brought the Sunday afternoon and one o'clock found Miriam sitting by her grandmother's chair, reading to her from the well-worn Bible, wondering with feverish anxiety when the eyes would close and the sonorous breathing announce her freedom. But never had the old woman appeared so wakeful and never had Miriam read so unsatisfactorily.

"What ails you, Miry?" she at length demanded. I have scarcely understood a word this evenin'. I told you to read to me about Job that was so afflicted and so patient, for the Lord's been 'bout as hard on me as He was on him; but I ain't got his patience, nor am I likely to while I'm tormented with such a gal as you."

"I'm doing my best," said Miriam.

"No, Miry, you ain't," she flatly contradicted. "You're doin' your worst, a-tryin' to spite me, because I won't let you go off to that drawin' school. You wouldn't tell me who said they'd pay for you, but I know it was them Woodses. I've seen that young son of theirs passin' along the road pretty often and I suppose he's got his eye on you, but of course you'd have to be educated a-fore he'd marry you. Now, if you'd a-had a bit of spunk you'd a-spurned their offer with scorn and you'd told Margaret Wood if you wasn't good enough for her brother as you was you wouldn't be good enough when you was educated."

Miriam made no reply, but went on with the story of the patient man of God. But his words of resignation to the Supreme Will found no echo in her rebellious young heart. Why should she be denied everything? she asked, and because only years bring us that answer, her heart grew hard against the Ruler of her life. The minutes wore on until the hands of the clock were almost pointing to three, and still the old woman was wide awake, listening with interest to the words which fell meaningless from the young girl's lips. Only five more minutes! and she said she would be there at three o'clock. Suppose her grandmother should not go to sleep at all today. Suppose she should have to sit here for another hour reading and he should grow tired waiting and return home. One! Two! Three! chimed the old clock and then the loud ticktock fell on the ear again and Miriam's nervousness began to grow intense. A quarter past three sounded and her heart grew sick. "He will think I am not coming and will not wait any longer," she thought and stole a hurried glance at her grandmother. The narrow, ferret-like eyes were closed and Miriam read on softly, dreamily. Five other precious minutes passed and still she continued the narrative; another five, and then a deep, long snore announced to the girl her liberty. She closed the heavy Bible and stole from the room. In an almost incredibly short time the dark gingham dress was exchanged for one of dainty pink muslin, selected and made for her by Margaret Wood, the long, shining brown hair was twisted into a soft coil, and as the clock was telling the half-hour, she was running lightly down the carpetless stairs and out into the golden-lighted afternoon. There was a long stretch of level sward between her and the grateful shade cast by the oak tree and as the girl caught sight of the man's figure stretched on the grass, his straw hat tilted low over his face, the joy surging over her heart sent the red into her usually pale cheeks. "He doesn't see me," she thought as she went forward, "I wonder if he is asleep."

Harold Stewart was not asleep but his troubled blue eyes were gazing through the narrow space left by the brim of his hat at a range of cloud mountains lying along the eastern horizon, and when her timid voice calling his name sounded on his ears, he sprang to his feet and uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Have you been here long?" she asked, a shyness that made her very lovable betraying itself in face and manner.

"Since three," he said. "I thought you had forgotten. Won't you sit down?"

"Oh, I am so sorry," she said, lifting her eyes to him. "But I couldn't help it, grandmother *wouldn't* go to sleep, and I couldn't leave until she did. And I knew you were here waiting, and read abominably."

"How did you know I was here?" he asked, in low, tender tones, leaning toward her, resting on one elbow; then he drew himself up quickly and asked; "What were you reading?"

"The Bible," she answered.

"The Bible," he repeated. "Don't think me a sinner past redemption when I tell you I shouldn't care to read the Bible for any length of time on a day like this."

"I have to read it for hours every Sunday," she said. "Oh, dear! I forgot to bring your books."

"My books?" looking up at her in surprise.

"The ones you had with you Friday, don't you remember. I left them on my stand table and then came off without them."

"I do not need them," he said, "keep them as long as you like, forever, if you will accept them from me. I should like for you to have something, if only a book, to remind you of me in after years," he added sadly, but noting the effect of his words he finished lightly, "when you are a great artist and have numbers of other friends."

"But I shan't be a great artist!" she cried, passionately, the tears rushing into her eyes. "Grandmother would not give her consent. I should have known it!" She leaned forward, burying her face in her hands. He saw the tears trickling between the long, brown fingers, while hard sobs shook the slender figure, and yet he spoke no word to her, seeking to refrain from snatching the weeping girl to his hungry heart. He looked away to the eastern sky, but the ridge of cloud-mountains was no more and in its place was a crowd of tiny, floating islands. Then Miriam felt a cold, wet nose thrust between her hands and lifting her head quickly started at the sight of a great shaggy-coated dog, which was looking at her with almost human eyes.

"Don't be frightened," said Harold, as she uttered an exclamation. "That's Prince. Come here, sir!" and when the dog obeyed the command Harold went on: "I cannot say anything to comfort you, my—Miss Miriam. I know so well what you feel.

I now these disappointments seem greater than we can bear but we do bear them and in time—forget."

She shook her head sadly and brushing away the tears, said: "I suppose I should not have been surprised for I have had nothing in my life but such disappointments and yes, misery. But this seemed such a certainty. Why, I thought I had only to reach out my hand for it. It—it was the one sweetest dream of my whole life—don't say I shall forget! Oh! if I only could forget. But I shall remember the terrible pain of this disappointment while I live." She looked away from him and after a moment continued: "Yet I should have been wiser and remembered the past. I was foolish to

expect there would ever come anything good to me."

And he loved her and could give the young heart all this for which it was starving and yet dared not because of fear of a tyrannous old man! He had always hated a coward and now he knew himself to be one of the basest of those contemptible creatures. His face whitened at the thought.

"Is there nothing—besides this—I can do for you?" he asked, without looking at her. "God knows how gladly I would assist you. The thought I had helped, were it ever so little, to make your life brighter would bring me more—no, all the happiness I expect on earth now. You believe me?" turning his eyes toward her for one brief moment.

"Yes," she replied, in her low tones, "and I am thankful to you. I shall never forget you. But you, no one, can do anything for me."

"And must you, are you bound to obey her whims? Remember she is old and cannot understand your aspirations. You have no right," vehemently, "to spoil your future to please a querulous old woman!"

"Don't say that, please," she said, leaning toward him. "You know—I have sometimes thought that, and—and it is so ungrateful. She has been good to me."

"In what way?" he asked, an angry light in his eyes as he remembered the long hours she was forced to spend at hard, unpleasant work.

"She took me when I was left alone in the world,—"

"A stranger would have done that for you," he interposed, "and you are her son's child."

"But she was even then old and I must have been a tax on her. And then she did all she was able to do for me. I—I—"but she stopped for strive as she would she could not discover any particular kindness her grand-parent had shown her.

But the loyalty of her woman's soul touched him. Ah! if she would thus strive to defend one whom she had every reason to condemn, one for whom she could not feel any deep affection, what would not she do for one who would pour out the riches of his love upon her and whom she could love for all this and for himself in return! And the fiercest pang of jealousy Harold Stewart ever knew smote him in that moment, as he pictured what a treasure fate held in this girl for of her favorites. He set his teeth and remained silent for a moment; then said, answering her:

"Even your loyal little heart can find no excuse for her selfishness."

"Don't say that!" she again said. "I loved my father and I try to be good to her for his sake."

There was something so strong under the childishness of the words that he was silenced for a moment; then, he began again:

"But you will outgrow these sentiments and then when, perhaps, it is too late you will regret that you allowed yourself to be ruled by them. We have no right to waste or misuse the talents God has given us. For this once break away from this notion which binds you to blind obedience to her whims. I—I am deeply interested in you, Miriam, and I would—"

Her face paled under his words and her voice betrayed her emotion as interrupting him, she said:

"Mr. Stewart, don't urge it any more! I—I might yield, and—and that would be ungrateful, wrong," and in that answer the man realized that will and heart of that beautiful creature were his very own, for good or ill, and a flash of triumphant joy swept across his heart.

"You are not angry with me?" she

asked, as he remained silent. "Oh, don't you know how thankful I am to you, and that my greatest pain is because—" She drew herself up in time, while the red again dyed her cheeks.

He looked at her, his heart in his eyes. "I am not angry," he said, softly. "I could not be angry with you."

She turned uneasily from his eyes and he again fell to pulling Prince's long ears, making the dog whine.

"You are hurting him," she interposed, "and he is such a noble-looking brute."

"And he is as noble as he looks," said Harold. "He is one of the best friends I have."

"All dogs are good friends if they receive half-right treatment. I like dogs but have never had one."

"I have a splendid Newfoundland pup which I think you would like. May I send him to you?"

"I shall be delighted to have him, and if he grows up like Prince what a body-guard I will have," she exclaimed, real pleasure showing in her brown eyes.

"I shall bring him out tomorrow," said Harold.

"If—if you wouldn't mind," she began timidly, "would you wait until Tuesday?" She paused a breathing space and then continued hastily, "Grandmother is—peculiar—"

"Yes, yes, I understand," he hastened to say. She threw him a look of gratitude and explained:

"On Tuesday she is going to visit her brother."

"And on Tuesday it will be more convenient for me to get away too," he said, interrupting her. "What do you say if I come out early and we go for a stroll through the wood on the hill? I remember, you see, the admiration you expressed for it that other day."

"It would be delightful," she cried, her brown eyes sparkling; "and yet—"

"Somebody has called 'yet' a fatal word," he said. "Let there be no 'yet' this time. Say you will come—or I shan't give you the pup!"

He was laughing and she thought how pleasantly it sounded and how beautiful were his eyes with their look of amusement.

"I cannot contemplate such a punishment!" she said, showing her white teeth in a happy smile.

"I perceive you are determined that I shall not be made vain by words of yours," he remarked. "However, I am willing to allow the pup all the credit, as I shall have the pleasure. We shall have a glorious day, as happy as if we were children off for a holiday; and then when we are old—" But he stopped abruptly, mentally repeating, "When we are old!" Ah, how far apart would lie their lives now running side by side!

"What time is it?" she asked, with a sudden start, and when he answered, looking at his watch, "A quarter past five," she sprang to her feet, saying, "Grandmother usually wakes at five!"

"Why," he exclaimed, "you are a perfect slave to her!"

"It is what I should be," she said, sadly, for the lightness had gone out of her heart.

"It is what you should not be!" he cried, gazing at the graceful young figure and matchless face, with all his soul's love and longing. "Some day, Miriam," he went on, "a change will come. You were not intended for this sort of life. You believe I hope for the fulfillment of my words?

"Yes," she replied.

"And when it does come, this happy change, you won't forget me, Miriam?" he cried out, passionately. "Oh! I would have helped you if I could—if I dared."

"I shall never forget you," she said, softly, adding instantly and quickly:

"I haven't had many friends in my life, only two or three, how could I forget them?"

"But you will have friends," he insisted, "many friends."

"I don't care how many friends I have," she said, looking at him from dimming eyes, "I shall never, never forget—my old ones! But why talk like this!" she broke out passionately. "One would think we are never going to see each other again. Aren't we going to my hill Tuesday?"

"And after Tuesday?" he asked, the anguish wringing his heart causing a moisture to cloud his blue eyes.

"After Tuesday," she answered, "things will go on as they did before."

"Perhaps they will, for you," he said.

"Why?" she asked, her breath coming quicker. "Are you going away?"

"No," he said, "but things will not be the same—for me."

"I do not care to go, now!" she said. "You have taken all the pleasure out of the walk. Let us give it up?"

"We shall not give it up!" he cried, "and we shall have our one sweet day to look back upon. Have I made you sad? I'm sorry. Cheer up, Miriam. I'll be along at one, you'll be ready, won't you?" he pleaded.

"If you promise not to talk as you have been doing just now," she replied.

"I promise. Good-bye!" He held the little brown hand for a moment in his tender clasp, looked into her deep brown eyes, then turned from her, his heart filled with unspeakable bitterness.

(To be continued).

THE SEA SHELL.

BY JOHN MAGUIRE.

On reefs more lone than rocks of Labrador,
In sea weed, ages-wandering, safely curled,
By perilous seas this Triton shell was hurled,
Only to mock their multitudinous roar;
And thence drawn out into the gloom, once more
It groped about the bases of the world,
Until, when wind and tide were haply furled,
It drifted high on some gold-breded shore.

And there the Poet found it. To his soul
It spoke of deep, immeasurable woe;
Of mast-wrenched souls still following the toll
Of sea-bells, cut adrift long years ago;
Of loss and gain, and all the rounded dole,
That sways them in their endless ebb and flow!

SEA WINGS.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

From the rude, unwieldy log raft of the prehistoric man to the costly modern steam yacht is not such a wide, impassable gulf as might first appear. It is but the natural evolution of the practical into the luxurious, the seeking of industry that has provided itself with necessary comforts for the more aesthetic pleasures which money commands.

Doubtless many generations of raftsmen lived their primitive, unrecorded lives before even the first rudimentary sail was dreamed of; and, in turn, were followed by other unrecorded generations, that only rose to such boat wings as skins and pieces of bark, and even branches, so placed as to utilize the force of the winds.

But as the races increased and spread over the face of the earth, the instincts of commerce began to dominate the stronger of the sea-coast tribes, and boats were fashioned to meet the dangers of the wider rivers and seas, and sails were contrived to facilitate and direct their movements.

It is probable that the first Penacchio, or wing, was similar to that of the Italian felucca, where the "trinchetto," or foremast, is supported by the mast raking forward, and that it is the natural ancestor of the lateen sail of the Indian Ocean, supposed to have traveled east into the Pacific through the Malay islanders. The flying-proa of the fine race of sea-loving men of the Friendly Islands has this origin, as has the dahabeeyahs of the Nile, whose long pinions are suited for catching every breath of air above a river bank. In nearly all old lateeners the "trinchetto," or foremast rakes forward almost as much as in the Malay proa, for the reason that in this way it supports the yard and sail, so as to give it the lifting qualities of a jib. But even after ships ceased to be luggers, and all necessity for this rake was past, a trace of it remained, a sort of fashion among old world skippers, who were never satisfied unless their foretop-gallant-mast looked down almost upon the figurehead. The old bowsprit, or "boltsprit" (sprit sometimes kept in place by a bolt), was almost a fourth mast, and the sprit sails carried below it were valued by our old seamen as a means of retaining command over a ship by veering her round before the wind, in case of losing a foremast by shot or tempest.

Both English and French men, in their cutters and luggers, have usually retained as much of the valuable lateen peak as possible, and one of the oldest forms of this may be seen in the cutters still found at Rochelle. These vessels are pole-masted, with topsail, and the enormous size and low position of the jaws of the gaff have much the spirit of a Thames barge, and are an exaggerated type of other cutters found in some of the northern French ports.

Wherever high-peaked sails are found dependable leading winds are the rule. But when the long pinions are shipped, and yards and gaffs grow short, like the stumpy guillemot wing of the Dutchman, such sails are seen oftenest beating dead to windward. Instances of this may be seen in the craft of the northern parts of the Adriatic, which are nearly all of the clipt lateen or else lugger type. These vessels are good models, with handsome elliptical sterns, rather of the wherry type, and with the rudder all outside. They rise well forward with a springy sheer and rather swan-like bow, more elegant, but reminding one of the Norman luggers. Nothing can

speak plainer of hard winds and short, heavy seas than the build and sails of these boats.

The only boatman who is quite content to entirely give up the advantage of a peak of some sort to his sail is the cautious Dutchman. He chooses for pattern the wing of a diver rather than that of the tern or swallow, and may have reason for this on account of lack of sea-room, or for working under sail among buildings and up the streets of his town.

Roughly speaking, all sails are either squares or triangles. The most ancient forms of square sails are those called courses or running-sails, and in old times there were but two of these, a main and fore course. It may be noted that of these two oldest square sails, the lower corners, or sheet and tack clews, change their names with their places each time the ship tacks. This is not the case with topsails set above the courses, nor with four-sided lug sails, nor with any of the triangular sails, unless the sheet of a lateen foresail may be called the tack when brought forward in running before the wind, or where sometimes a jib is hoisted by a cutter as a studding-sail. The change from sheet to tack is made by dividing each corner or clew among three blocks—the sheet, tack and clewline blocks.

In comparison with the courses, topsails are of recent date, and even when quite square, and used to either windward or leeward, both clews remain maintopsail sheets. From this it appears that the old mainsail, which varies in shape from nearly square to one which, when close reefed, is almost a lateen sail, was doubtless first set and used as a lug sail. Some lugs, in fact, are called by English sailors "macaroni lugs."

Besides the tacks and sheets, the windward view of a mainsail shows the clewlines, and the lee view the buntlines and leech or side lines, by the combined action of which the sail is hauled up to the yard, and the wind "spilled," as sailors say, or squeezed out of it, ready for furling. A course is hauled or clewed up, but never lowered, and when furled the position of the buntlines and clewlines upon opposite sides gives the form of the sail best known to landsmen, with the triangular ends of the clews and their blocks pendant, and the ropes of sheet and tack on either side the great mass or bunt of the sail. Among the other ropes used for controlling a square sail and its yards are the braces, lifts, and bowlines. The bowline was doubtless first made fast to the bow or stern, and is for tightening the windward edge, or weather leech, when the sail is used near the wind, hence the term "on a bowline" for a ship close hauled. The "bowline knot" probably took its name from being the knot used for the loop at the loose or sliding end of a bow string, although it may have been used to connect the span or bridle on the edge of the sail with the bowline.

There has been little change of names or details about the gear of a mainsail since the time of Queen Elizabeth, and probably much earlier. The logs of old ships a hundred years ago inform us that it was quite common then to "lower ye mainyard on deck," and the old sailors had a vast assemblage of slings, jeers, etc., for this purpose, besides rolling tackles and trusses to confine the yard to the mast. Owing to the ease of being repaired at sea, this old way of slinging lower yards was retained in the navy long after it was out of date in the merchant service.

Leaving the northern square sails, with their bowlines, braces, clewlines, buntlines, tacks and sheets, let us turn for a moment to the triangles, the staysails, jibs and gibbous lateen wings of the south. The first need for all effective sail is a rigid leading edge or weather leech; obtained in the

square and lug sails by the drag of a bowline, in the lateen sail by the yard or bone of the sail-wing itself, in staysails by the rigidity of the mast or supporting stay, and in jibs by the powerful hoisting purchase, and use of chain for halyards. Before the introduction of chain, the jib, like the first string of a violin, was constantly getting out of tune and in want of setting up.

Seamen speak of a sail as lifting or pressing quite independently of its power of driving a vessel ahead. All jibs are lifting sails, which do their work with least tendency to force a vessel's lee side down. They are safe sails to jibe or veer round under before the wind; hence the term "jibe." The angle at which the weather edge of a jib stands has much to do with this lifting quality, for a cutter's foresail, though triangular, is not found a lifting sail. Next to a jib, the sail which has most of this power is no doubt the lateen sail of the south, particularly as set upon the foremast of a felucca, while the splendid lifting power of the lateen sail may have led to its being retained as the head sail by many of the Turkish, Arab and other rigs.

Until within the last fifty years, the square sails, staysails and jibs of a full-rigged ship were thirty, all told, and it was under these that England's line-of-battle was formed, and her ships handled by men like Benbow, Rodney, Howe, Hawke, Nelson and Collingwood; while of English cruising frigates and sloops, it might be said that nothing afloat could overtake or get away from them.

A good type of fast cruiser and seakeeper of 1785 is the old French corvette, whose rig of three-storied masts, tops, caps and cross-trees, is a long step from the simple three-masted xebecs and feluccas; but the polacca, or pole rig, often still seen in Mediterranean ports, forms a link in the chain. In general arrangement of sail this polacca is not unlike the old Genoese carrack, which brought the wine and silks of the south to the "South Hams" of England in the fifteenth century—ships with long pole masts, of a date when large pines were plenty. The lateen yard is of two taper spars lashed together, because the strength of a spar lies in the outside surface of wood. But the polacca's masts are in one piece, the natural form and size of the forest pine. As good spars became scarce, the art of mast-making grew, until it reached perfection in the mainmast of a line-of-battle ship, built up of many pieces hooped together. Most big masts, and yards, too, are tubes of iron now.

American schooners owe much of their speed and success to the wonderful fit and cut of their sails, for which the New York river craft and coasters are remarkable; and it is affirmed that the New York sailmakers owe this knack of making sails set flat to their Dutch and Swedish ancestors, every inch of whose low, stumpy canvas was and is always set to the greatest advantage. The Una or centre-board boat, is an American invention, and is a sort of skimming dish that has procured a large crop of second-rate amateur boat sailors; in fact, these boats are so handy in smooth water that they have been called the land-lubber's boat.

For all sound, good qualities no boat exceeds the wherry. The mast being short, the long sprit has only to be taken out, and with the mainmast rolled up and her foresail and mizzen all inboard, the boat is under storm canvas at once, yet still well under command. The spritsail is essentially the sail of the Dutch and English, for though the Turks have a vessel called the caïque which carries a sprit, it is not used as with us to gain a lofty peak with a short mast, but to extend the head of a kind of square fore-and-aft sail.

THE BOOK O'FIRE.

BY REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD, (SLIAV-NA-MON).

To say that old Shaun Mahaffy had a wonderfu' head for "book-learning" would be only stating what every man, woman and "gossoon" in the three parishes knew. There were those that said —and Father Dunphy the parish priest was one—that it would better for him if he only knew as much as the neighbors. There wasn't a train from Dublin that stopped at the little station of Kilballymore that didn't bring a parcel of books addressed to Shaun—and when Father Dunphy, God rest his soul—he's a saint in Heaven—met him one day coming home and said: "Well Shaun, let me see what new books are those you have," Shaun grew very confused and didn't like to give them up. But the priest looked them over and saw they were bad books written by some French or German fellow who didn't believe in God, and wanted to put everybody else in the same trouble, like the fox without the tail. And he looked at Shaun very seriously and solemnly and said, "So this is what has been keeping you from coming to Mass the last half year. You think now you know more than the neighbors."

"I know I do," said Shaun, daring the priest of God, "I know I do, and you can't show me in the Bible anything about going to Mass."

"But I can show you something about going to hell in it, Shaun," said Father Dunphy sharply, "and let me tell you that's where you're driving fast and furious, and I heard that you've also been trying to corrupt some of the young men, undermining their faith. Go home in God's name, Shaun Mahaffy, and burn those poisonous books of yours and pray to God to open your eyes before it is too late."

"And if I don't burn them?" asked Old Shaun.

"If you don't," said the priest, "let me tell you your thirst for unholy knowledge will bring your body and soul to a bad end."

That would have been the happy day for old Shaun Mahaffy if he had taken the good priest's advice; but he was so proud of his book-knowledge that it never entered his mind to ask God's pardon for his sins, and all the time the sentence of the priest was hanging over him.

It might be about a month from that day Shaun was walking home over the lonesome road between Sliav-Aiken and his own place, coming from the Fair of Rathmore. He had been delayed on the way and it was now drawing near midnight and dark as pitch, when he came to the loneliest part of all near the Black Wood. But old Shaun never thought of the place, or of the hour. He walked along at a smart pace, his head sunk on his breast, thinking of his books and his knowledge. For the first time he was doubtful with regard to the latter. There were so many things that as yet he knew nothing of—so many mysteries to be solved—so many wonders hidden from him which he could never hope to unveil. A sort of despair, heavy as the night shadows, settled down upon him, and at the same time there came a great desire to know all that could be known at whatever cost there might be. He never paused to think what of danger might be in this new passion. Gradually the desire brought with it a sort of delirious, unholy joy, and though he was scarcely conscious of it his lips were already forming a prayer to the Father of all Evil.

Then all at once he felt a shock pass through his body, and a feeling came over him that he was not alone on the dark road.

He raised his head. The tall black figure of a man confronted him, but the gloom prevented him from distinguishing the stranger's features.

"Shaun Mahaffy," said he, "this is a late hour for you to be out of your bed."

The tone of the stranger's voice struck Shaun with a sense of something ominous and disagreeable, but summoning his courage he answered boldly and testily,—"'Tis the same for you, my man. I see you know my name, but I haven't the pleasure of your acquaintance I'm sorry to say."

The stranger laughed a jarring and discordant laugh. "Ha, ha! that's good. Why we're old acquaintances now, and have been very intimate during the last half year since you gave up attending Mass. But," he added, "I have something here would interest you. It's a book you'd give your two eyes to see."

Now, at these words, Shaun Mahaffy in his eagerness forgot everything else.

"Give us a look at it—one look," he burst out, forgetting the dark night.

The stranger said no more, but produced the book and held it before Shaun's eyes. Now, though it was pitch dark, a sort of red, sulphurous, shifty light played around the wonderful volume, and the title glowed in letters of living fire, *"The Book of all Knowledge and Fear."*

In the glow that came from the book, Shaun Mahaffy's face showed hesitating fear and overmastering desire. The face of the stranger was still in shadow.

"Shaun Mahaffy," he said solemnly, "what would you give to read all this book contains?"

"What'd I give," repeated Shaun, gaspingly, "I'd, I'd give my soul's salvation!"

"'Tis a bargain," said the stranger, "You can have the book from now 'till this time to-morrow night, and then I'll come for it, and remember your promise."

When Shaun looked up from the book, which had been placed in his hand, he saw that the stranger had disappeared, and he found himself there alone in the dark at the midnight hour with that terrible book whose fearsome title blazed into his excited brain.

The situation would have overwhelmed a man of a different stamp of character; but Shaun's lust of knowledge was so great that it outweighed even his natural fears as well as his superstitions. Holding the book very tightly then in his two hands as if he feared it would be snatched from him he hurried homewards, fear and doubt and desire lending wings to his feet.

When he arrived at the little cabin at the cross-roads where he lived all alone, he laid the terrible book upon a table, double-bolted the door and closed all the window shutters. The fire on the hearth had long gone out, but he needed not to light his lamp for the light from the fiery book filled the whole room, and every nook and corner, leaving never a shadow anywhere, as if it had the power of passing through everything.

Having secured himself from intrusion Shaun drew a chair to the table, and opening the book commenced to pore over its contents with hungry eyes. In a short time he was so absorbed in it that he forgot everything else, even his own identity, for the things that he read of in that book were so wonderful as to claim all his attention.

And first he read of the Secrets of the Earth, and as he read he saw the treasures of its innermost recesses. He saw the great veins of gold and silver that could be touched by the hand of him who had the knowledge. He saw where gems of priceless value lay thick as the seashore pebbles,—the hidden hoards of men long dead,—of kings and pirates, in lavish piles of jewels and coins and ingots. All this glory of

wealth broke upon his astonished vision and he saw himself rich beyond all dreaming in the knowledge he was so eagerly devouring.

And as he pored over the book the night hours flew by yet he knew it not. The silver dawn showed on the hills and the chattering birds began their songs, the white mists rolled from the green fields as the sun heralded his near approach with a phalanx of flashing spears. But his rays could not enter the closed cabin at the cross-roads, and its interior was still illuminated with the baleful glow of the Book of Fear.

Shaun Mahaffy still read on without raising his head. And now he read of the secrets of souls, and his own wicked spirit revelled therein like a glutton at a luscious feast, and in reading he saw the innermost thoughts of his fellow-men—men whom he knew—men alive and men dead. He saw all the sins they had committed, he saw the foulness of the souls of some who were esteemed virtuous by their fellow-men, and he exulted in the revelation.

And so he read on and on and paid no heed to time. And as he sat there in his guilty loneliness with that forbidden book the sun rose his full height in the bright skies, the lark was soaring up, making the welkin ring with joyous song; the Angelus bell from the little church spoke out sweetly and solemnly, but neither light nor sound entered that solitary house.

The day passed hour by hour, the evening shades came down upon the brown hills, but the reader made no sign or move. He was reading now of all the evil knowledge possessed by those who make compact with the demons, how they could control even the great forces of nature, become possessors of her hidden treasures and influence in any way they pleased the lives of their fellow mortals.

The second night fell dark and heavy outside, and still the evil fascination of the book held its hapless reader spell-bound. He forgot even the dreadful compact and that its time was now drawing nigh. Ever and anon he would turn over a leaf that crackled and scintillated, flashing its unholy light on his haggard and ghastly features. The cold sweat dropped from his forehead, his mouth was opened wide, and his eyes protruded with eagerness.

The early hours of the night slipped by as had the others, and it was now drawing close to midnight. Outside the wind was moaning dismally, with long-drawn cadences like the weird crooning of the Banshee. Suddenly by an irresistible impulse Shaun Mahaffy felt himself obliged to stop in his reading and look up. As he raised his eyes a shock passed through him as though a red-hot brand had been pressed to his brow. At the other side of the table a stranger sat, quietly, but intently regarding him. Shaun Mahaffy gibbered in mortal fear, and looked about him as if for means of escape, but as he did so again the glow of the book caught his eyes and enchained him. Again he began to read, as if he had not been interrupted. And as he read the terrible stranger sat there watching him.

Once again by the same irresistible impulse he was compelled to look up from his task. This time he saw a look of mocking triumph in the eyes of his companion—again the same dread filled his whole being. And now the stranger spoke.

"Shaun Mahaffy," he said with awful menace in his tones, "forget not our compact, it is now the time."

"What would you have," asked Shaun trembling as with palsy, "You would not carry off my soul now?"

"Your soul is mine," said the stranger, "and I must have it now."

"Give me a year—a month—a week, but do not take me now," said Shaun Mahaffy piteously, "I would read more from this book."

"It may not be," said the stranger, "Not even an hour can you have of respite. You can no longer live on earth with the knowledge of evil you have

gained, but you are company worthy of the demons below and they demand your presence there."

"But I would read all—all—all!" screamed the demented Shaun.

"You shall, but not here," said the stranger, reaching across and closing the terrible book.

It shut with a hollow, deep-reverberating sound, the knell of doom for the soul of Shaun Mahaffy.

And as it shut the house was filled with darkness!

* * * * * * *

Next day when the people, knowing something had happened, burst in the door they found but the dead body of the old man. The face was black and distorted, and a terrible look was on it that those who saw could never afterwards forget. Into the table before him a black mark was burned deeply. It was where the Book of Fear had rested, and the people seeing this crossed their foreheads with the Holy Sign, saying, "God between us and the power of Hell," for they knew he had come to this end from reading bad books and scorning the words of the priest of God.

SEPARATION.

BY JOSEPH NUNAN.

I have asked of Thee, God! in the silence of night,
When the moon o'er the earth flings its virginal light,
And the eyes of the stars from their far sanctuaries
In pity gazed down on my dread agonies;
These are the witnesses, God! that I pray'd,
These listened the question I tearfully made;
Again will I ask Thee, O! Sovereign above—
Will I ever return to my first love?

Here in the darkness, God! here in the gloaming,
Here as the soft winds a requiem moan,
I kneel on the grass that is bowed as in sorrow,
Whilst in spirit my soul mounts up to Thy throne.
God! Thou art merciful. God! Thou art holy—
Fountain perennial of heart-soothing love—
Listen, oh! listen the pleading I make thee—
Will I ever return to my first love?

It is, O! my Father, the one yearning sigh,
The one longing prayer, the one earnest cry,
'Tis the bread of my thought, the food of my brain,
In the meshes of joy or the quagmires of pain;
'Tis the heart's sweetest wish, its fondest desire;
Oh! turn not away from me, God, in Thy ire,
Tell me, and then Thou may'st strike or reprove,
Will I ever return to my first love?

A GOLDEN HARVEST.

BY ELIZABETH VORE.

CHAPTER VI.

"People have to be taught through suffering, sometimes, Miro," Father Quevada had once said. Would it be well he wondered to send for Father Quevada and tell him everything? But what good would it do? He had no proof, and Father Quevada would not believe a word of it. Who would? Miro hardly believed it himself, so strong did the case appear against him.

What must he do with the gold? He dared not remain longer at present to decide; Ardilla was calling him from the house. Her silvery voice floating out to him brought a great wave of anguish to his heart.

"Miro! Thou laggard! Breakfast is waiting!"

She was waiting herself at the door, and greeted him with a merry reproof.

"A year or two more, and thy son will be old enough to send for thee—a nice example for him thou art—with thy loitering ways!"

The wind blew her dark hair, still unbound, about her slender form; the flush of the sunrise was upon her face. But for once Miro looked at her with unseeing eyes.

Afterward, the picture of her as she stood now, waiting to greet him, came back with absolute distinctness. It was a picture that went with him through all the darkness that followed; —the slender, girlish figure, the dusky, wind-blown hair, and the rare, cameo-like face, with its scarlet lips and caressing dark eyes—it all came back to Miro as a dream—bitter-sweet;—fraught with all the exquisite anguish that comes to a man who views his paradise lost.

Miro took his place silently at the breakfast table.

"Thou art ill, Miro!" said Ardilla, regarding him with much anxiety.

"Not ill, mia novia," replied Miro, gently,—that singular gentleness that he had for no one but Ardilla,—not even his small son with whom he was apt to be rather rough and boisterous; so much so that Ardilla's mother love was sometimes in arms, and she remonstrated with him for not being gentler with his son.

"Gentleness is for women—for such women as you, amorita," Miro would rejoin. And the caress in his voice silenced Ardilla as it would have silenced any woman.

He was greatly distraught at breakfast, the shadow on his face did not escape Ardilla's eyes. He pushed back his plate when he had eaten but a few mouthfuls and arose to leave the house. Ardilla, who was greatly perplexed, arose also and laid her hand upon his shoulder, raising her soft eyes beseechingly to his face.

"Miro what has thy wife done to receive no caress from thee since thy return? Art thou angry with me Miro?"

"Angry—with thee? When have I ever been angry with thee, carita?"

He took her in his arms and strained her with sudden fierceness to his breast, kissing her passionately.

"Adorado," he said huskily, "have I loved thee too well?"

"Never!" cried Ardilla stoutly. "Thou coulds't not love me too well, Miro."

With a sudden rush of tears she put her arms about his neck and laid her soft cheek against his own.

"Miro! Miro! I could not live without thee!" she cried passionately.

Miro did not speak, he only tightened his arms about her; it was well that Ardilla did not see the shadow that again rested upon his face. He put her gently aside presently, with tender words, and even smiled at her with something of his usual light raillery, until her anxiety was forgotten.

"Nevertheless," said Miro doggedly, when he was outside, "it is only the beginning of the end."

He went back to the potato-house, and tried to think what he must do with the money. He knew that suspicion would probably rest upon him—would surely do so unless the real offender were discovered—and that he was liable to arrest at any time. The gold he had brought home must not be found.

The place would be thoroughly searched and he could think of no safe hiding pace, where it would be secure from discovery. In the house or grainery it would certainly be found, and if he buried it, the fresh soil would almost as certainly attract attention and lead to its discovery.

It was nearly noon when Miro returned to the house.

"I shall plant the potatoes at once—it is high time that they were in," he said to Ardilla.

"It is well that thou hast planted the small patch for our own use," she returned merrily, "otherwise we should have had no early potatoes."

"I shall make up for lost time and get them in before I sleep," said Miro determinedly.

Immediately after dinner he began the work.

"Shall I help thee? Baby can sit upon the ground," asked Ardilla cheerily.

"By no means, I shall make better progress alone," said Miro smilingly.

All the afternoon he worked with unflagging energy, and immediately after supper he again returned to the field, after telling Ardilla not to sit up for him, he could not possibly finish the planting before night. As it was full moon it was almost as light as day.

It was the strangest crop that ever was planted. For with every potato he put in the ground Miro dropped in something bright and shining, that made a yellow gleam in the moonlight as it fell.

At last his remarkable crop was planted, but not before the chickens were heralding the midnight hour. He then went to the house and throwing himself upon the bed was soon sleeping heavily.

CHAPTER VII.

It was ten o'clock before Miro awakened. There had been voices outside while he still slept, cautious but with growing imperativeness. Ardilla's voice, trembling with indignation and defiance mingled with them. But Miro heard nothing of it.

Some one came into the room and bent over him; he opened his eyes to see Ardilla's white, agitated face above his own. The terrified look in her eyes was as a stab to Miro's heart. He knew before she spoke that the blow had fallen.

"Miro!" Her voice was husky with fright and anger. "There are men outside—strangers, and Leondardo Ortiz and others are with them, and—they are determined to see thee—I—I—said I would not have thee awakened and—Oh Miro—they said—"

Miro sat up and took her in his arms.

"Never mind, carita, what they said," he replied, soothingly. "I will go out to them at once."

Ardilla clung to him for an instant.

"Do not go to them—they said—oh Miro!" she cried chokingly.

"There, dear, do not be frightened."

He set her gently aside and hastily dressing, went out to where a group of men awaited him. Ortiz and two or three other acquaintances were

among them. Two or three Miro recognized as officers of the law.

He was very calm; now that the worst had come Miro Calleo would prove no coward. He leaned up against the door, with folded arms, and regarded the intruders with a mixture of sternness and disdain.

"Well? What do you want? My wife informs me that you have demanded—" a faint sneer crossed Miro's lips—"to see me immediately."

One of the men stepped up to him.

"We want you, Miro Calleo, on business which will admit of no trifling. I arrest you in the name of the law for the robbery of the Overland stage in Palema canyon, day before yesterday and demand that you hand over the gold unlawfully gotten. You were known to be in the canyon near the time, as Leondardo Ortiz can testify. Other suspicious circumstances point to you, and toward no one else."

"And so it is to you, Ortiz, that I owe this good turn," sneered Miro.

Ortiz looked at him reproachfully; his honest face worked with emotion.

"The Saints are my witness, Miro, that I would rather have lost all that I own, than to have been compelled to testify against you. But I was asked, and a man cannot perjure himself."

"Forgive me, Ortiz, you could not have done otherwise. I am an innocent man, I swear it! I have been a wild, reckless fellow, but no man can say that Miro Calleo has ever been dishonest or done a mean act. Search for the gold"—turning to the officers—"you will not find it. I say it again—I am not guilty."

"It is my duty to warn you that anything you say now will be used against you in court," said the officer who had made the arrest.

The men, with the exception of Ortiz, stood with their eyes upon the ground; it was easy to read in their faces that they had already passed sentence upon the man before them. Only honest Leondardo Ortiz looked at him with sympathy.

"Do not lose heart, Miro," he said kindly. "We"—hesitatingly, "will do all we can for you—in—in any case."

For an instant Miro's iron composure gave way, and his lip trembled.

"You too believe me guilty, Ortiz," he said sadly, and turning away from him, saw Ardilla's white face beside him.

"Adorado! I am innocent of this crime! I swear it by—"

"Hush, Miro, mio! Thou shalt never swear it to me!" said Ardilla solemnly. "Innocent?—My husband! Do I not know it?"

She caught his hand in her own, and pressed it against her throbbing heart.

The officer who had not yet spoken stepped up to Miro and snapped a pair of hand-cuffs over his wrists. Not until he had taken the hand that Ardilla held did she realize the significance of his action. For one instant she gazed at him with distended, terrified eyes, and then—with a bitter cry—struck the officer square in the face, with her soft little hand.

"And I liked the little Senora all the better for it," he declared afterward.

The next instant her poor little face went deadly white and she threw her arms about her husband's neck, with a burst of passionate sobs.

"Did you think it necessary to do that?" asked Miro scornfully, with a disdainful glance at the steel. He raised his manacled hands, and loosening his wife's clinging arms, gave her over to Ortiz.

"Take her home, Leondardo, to your wife," he said hoarsely.

"I will Miro," said Ortiz huskily; the tears were running down the good man's face.

"You must kiss baby, Miro," whispered Ardilla mechanically.

"No, carita; do not waken him," replied Miro gently. Bending over her to kiss her once more he whispered in her ear:

"Dig the potatoes yourself, mia Novia, and when you have finished, look under the pile of stones marked by a stake in the north-east corner."

A moment later he was gone. Those who had remained to search the place moved away and left Ardilla alone with Ortiz. He laid his rough hand kindly upon her shoulder, speaking comforting words. But Ardilla did not notice him.

At that moment there was a commotion at the door, and to her husband's amazement Reina Ortiz, flushed and dusty from her long, hard ride, entered, and hastening to Ardilla—her kind face quivering with emotion,—took her cold little hands in her own warm, motherly grasp.

"There, carita, thou blessed one! I have just heard the shameful news that this great blockhead—"with a wrathful glance at her husband—"hath thought to keep from me! Thou poor lamb! Beast!"—this last to one of the men making search, who had entered the room—"Thou nasty brute, get out!" sobbed Reina, the tears rolling down her good-natured face.

But Ardilla shed no tears; she stood gazing straight before her in stony silence.

A low gurgle of laughter and the murmur of a baby's voice came from the other room. With a heart-breaking cry, Ardilla broke away from Reina Ortiz and rushing into the room caught her baby to her breast, and burst into a passion of weeping.

Reina Ortiz nodded gravely to her husband.

"It is well she hath the child," she said chokingly.

CHAPTER VIII.

Ortiz and his kind-hearted wife found it impossible to keep Ardilla longer than two days. They wished her to sell the cow and chickens and come and stay with them, at least until after Miro's trial. But in spite of their entreaties Ardilla returned to the little adobe house in the tule marsh.

"It is my home—the home my husband made for me," she said with that strange new note in her voice that struck pitifully those who had been accustomed to its old merry tones. Reina Ortiz looked askance at her, and turned away with troubled eyes. This white-faced woman, suddenly clothed with the dignity of sorrow, little resembled the childish, light-hearted creature she had hitherto known.

For Ardilla to return to that lonely place and live there alone, with no one but little Emillio for company, seemed little short of suicide to Leondardo and Reina Ortiz, but that was what Ardilla was determined to do, and did do. What the days were to her no pen can picture. For her the sun came up in sorrow, and set in sorrow. Had it not been for her child, and the homely duties that filled her life, she must have gone mad.

Miro's trial did not take place for two months, and during these long days of anxiety and heart-ache, Ardilla waited and hoped and prayed. She was going to Sacramento to attend the trial, and already made arrangements to sell the cow, to supply the money necessary for the trip. She felt that she must die if she were not with Miro during the trial. She would sit beside him, and hold his hand, comforting him with her love and confidence, when he was brought before all those cruel men who accused him so falsely. It was this hope that gave her courage to bear up and work and wait.

But when the time arrived little Emillio fell very ill; his fever ran high and for several days his recovery was doubtful; and when Miro was being tried in Sacramento for highway-robbery, Ardilla was walking the floor with her sick child in her arms, or rocking him in the low basket cradle that old Nita had woven, and had rocked Ardilla herself in.

Ardilla had written to Father Garcia

immediately upon Miro's arrest and implored him to come to their assistance. When she received no reply, she was simply stunned with the disappointment and grief his neglect and indifference brought her. How should Ardilla know that Father Garcia was on his way to Spain before the letter was written?

Miro Calleo was tried, convicted of highway robbery on circumstantial evidence, and sentenced to twenty years at Folesome.

It was over at last—all the anxiety and suspense. Twenty years! Twenty years!

Ardilla lay prone upon her face on the floor. She was pitifully still; in her rigid hand she held her crucifix. Perhaps it was the tender, mother-heart of the blessed Virgin, that had sent to this motherless child. merciful unconsciousness. And Miro—was behind prison bars, entombed in a gloomy cell—for twenty years! Could his eyes have seen that lonely, unconscious little figure lying motionless upon the floor, he would have cursed all things.

Great sorrow does not kill, but it has as many different effects as there are different people and different temperaments. Some people are hardened and embittered, some are rendered callous and reckless, while there are others—who are able to look upward and beyond their own feeble strength, to the great centre of strength that controls the universe yet forgets not the feeblest child of its creation. Again there are others who are stunned by a great grief, until life and its duties become merely mechanical.

Something of the latter condition was Ardilla's, since the blow had fallen, which had stricken all joy out of her life. Save an occasional letter or a still more infrequent visit, Miro was lost to her. Her son would grow up to manhood without knowing what it meant to have a father, or if he ever saw him it would be in a felon's cell. Her Miro a felon! Miro, so high-spirited and proud—wild, perhaps, and headstrong—but generous to a fault, and noble-hearted always.

The suddenness of the great sorrow that had blotted out all the sunshine of her life had stunned her and plunged her into an apathy from which nothing aroused her. But the Heavenly Father to whom she prayed unceasingly did not desert her.

The crucified One must have looked in compassionate love into this patient heart, and seeing a reflection of His own suffering, have taught her His wisdom. For unconsciously she was growing stronger every day. She was a woman learning such rare lessons of patience and endurance as it is given to few women to learn. But no one ever saw her smile. A settled melancholy that went to one's heart shone in her dark eyes. Not even for little Emillio had the sunshine of laughter brightened her face since the day they had taken her husband away.

One day Juan Mateo rode up to the door and dismounted. He had recently returned from San Diego where he had gone about the time of Miro's arrest. Mateo had prospered in the south; he had a fine position, it was understood, and had done well. It had been many months since Ardilla had seen him. She had never liked him, but she had always the same gentle courtesy for every one, and she greeted him kindly, wondering indifferently why he had come when they had never been friends.

Juan Mateo greeted her like an old friend, however, and exerted himself to be pleasing. Ardilla felt uncomfortable, and wished that Mateo were not so friendly. She wondered a little uneasily why he did not go.

Evidently Mateo had no intention of going. He lingered, paying Ardilla unnecessary compliments that annoyed her. Looking upon her rare beauty, and remembering her unprotected condition his unscrupulous nature betrayed itself, and he uttered hot words of

love, reminding Ardilla that her husband was lost to her—as much so as if he were dead.

"Thou cans't be divorced, Senora Ardilla—and then we will marry. Go with me now, to San Diego—at once."

Ardilla reached quietly back to where Miro's shot-gun hung just inside the door, and taking it down, brought it swiftly to her shoulder, cocking it at Mateo's head before he had time to realize what she was doing. Her face was white and her eyes blazed with a light that no one had ever seen in them before.

"Dog! Take thy miserable carcass from this place!" she cried in cold scorn. "And never set foot on it again, for I would shoot thee as I would a coyote!"

Mateo knew she could use the gun with as great skill as himself, and backing hastily to his horse vaulted upon it and rode furiously away, with a face black as a thundercloud. As he went he called back threateningly:

"Have a care, Senora Ardilla! I will have thee arrested for an attempt on my life,—and then there will be two jail-birds."

Ardilla suddenly drew herself up, and threw back her head proudly. A swift smile banished the habitual melancholy of her face, utterly transfiguring it.

"Do so, Juan Mateo!" she called after him in a clear, triumphant voice, "and thou wilt have done me the greatest favor God will permit a bad man to bring about, for then I shall be with the man I adore—whose little finger is worth more than thy body and soul!"

CHAPTER IX.

It was time to dig the potatoes. Ardilla had not forgotten Miro's last words. He had referred to them since in a letter and asked her not to forget his instructions.

"Dig the potatoes yourself," was what Miro had whispered. The rest of his instructions had passed from her mind, but it would all return to her eventually. She wondered a little, why Miro, who had always been so considerate of her, should have desired her to dig the potatoes herself. Doubtless he thought it would be unwise for her to hire, now that she no longer had him to care for her and her baby. Even as early as this she had been obliged to sell the cow to get money to live upon. If the potato crop should turn out poor Ardilla knew not what would become of them. She prayed every day for strength and wisdom, but in spite of her unwavering faith sometimes her heart was very heavy. Patiently, she set about the arduous work of digging the potatoes.

There are things that are too great for words; experiences which no pen of mortal may describe; they are written in the heart's blood, and recorded by angels in the everlasting books.

The bewilderment and perplexity, the vague, inexplicable terror that swept over Ardilla's loving, sorely-tried heart, when she first discovered the character of a part of the harvest the potato-field yielded, cannot be adequately described by words. The apathy that had possessed her for months gave way to a wild bewilderment of pain and perplexity.

Gold planted with the potatoes! What did it mean? Where had Miro gotten it?

Yet, in the face of this seemingly incontrovertible proof of her husband's guilt, she refused to believe in it. Had not Miro said he was innocent? Her husband—the father of her child—a thief and a liar? Never! No proof existed in the world strong enough to shake her faith in Miro's innocence. But she grew to detest the sight of the gold! It was a nightmare to her waking or sleeping; it seemed to be limitless,—every hill yielded the same detestable store. Ardilla put it in a sack like those in which she stored the potatoes; for Miro's sake no one must

know of her discovery. Ardilla knew only too well what they would think.

The awfulness of that time will never fade entirely from her memory. Little Emillio sat upon the ground playing with the potatoes, or creeping about in the dirt; often he grew weary and cried most bitterly, for the days were long and the sun was exceeding hot. Ardilla's patience was unfailing. Her head throbbed, her back ached, and her weary limbs almost gave way. There had been times when she had thought she must have forgotten how to weep, but now the scalding tears often trickled down her face. Only to understand it! To get away from that relentless spectre that stalked by her side under the molten skies of those terrible days, demanding an explanation of the unexplainable. She thought at times her brain must be reeling.

Once when little Emillio cried lustily, the perspiration streaming down his face, Ardilla, in despair of comforting him, gave him one of the least tarnished of the hated gold pieces to play with—for the contact with the soil had tarnished the coin more than all the years it had been buried in the canyon. The baby crowed with delight as he caught sight of it, and grasped it with his little fat hand.

Ardilla snatched it from him, and catching him by the shoulders shook him fiercely—Ardilla who was all gentleness.

"Little ingrate!" she cried bitterly. "Thou cans't laugh—at this—and thy father in a prison cell!"

The baby's rosy lip quivered. He looked at his young mother with frightened eyes. The next instant Ardilla had him in her arms, raining tears and kisses upon his astonished little face.

It was not until the field was nearing completion that she remembered for the first time that Miro had told her to look under a pile of stones in a certain part of the field. Why had she not thought of that before? A sudden hope sprang up in her heart, and she started at once for the northeast corner of the field. Perhaps, after all, Miro had left something there that would explain everything that was so puzzling.

Then it all came back to her—word for word, what Miro had said: "When you have finished look under the pile of stones in the north-east corner."

"When you have finished"—and there were still several rows before Ardilla should have completed her task.

She hesitated for an instant, and her face, which had grown so womanly and strong, took on a more resolute look—how should Ardilla be aware that Miro had only chanced to word his admonition thus, owing to his haste? "When you have finished," were Miro's words, and Ardilla went patiently back to work.

This, to the "new woman" with advanced ideas, may seem an absurd and slavish thing to do. But Ardilla was taught in a wiser and better school than that which evolves the progressive woman of this fin-de-siecle day. She had learned the sweetest lesson ever given woman to learn—the lesson of absolute love—to which obedience comes as naturally as any other expression of a woman's devotion.

(To be continued).

QUERIES ON THE ETERNAL EASTER.

BY ESTHER ROBERTSON.

To us who are still pilgrims and exiles in a strange land, anything, however puerile and fantastic, that professes to give us a glimpse of the fatherland, is eagerly seized, often only to be thrown down again with a sense of sickening disappointment. It was then a real Easter joy to get the "unleavened bread of sincerity and truth" which Donahoe's gave us in the Easter number on the good authority of the Rev. Father Gasson. A taste, however, makes us long for more, and question after question will arise in the heart which is homesick for the Eternal Easter.

Yet, after all, by those who have lived here long enough to have most of their loved ones pass on before them, the question most eagerly asked is: "Where are they?"

The church teaches us that the saints are in heaven; their heaven therefore cannot surely be the one spoken of by the reverend Father, that is to say, this earth. Where then is that heaven where now they wait us in perfect happiness?

A public speaker sometime ago told his audience that all the solar systems resolved around some unknown centre, but what it was the astronomers had, as yet, failed to discover; moreover, these systems did not revolve in a circle, as had been hitherto supposed, but in the form of a cross, and when that was proved the prophecy "Then shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in heaven" would be fulfilled. Can any one tell us if there is any truth in this legend?

Is it not a common belief that the poor souls, who are not yet perfected, are still around here in this world pressing about us as thick as the sands on the sea shore? Why are our thoughts and prayers so irresistibly drawn to them at the sound of the moaning of the wind? Saint aul is authority for calling them "witnesses over our heads," or as another translation has it "Compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses." That they see us is given by the Great Apostle as a motive to incite us to "Lay aside every weight and sin which surrounds us and to run with patience" —ah how much patience!—"the race that is set before us." (Hebrews xii-i.)

We read in the lines of the saints that many of them held constant communion with the souls of the departed; are we then trespassing on forbidden grounds if we pray with hope that sometimes our spiritual eyes and ears may be opened to the spiritual world about us? If the human race has already "through the goodness of God been lifted up to a far higher plane than the purely natural," as the reverend Father tells us, and, "that the crowning glory of this elevation is to consist in the direct and immediate vision of God" may there not be intermediate stages in which we may, while still in the flesh, have the use of our spiritual senses? Do not the signs of the times rather point that way—the interest in psychology shown by those who scorned to believe in the supernatural, not a generation back, the gifts of the great artist Tissot, and such discoveries as the X rays?

One more query: What is the millennium? Is it true that our Lord will come to reign here personally on this earth, once more?

The passion for beauty is inherent

in man but how few amongst us have beautiful bodies, and how many who would gladly lay down their muddy vestments with a sigh of relief that they are to see them no more and have cast them off forever! It is generally supposed that our Lord was beautiful and yet Isaias tells us: "There is no beauty in Him, nor comeliness"; and yet—and yet—"We have seen Him and there was no sightliness that we should be desirous of Him" (Isaias liii-ii). Nay more; because we have borne the garments of unsightliness, infirmities, deformities, so shall our resurrection bodies be the more gifted and beautiful in the Eternal Alleluia?

Since the publication of "The Eternal Easter" by the Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, S. J., we have received many letters asking questions similar to those formulated by our Manchester correspondent.

The appended answers by the reverend writer of the Easter essay that provoked so much thought will interest all readers.—Editor.

QUERIES ON THE ETERNAL EASTER ANSWERED.

BY REV. THOMAS I. GASSON, S.J.

The questions asked in the very appreciative letter from Manchester may be formulated as follows: 1. Since Heaven must be a place, where is its present locality in the astronomical universe? Ans. The Church has never published a guide-book to our abiding-home, and hence we are left to the conjectures of Theologians upon this important subject. Many and various are the views of these learned men, but the larger number incline to the opinion that this place of happiness is to be found at present neither on earth, nor in any of the known stars, but, far beyond all the heavenly bodies, in that untraveled region, known as "the Empyrean." St. Paul, speaking of our Lord's ascension, says: "He ascended above all the heavens in order that he might fill all things." Above the clouds, above the stars, above the most distant planet, far beyond the regions of sight and of telescopic investigation, is the realm, where, according to à Lapide, and other commentators, Christ reigns in the full sunlight of His glory surrounded by the hosts of angels and of saints.

2. May the text Heb. xii.i: "Therefore, we also having so great a cloud of witnesses over our heads . . . ." be interpreted of the souls who have not yet been admitted to the unveiled vision of God?

Ans. à Lapide refers these words to the saints and martyrs, who, having passed to their home in the Empyrean, are literally above our heads, while their noble example hovers around us to spur us on to deeds of like heroism.

3. Do the souls of the departed ever appear to the living?

Ans. The distinguished Doctor of Theology, St. Thomas, teaches that the souls of the departed may, by special dispensation of God, return to this world and manifest themselves to the living. That God allows such manifestations or apparitions is the teaching not only of St. Thomas, but of Card. Bona and of nearly all Theologians who have treated of the intercourse between this world and that of the Spirits.

4. What is the Millenium?

Ans. The Millenium is the personal reign of Christ upon this earth for one thousand years. In the early ages of Christianity there were several writers who asserted that Christ would return

to this earth one thousand years before the general judgment, that the just would then rise from the grave, and that there would ensue a reign of wondrous peace and joy amid scenes of oriental luxury, while the wicked would suffer a complete overthrow. At the end of the millenium, the second resurrection, namely, of the wicked, is to take place, to be followed by the general judgment. Papias, Bishop of Hierapolis in the second century, was an ardent upholder of this doctrine. While these views have not been formally condemned by the Church, it is the general view of Theologians that they cannot be held by loyal Catholics.

5. What is to be said of those prophecies, which represent Christ as a person without beauty or comeliness?

Ans. They refer to our Lord at the time of His passion, when His sacred body was scarred and seamed by the hands of wicked and godless men.

RAINBOWS ON THE HILLS.

BY THOMAS A. WALSH.

Behold yon rainbows on the hills,
So beautiful and bright;
Like pathways into heaven strewn
With violets and light.

Methinks that angels ever fair,
And spirits ever blest;
Pass over them to happy fields
Of everlasting rest.

O'er fairy brooks and meadowlands,
They follow after rain,
Like rosy scenes of Paradise
That follow death and pain.

As deeds of holiness are wrought
In sorrow and in tears;
Those bright creations are begot
Of tempests on the meres.

They are begot, then glorify,
With shining tints of gold,
The falling showers on the fields,
And mists upon the wold.

Or streaming in the firmament
In golden banners blown;
They flutter free in victory
On tempests overthrown.

THE ARCHITECT'S WIFE.

Translated from the Spanish of D. Antonio de Trueba.

BY M. LA FARGE.

If a ninth beatitude could be added to the eight already known, it should be the following: "Blessed are those who marry a prudent wife, for theirs is domestic happiness." And moreover if it were permissible to illustrate the beatitude with historical facts, I would choose for the ninth the following story.

In the middle of the fourteenth century, Don Enrique of Trastamara laid siege to Toledo, which held out obstinately and bravely against him, its inhabitants remaining faithful to that king Don Pedro, the Cruel, sometimes called the Justiciary. More than once the valiant and loyal Toledans crossed over Saint Martin's bridge, one of the most precious architectural jewels that the city possessed, and threw themselves into Don Enrique's camp, situated in the Cigarrales, causing much bloody havoc in the beseiging army.

To prevent a repetition of such onslaughts, Don Enrique resolved to destroy the bridge. As we said, this was the most precious jewel of the many that adorned that city, famous for its martyrs, prelates and cavaliers; but of what value are historical or artistic monuments to the ambitious?

The Cigarrales of Toledo, which owe much of their fame to Tirso and other great poets, are a number of enclosures, surrounding charming pleasurehouses, gardens and small orchards, filled with lovely fruit trees.

One night the leafy trees of the Cigarrales were torn down by Don Enrique's soldiers and piled up under St. Martin's bridge. As the day was beginning to break, a brilliant light appeared, illuminating the devastated gardens, the waters of the Tagus, the ruins of Don Rodrigo's palace, and the little Arabic tower, which even to this day is reflected in the waves of the river. High flames were leaping up over the bridge, and the cracking of the blocks of cut stone, carved by the hand that created the wonders of the Alhambra, seemed like the sad wail of Art oppressed by barbarity.

The Toledans, awakened by the sinister illumination, ran with all speed to save their beautiful bridge from the ruin which was threatening it, but their haste was of no avail, for a frightful crash, resounded from the depths of the Tagus, and told them that the bridge was no more.

Alas, it was too true! When the sun's rays commenced to gild the cupolas of the imperial city, the Toledan maidens went down to the river to draw the crystal waters, but returned with empty pitchers, and hearts full of indignation and sorrow, for the current of the Tagus ran turbid and boiling, dragging into its furious whirlpools the still smoking ruins of St. Martin's bridge.

The anger of the populace was without bounds, for the bridge was their only direct way to that Paradise, called the Cigarrales, which the Arabs had bequeathed to their successors, together with their passion for orchards and gardens. Their courage which was on the point of weakening, received unforseen vigor, and again they made a furious attack on Trastamaro's army and put the besieg-

ers to flight, after the latter had watered the Cigarrales with their blood.

II.

Several years had gone by, since Trastamara had destroyed Saint Martin's bridge. Kings and archbishops had shown great zeal to have it replaced by another equally beautiful and strong, but the genius and perseverance of the best Christian and Arabic architects had not been able to gratify the ardent desire of the Toledans, for the rapid current of the river dragged down beams, scaffolding and masonry before the gigantic arches could be finished. Don Pedro Tenorius, one of those great archbishops to whom Toledo owes as much as to her kings, had sent proclamations throughout the cities and towns of Spain, calling on all architects, who had the ability, to come and rebuild St. Martin's bridge.

One day a man and a woman, quite unknown, entered Toledo by the Cambron gate. They examined the ruins of the bridge and then rented a little uninhabited house not far from that same spot. A few hours later the man was seen walking towards the archiepiscopal palace.

The Archbishop, at that moment, was seated conversing with a number of prelates, scholars and noblemen, who delighted to be with him continuously, because of his learning and holiness. His joy was great when one of the servants came to tell him that an architect had just arrived from some far off country and begged to be allowed to see him. The Archbishop hastened to give an audience to the stranger. He was still young; but deep thought and perhaps misfortune beside, made him appear little less than an old man.

After asking kindly about his health, Don Pedro offered him a seat facing his own.

"Senor," said the stranger, "my name, which must be quite unknown to you, is Juan de Arevalo, and my profession is that of an architect."

"You were attracted here, perchance, by the proclamation that we sent throughout Spain, inviting all architects skilful enough, to come and rebuild our bridge, which in old days joined this illustrious city to the other side of the river?"

"It was this proclamation which brought me to Toledo," said the man.

"Do you know the difficulties that you will encounter in rebuilding the bridge?"

"I do, Senor, but I believe that I am capable of overcoming them."

"Where have you studied?"

"At Salamanca."

"And what are the buildings that testify to your ability?"

"None."

The Archbishop showed his displeasure and mistrust. The stranger noticed it and hastened to add: "I became a soldier during my youth, but sickness obliged me to give up the unhappy life of the army, and returning to my native country, Castilla, I threw myself with ardor into the study of architecture, first working at theory and later construction."

"I regret," said the Archbishop, "that you cannot name one work which would do credit to your intelligence."

"Some do exist over the Douro river that are an honor to those who built them, and in which he who now implores your favor might have his share."

"I do not understand you."

"I was poor and unknown," said the architect, "and I had to struggle along as well as I could to earn my bread and a name. I left the honor to others and was content with the bread."

"Yet it still grieves me that there is no way of knowing that if we can put our confidence in you, we shall not be disappointed."

"I know of one which, I think, would satisfy you."

"What is that?"

"My life," said the man.

"Explain yourself."

"When the centering of the great arch of St. Martin's bridge is taken away, the architect that constructed it will be found standing under the keystone."

"I accept the contract that you propose."

"And I will fulfill it, Senor."

The Archbishop grasped the architect's hand; and displaying visible signs of happiness, Jean directed his steps towards home.

The woman who had come with Arevalo to Toledo, still young and handsome, in spite of the sufferings which had impaired her beauty, was waiting with anxiety at the window, and came out quickly to meet him.

"Catalina, my Catalina!" cried the young man, embracing his wife with joy, "among those monuments that adorn Toledo, there will be one which will go down to posterity bearing the name of Juan de Arevalo.

III.

Approaching the Tagus by those steep rocks and crevices, which in old days formed artificial ravines in Florinda's' gardens, the Toledans could no longer say "Here stood St. Martin's bridge," for yonder over the old ruins, firm and solid in its masonry and beams, was springing up a new one.

The fortunate and clever young architect had been loaded with presents by Don Pedro Tenorius and even the Toledans themselves; for notwithstanding the furious inundations of the river and the daring and magnitude of the work, he had succeeded in joining together the three arches of the bridge.

On the vigil of the feast of San Ildefonso, patron of the city, Juan de Arevalo announced to the Archbishop that to finish his work he needed but to take away the centering of the three arches, the hollows of which were filled with immense strong scaffoldings of pine.

The joy of the Archbishop and the people was great. Separating the scaffoldings and centering on which that enormous mass of delicately worked masonry leant, would be indeed a fearful test; but the calm with which the architect was awaiting that terrible ordeal, bound as he was to stand beneath the central arch, inspired everyone with confidence. The solemn blessing and opening of the bridge was announced for the next day, to be accompanied by prayers and a ringing of all the church bells in Toledo; and the people from the heights looking upon the bed of the Tagus, gazed with joy and emotion at their beautiful Cigarrales, that had remained for so many years, sad, solitary and almost abandoned, and on the morrow would renew their old animation and loveliness.

Towards evening, Juan de Arevalo climbed up the scaffolding to the central arch to see that all was right for the next day's trial. He sang gaily as he surveyed his work, but suddenly his song ceased, the joy fled from his face and he turned towards his home, his heart filled with sorrow and dismay. His wife, Catalina, all happiness and love ran out to meet him, but a dreadful pallor crept over her countenance when she beheld her husband.

"My God," she exclaimed—"are you ill?"

"No, dear Catalina!" Juan answered, seeking to hide his anxiety.

"There is no need of denying it, your face reveals it."

"The evening is damp, and the work has been excessive," answered her husband.

"Come, let's go into the house, where perhaps rest and supper will give you back your strength and happiness."

"Ah, happiness!" murmured Juan with a deep sigh; his wife meanwhile preparing the supper over a fire in which dry sticks of oak were burning. He made a great effort to overcome his sadness and his want of appetite, but it was of no avail.

"For the first time in your life, you

are hiding some anxiety from me" said Catalina. "Is it because I am no longer worthy of the confidence and love you have always bestowed upon me?"

"Catalina, do not make it worse by doubting my love for you."

"There can be no love, where there is no confidence!"

"It is only out of regard for your welfare and mine that I hide my secret from you."

"Your secret is a heavy sorrow and I would know it so that I may help you to bear it."

"That is impossible" answered her husband.

"For a love such as mine for you, there are no impossibilities."

"Well then, tomorrow the bridge that I have built with so many hopes, with so much love, will be swept into the river and with it I shall lose my honor and my life!"

"No, no!" exclaimed Catalina, stretching her arms toward her husband, with intense love and hiding within her breast the grief that the revelation caused her.

"It is true, for just at the moment when my success was so near at hand, I discovered that an error in my calculations would tomorrow plunge into the Tagus, the bridge and him who had designed and built it."

"The bridge may be beneath the waves, my love, but not you, for I will go on my knees to the Cardinal to release you from your horrible promise."

"It would be useless for you to ask. Even were he to grant your favor, I do not care for life without honor."

"Then life with honor, you shall have" said the woman resolutely.

IV.

The cocks were crowing.

Catalina, to all appearances was sleeping, and her husband overcome by sorrow and fatigue, had fallen into a slumber, disturbed by horrid dreams. But Catalina was awake and was getting out of bed, hardly daring to breathe, so great was her fear of making a noise. She went into the kitchen, turned toward the window, which faced the river, opened it and looked out. The night was very dark, but from time to time flashes of lightning lit up the sky. From the bed of the Tagus no sound was to be heard save the current of the river and the wind which whistled round the scaffolding of the bridge. Very gently Catalina closed the window. Among the half burning logs in the hearth, she chose one and went out with it into the street, still holding her breath.

Where was she going? Did she carry that burning stick to light her way through the dense obscurity that seemed to envelop her? In spite of the darkness, and most hazardous feat of passing at night over the country through which she was going, Catalina was careful to hide under the cloak she wore, the light which would save her from falling into one of the many deep crevices she encountered, with a courage incredible in one so frail.

After much fatigue and difficulty the bridge was finally reached. In and out of its arches blew the wind and between the buttresses roared the river, angry at the obstruction from which Trastamara had once freed it, and so many times had itself been able to overthrow. On approaching the bridge Catalina could not suppress a shudder of horror. Perhaps it was because she looked down on the water raging below, or because her hand, accustomed only to do good, held at that moment a light which meant destruction. It might have been a sudden terrific clap of thunder, which resounded through the night, or yet perhaps, because she knew that in eyes of those who do not understand what sacrifices love can make, it would seem that wickedness alone had brought her there.

Fanning in the air, the brand, which until then she had kept so carefully hidden, she applied it to the scaffold-

ing. The resinous pine commenced to burn, and the flame, urged by the wind, climbed immediately to the centering, wrapping it round with alarming rapidity. With the flashes of lightning and the flames of the now burning arches to see her way Catalina braved once more the space which separated her from her home. Returning, she again opened and shut the door without noise.

Her husband was still sleeping.

In the meantime the fire was bursting asunder, with terrific reports, the immense cut stones of Saint Martin's bridge. In a few moments throughout the city could be heard a low prolonged murmur, and a hundred bells rang out the lugubrious alarm of fire. This was followed by a loud crash, which drew from the Toledans a cry of sorrow similar to that which they had uttered when their bridge had fallen a victim to Don Enrique's incendiary torch.

Juan de Arevalo awoke terrified. His wife lay beside him and seemed still asleep. He rose and looked out hurriedly. He was about to rush into the street, when he realized with joy that the fire had destroyed the bridge and the river had submerged it.

The Archbishop, as well as the Toledans, attributed the conflagration to accident or to fire from heaven, and if their sorrow was deep, it was made much more so, by the thought of despair which they believed must fill the soul of the architect, at the loss of what to him would have been a great triumph. But Juan de Arevalo, who had always been meritorious, and who believed that the good obtain the protection of God, never doubted for a moment that the bridge was destroyed by lightning.

Catalina said she was of the same opinion.

God grant the woman's lie may be forgiven, for by it she had saved her husband's life and honor.

The burning of the new bridge only postponed for one year, Arevalo's triumph; on the following feast day of San Ildefonso, the Toledans passed over by Saint Martin's bridge into their beautiful Cigarrales.

The Archbishop, Don Pedro Tenorius, placing at his right, the young architect, in whose honor he was giving a splendid banquet, said to Catalina: "It is necessary for others to try three times before they succeed, but for your husband and our dear friend Juan de Arevalo, twice was enough."

LOVE.

BY H. F. B.

Tell me not of golden skies,
Maiden's smiles and laughing eyes,
Unrequited lover's sighs:
    Is that love?

Tell me of created clay,
Doomed to die and mourn for aye,
Then a Christ, a thorn-strewn way:
    That is love!

A SELLER OF LAVENDER.

BY MARY ONAHAN GALLERY.

It was a frosty night in midwinter. The theatres were just out and chattering, laughing crowds were bundling themselves up in wraps and furs as they hastened to their cars. Some, the younger and gayer, were debating a choice of oyster houses, while waiting groups in the foyers, resplendent in diamonds and satin, signalled to noisy coachmen struggling with prancing teams.

A young man pushed his way through the crowd, a bright-faced girl leaning upon his arm. There was something about them—one could scarce say what—which whispered of romance and love. Maybe it was that light "which never was on land or sea."

As they crossed the street an old man approached them. His form was bowed and thinly clad, but in his faded blue eyes was an individuality, pathetic but brave, which held even the hurrying passerby.

"Will you buy some lavender?" he asked as he opened a small leather satchel which hung strapped to his shoulder. Lavender! It called up visions of fragrant woods, of English hillsides aglow with purple and with rose, wafted by the magic of a word into the midst of this shivering city scene.

The figure, the request, the hour, perhaps the love and happiness in their own hearts made the young couple turn to look at him.

"It is very late for you to be out selling," said the girl kindly.

"Ah, yes," said the old man in a voice which bespoke culture above the peddler class, "but I've made only thirty cents today, and I want to sell more before I go home."

"Thirty cents isn't much for a long day's work. How long have you been at it?" asked the young man.

"Oh, these five years now—since I lost my place in the railroad. You know they have no use for old men there any more."

A whole volume of corporation heartlessness was told in the words, of the turning away of old and faithful employees, pensionless, often penniless, when their terms of usefulness had been outlived, but there was neither bitterness nor reproach in the voice that told the story.

"Oh, yes, Miss, I get along all right," he said, turning again to the girl. "You see I've only myself," this with a touch of wistfulness, but brightening as he added, "myself, and my dog. Sport is at home today. He's got a lame leg, but we get on all right when the lavender sells."

The young man at an appealing look from the girl was struggling to get at his pocket. "I'll take a quarter's worth," she said, with that gay audacity which girls can sometimes show when spending the money of an admiring young man.

"Why, that's more lavender than I've got left," said the old man as he gazed at the coin which had been promptly produced.

"Well, I'll take all the lavender and then you can give me something else." Plainly this was the heyday of Love.

"I've nothing else, Miss,—nothing at all to give you,—except," he added quickly, with a glance at the

youthful pair, "except my blessing, my blessing to both."

"That's worth as much as the lavender," said the young man laughingly as he dropped the quarter into the empty bag and the girl stowed away the lavender in her muff."

"Good-bye," she nodded, rosier now than ever, to the stooped old figure on the corner, as her lover helped her on the waiting car, but they neither of them caught the murmur that came back, "Blessing on ye both!"

Three weeks afterwards a pretty little church was aglow with lights and flowers. The organ was playing softly a wedding march as a young and radiant pair stood before the altar and plighted their solemn troth. As they turned to come down the aisle joy and good wishes beamed upon them from every side, but there was one blessing, unheard by human ears, which seemed to ring truer than all the rest.

The old lavender seller lay dead only a few squares away in a garret in one of the city's slums, his dog whining piteously beside his outstretched form. But as the wedded pair stepped from out the portal of the church, was it the winter air that whispered to them, or some spirit that lingered near? "Blessing on ye both," —the words had the fragrance of lavender and the voice was that of an old, old man.

LIFE AND LOVE.

BY DANIEL J. DONAHOE.

I walk abroad
  At the birth of day;
The earth is wild
  With the joys of May.

The flowerets shine
  On the meadows green,
And swallows dart
  Through the skies serene.

A thousand songs
  From the world arise;
Their mirth ascends
  Through the stainless skies.

And mad with life
  And with love afire,
I add a voice
  To the tuneful choir.

THE RHYTHM OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

TRANSLATED BY S. L. EMERY.

Devoutly I adore Thee, God who hidest Thee!
Here, beneath these figures, hiding verily.
When I contemplate Thee, all else fades away;
So my whole heart humbly yields unto Thy sway.

Sight, touch, taste, they fail me, at Thy altar-throne;
Safely I believe Thee by the ear alone.
I believe whatever said the Son of God.
Nought more true than Thou art, O incarnate Word!

On the cross lay hidden only Deity;
Here lies hidden also the Humanity.
Yet in both believing, both acknowledging,
Seek I what the contrite thief sought, sorrowing.

Wounds once seen by Thomas, here I do not see;
But, my God! like Thomas, I cry out to Thee.
Grant I may believe Thee more and more alway,
Hope in Thee, and love Thee beyond words to say.

Of Christ's death memorial, till our Judge we face!
Living Bread, life-giving to the human race!
Grant my mind may ever live, O Lord! on Thee;
Ever taste the sweetness hidden here for me.

Pelican love-wounded! Jesu, Lord and God!
Me unclean, ah! cleanse me, in Thy precious Blood,
Whereof but one drop, if given to save our race,
Could from every sin cleanse all men by its grace.

Jesu, to Whom veilèd, now I lift my gaze,
What I thirst for sorely, grant through endless days,
That Thy face unveilèd may to me be shown
In beatific vision at Thy glorious throne!

O good Jesu! Pastor of faithful ones!
Augment the faith of all Thy believing ones.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Bossuet's sermons on the Blessed Virgin have been translated into English by F. M. Capes and published under the title of "Bossuet on Devotion to the Blessed Virgin." The translator has not attempted a literal or consecutive translation of the sermons, as they stand, but has selected and combined from the twenty sermons which the great French orator preached on this subject, thus avoiding repetitions and giving us the substance of the eloquent preacher's thoughts. No one can read these admirable discourses without realizing the masterly grasp of France's greatest pulpit orator, his keen reasoning power and the clear, strong presentation of doctrinal truth in which he excelled all his contemporaries. There is a solidity and strength in these discourses which it would be hard to equal. He lays the foundations of his argument with singular force and power, and upon this secure groundwork rears a stately argumentation which convinces while it elicits our admiration. What one particularly notices in these sermons is the great divine's profound knowledge of the Sacred Scriptures and the singularly felicitous way in which he applies the texts of Holy Scripture to the matter in hand. We feel this singular power everywhere throughout these discourses and wonder if we have ever seen a series of sermons on the Blessed Virgin in which Scripture is quoted with such abundance and such aptness to prove our Lady's prerogatives. The first sermon of the series is fundamental, and a quotation from it will show the preacher's strong and striking way of stating truth: "We Christians adore but one God; single, omnipotent, creator and dispenser of all things; in whose name we are consecrated at baptism; and in whom alone we recognize absolute sovereignty, unlimited goodness, and perfect fulness of Being. We honor the Blessed Virgin and the Saints, not by a worship of necessary service, or by subjection—for, in the order of religion, we are free as regards creatures, and subject only to God—but by an honor of brotherly love and fellowship. In them, we pay homage to the wonders worked 'by the right hand of the Most High'; we revere the communication to them of His grace—the diffusion, through them, of His glory. In short, what we honor in them is the very fact of their dependence on that Primary Being to Whom alone our true worship relates; the sole principle of all good, and the end of all our desires, as of theirs. We must, then, entirely repudiate the fear that the glory of God can be diminished by our conceiving high notions of Mary and the Saints. Would it not be attributing miserable weakness to the Creator to imagine Him jealous of His own gifts and of the light He sheds on His creatures? Just as well might we expect the sun, if he had life, to be jealous of the moon, who shines merely by reflection of his own rays. No matter how highly we may honor Mary's perfections, Jesus Christ could not possibly envy her, seeing that He is Himself the source of every grace she possesses." These striking discourses deserve wide recognition for their argumentative value and the clear and forcible way in which the Catholic doctrine concerning the Blessed Virgin is put forth. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., $1.00.

The value of sound ethical principles to regulate conduct to secure the just operation of laws and to promote a wise public policy has always been acknowledged; but, just at this time, when economic questions are becoming so complex and we are confronted with new and trying problems it becomes a matter of supreme importance that our reasonings should take their rise from true principles, and that our conduct should conform to sound moral teaching. For this reason, the appearance of "Natural Law and Legal Practice," by Rev. Rene I. Holaind, S. J., is very opportune, and should prove helpful not only to law students, for whom the lectures contained in this volume were written, but to all who are interested in the solution of the social and political problems which confront modern society. There are so many systems of morality, each claiming to be true, that a book such as the one before us, which examines the ground of each and tests its value, becomes indispensable to one who wishes to know the true sources from which springs all jurisprudence. The true source of law should be ascertained, for this becomes a

vital question because of the important consequences which follow. To build upon a false system begets false jurisprudence, opens the door to false economics and perturbs the whole social order. The importance of the present volume may, therefore, be readily perceived, dealing, as it does, with the fundamentals upon which all law and authority rest. The author follows the approved scholastic method and deduces his conclusions with logical exactness and clearness. But, though adhering to the scholastic system, he shows a wide acquaintance with modern systems and theories bearing on the subject and examines the grounds of each, pointing out its weakness and the untenable consequences which would follow from its adoption. Thus we are shown the fallacy underlying utilitarianism in general, and a clear exposition and refutation of the utilitarianism of Huxley, Austin, Bentham, Mill and Spencer follow in order. Nor is the author content with examining the fundamental tenets of modern philosophers, but he boldly grapples with modern social phenomena and lays down the principles which ought to be observed in determining whether they violate justice or may receive moral approval. By this way of treatment we are brought into contact with many modern problems, which have projected themselves into modern life and are calling for solution. The subject of trusts, of combination on the part of labor, of strikes, of the boycott—all are treated with that judicial temper characteristic of the author, and with a due regard to the fundamental principles of right and wrong and give us some idea of the practical value of the book. The rights of property, the power of taxation, questions of first importance in these times, receive just and adequate treatment from the hands of the author. The right of the man, the family and the commonwealth, their relations one to another, the source from which they spring, the ruinous consequences which follow from accepting a false philosophical basis for them—what could be more interesting and valuable than a discussion of these all-important issues? The intimate bond between true fundamental principles and the course of legal procedure through the application of the many laws which spring from them is also clearly shown and one is brought to see the importance of holding sound philosophical principles as the only hope of solving the various problems which complex modern life is bringing before the tribunal of public opinion and the legal courts of the land. These timely and important discussions on questions, which at present engross the attention of all, who are looking into the future, should be read and pondered by all who wish to see justice triumph and sound principles prevail. The book is well gotten up by the publishers, the side notes in heavy print giving a digest of what is treated in each paragraph being especially valuable. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros., $1.75.

Reminiscences are always interesting; but when these are of a man who has traveled much and met many famous men there is an added element of interest and instruction. Of this nature are the reminiscences of Rev. George W. Pepper, which he has published under the suggstive title of "Under Three Flags." The author is a man widely known for his eloquent espousal of the cause of Ireland, a minister of the Methodist persuasion, a man of fervid utterance, who has appeared before many audiences in the United States and Canada and even in Ireland, the land of his birth, and has ever given expression to the strong convictions which held supremacy in his soul. He is a lover of liberty and a foe of injustice. He tells the story of his life in this interesting volume—interesting because it is the life of a strong man and the personal note is everywhere present. Born in Ireland, he came to America and for years has been a Methodist minister in Ohio. He was a chaplain during the civil war, was United States consul at Milan during the administration of President Harrison, and has been for a number of years a prominent figure upon the public platform. He writes with vividness and power; and he writes from his personal experience—and this constitutes the charm and value of his book. During his experience as chaplain in the army he had an opportunity of meeting and hearing many of the great Union generals; during his consulate at Milan he met many famous Americans, notably James G. Blaine, and had the opportunity of hearing the famous Italian preacher, Fra Agostino da Montefeltro; during the presidential campaigns he came in contact with the great Republican leaders, while in his travels through Europe he heard Gladstone, Parnell and the principal English and Irish members of Parliament speak in the House of Commons, he heard Manning preach, and listened to some of the famous English Protestant pulpit orators, including the mighty Spurgeon. One can

imagine, then, what a singularly interesting volume these reminiscences are, in which, in his vivid way, the author details his varied experiences, his impressions of the many public men with whom he was brought into contact, and his thoughts upon the great questions which have been to the forefront in America and England during the last forty years. Cincinnati: Curtis & Jennings, $2.50.

"The Philosophy of Literature," by Brother Azarias, is too well known to need extended notice. In it, in his charming and inimitable way, Azarias lays down the philosophical principles upon which all true literature must rest, and in a brief and graphic summary traces the history of English literature from its origin to the present time, showing especially how it has been influenced by the different systems of thought through which it has passed. A new edition, well printed and neatly bound has just been issued by the well known Philadelphia firm of John Jos. McVey. Philadelphia: $1.00.

We welcome the appearance of a new edition of "Pictorial Lives of the Saints." This is an abridged editon of Butler's "Lives of the Saints," and the editing was done by John Gilmary Shea, which is a guarantee of the correctness and merit of the work. The type is large and readable and there are nearly four hundred illustrations. It is a book which should find a place in every Catholic household. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros., $1.00.

"An Easter Lily" is a collection of short stories for the young by M. C. H. The stories are charmingly told and hold up to the young the best ideals of life. Many of them are extremely touching and call forth the best feelings of the heart. Such stories should be put into the hands of the young, that their noblest sentiments may be stirred and their generous impulses awakened. We welcome this little book as eminently fitted to implant in the heart of the young a love for noble and generous action and to inspire resolve which makes for high endeavor. It is published by the Working Boys' Home Press, of that admirable institution the Working Boys' Home Industrial School, Newton Highlands, a branch of the Working Boys' Home, Bennet street, Boston, and is a splendid specimen of typographical work. The proceeds resulting from the sale of this book are for the benefit of the Home. Its price is fifty cents. It may be obtained at the Home on Bennet street, or by addressing Rev. John F. Ford, Box 5293, Boston, Mass. Working Boys' Home Press.

From the time that Mrs. George Riversdale makes her appearance in the drawing room of Mrs. Hurstmonceaux' London residence to the eventful day when conscience conquers and she bids the tempter depart never to darken her doors again this central figure of "One Poor Scruple" holds the readers' close attention. In the opening chapter one inclines to agree with her so-called friend that hers is "a thin little soul," but as the story progresses depths of character are revealed. In the scenes with the old squire and his daughter Mary, Madge is at her best; she permits her womanliness to appear. Her love for her dead baby is a saving influence, and the memory of the convent training of her early years is strong upon her in moments of spiritual danger. The author accomplishes much good in keeping the Catholic purpose of her book ever in view, even in the scenes where the shallow characters, and they are many, seem to exert most influence. One is rather reluctant to meet so many unprincipled people in a Catholic novel. There is little to be gained by knowing such characters as Lord Bellasis, Mark Fieldes, the plotting Laura, and the unfortunate Cecilia. Miss Rupert's manners would scarcely be pardoned outside of the most primitive civilization, yet Mrs. Wilfrid Ward offers no apology for introducing her in the act of drying her muddy shoes at the drawing room grate. "Now is it quite dry?" she asks, kicking her shoe off in the direction of Marmaduke, who feels the sole and pronounces it to be quite dry. If the plot could have been developed without Cecilia (and why not?) the effect would be better. There is neither pleasure nor profit in her company, and her gruesome death is sensational enough to close a dime novel. But why dwell on what is after all the least important part of the story?

It is a relief to turn to the drawing room at Skipton and the family gathered there. Here are found high ideals even though the mistress may, by some, be deemed narrow. The character of Mary Riversdale gives strength and beauty to the tale. In depicting the awakening of a young girl's soul and its response at the Master's call, Mrs. Ward shows rare insight into the workings of that higher nature which seeks solace in the spiritual. There is nothing finer in the book than the chapter recounting Mary's visit to London and her interview with Madge, when she makes known to the latter her intention of becoming a Sister of Charity. In her simple way she tells how the message came to her, and, listening, Madge is profoundly moved by the contrast with her own sinful purpose.

The book is a valuable addition to the list of Catholic novels inasmuch as it shows the unflinching attitude of the Church on the question of divorce and the reflex influence of this firmness on even such a worlding as Madge with her yearning for wealth and social preferment.

The portrait of the priest, Father Gabriel, is admirably drawn, and there are other instances of character sketching that speak for the author's keen observation and skill in portrayal. Longmans, Green & Co. Price $1.50.

With the alluring words "Tiverton has breezy upland roads and damp, sweet valleys," Miss Alice Brown introduces us to her "Tiverton Tales." Very simple are they and very homely, but sweet with the fragrance of simple living, and strong in human interest. The author creates very lovable women, though one is tempted to wish that less repression controlled their lives. Imagine a mother possessed of "a perpetual appetite for joy" and meeting no response in her two grave children or from their father, who had never learned to smile. "What under the sun did you do that for?" he asked, when he saw the croquet wickets she had fashioned from withes. "The young ones wouldn't turn their hand over for't. They ain't big enough."

"Well, I be," said Della briefly. "Don't you drive over 'em."

And he didn't, a concession for which one feels personal gratitude.

The farmer who farms, through relentless circumstances, while nature fitted him to be a tradesman, would have our pity were it not that his happy philosophy lifts him above it. He is everlastingly "swapping and bargaining," and the children riot among his useless possessions. Miss Brown makes us see them taking entertaining journeys in the mouldy old chaise, or enduring Siberian nights of sleighing and throwing out their helpless dolls to the pursuing wolves, while the boys, on traffic intent, drive clamorously a three-wheeled express down an imaginary road.

The yard is replete with dramatic possibilities. There is a fine flight of fancy in the dream of the little boy who saw caraway cookies "a-growin' and a-blowin' " in the bushes over his head, an illusion he lovingly cherished through mature years.

Very little sentiment is apparent in "A March Wind," but the sympathetic reader divines that it has been repressed through respect for local traditions, and is content when misunderstandings are half explained away. The fulness of reconciliation is expressed in the words, "I ain't had a mite o' dinner. Nor you! An' Rosie didn't eat her pie. You blaze up the fire, an' I'll fry some eggs."

That wives in Tiverton yielded to a temptation common to wives in other towns is naively made known by Debby, the little old woman whose carpet bag held many a treasure. "I should like a mite o' pork," she said, lowering her voice and glancing at the barn. "I s'pose ye don't want him to know."

"Do you suppose I'd do anything that David can't hear?" asked Letty, the young wife.

"Law, I didn't know," said Debby. "Mis' Peleg Chase, she gin me a beef bone t'other day, an' she says, 'Don't ye tell him!' An' Mis' Squire Hill gin me a pail o' lard, but she hid it under the fence an' made me come for it after dark. I dunno how you're goin' to get along with men folks if ye offer them the whip-hand. They'll take it anyways."

With a fine sense of the fitness of things Miss Brown so arranges her tales that we meet her characters first in the door-yards where their childhood's wanderings began, and then are induced to follow them out into the wider world, even to Tiverton and Sudleigh and far-away Saltash, where blue-eyed Laurie, so luckless in love, kept his music store, and finally we gather with them in the hillside burying ground, where the breeze brings to us the honey of the milk-weed and wild rose and a Christmas tang of the evergreens just below. The epitaphs are distracting, and in studying their odd phrasing and quaint conceits we lose consciousness of our solemn environment and are even tempted to laugh as the local historian of Tiverton draws our attention to the resting place of Desire Baker, and points to the astounding inscription, "The First Woman. She made the journey to Boston. By Stage." This is a trophy of the stone-cutters' art in those early colonial days.

Miss Brown has proved herself an able artist in depicting country life. Her pictures are portraits and form a valuable addition to the work of Miss Wilkins and other writers who have made New England a special study.

The book is handsomely gotten up, leaving nothing to be desired in clear type, good paper and artistic finish. The color scheme and design of the cover are tastefully executed in gold and a restful tint of green.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, $1.50.

QUESTION BOX.

Two questions presented last month by "Catholic Youth" remain unanswered. 1. Were the Church dignitaries and officials (at the time of the Reformation) as corrupt as Protestant historians insinuate? 2. What books treating on the Reformation and kindred topics would you recommend to the average Catholic reader?

1. We deem it important to remind our enquirer that the presence of scandals in the Church does not militate against the Divine origin and keeping of the Church. There have been always scandalous persons found in God's church, and when such exist even among the dignitaries and officials she has only to recall that there was a Judas among the twelve apostles chosen by Christ Himself. Nay, she does not conceal the sad fact that Peter, her visible head, was guilty of a grievous denial of his Master. She proclaims the teaching of the Divine Teacher, announcing that human nature is ever going in the ways of sin, and affording cause for scandal. And then she sets to work to denounce sin, and the deeds and the lives of scandal, threatening woe that never ends to the unrepentant, offering pardon and reconciliation to the penitent who may have been guilty of even the most grievous sins.

We say, in the second place, that historians, inimical to the Church, have not only grossly exaggerated the wickedness in high places, but have sought to impress on their readers that the Church was guilty by silence, or connivance, or even by internal corruption, of such deplorable conduct. And so, we say to "Catholic Youth," that scandals did exist in the Church at the time of Luther's revolt, that they were not in any manner so widespread or so incurable as some historians declare, that the Church was then fighting against them, as she had ever faithfully fought and resisted them in preceding centuries; that she had grandly progressed in overcoming not only much of the former wickedness, but in eliminating its powerful causes, that the remedy was in her hands, the power and help of God entrusted to her keeping and use, that no external and violent reform could hope to do what her patient and persevering and heaven-directed discipline was doing, and that, if there had been no Luther and no "reformation," the true reform by the Church herself would long since have brought to earth the blessings of heaven which Luther's rebellion made impossible.

If today a case of yellow fever or of small pox appears in one of our large cities, the physicians set to work to learn its origin, so far as possible, while they spare no pains to prevent the spreadng of the dread malady. They do not say the patient or his family has been guilty of bringing this sickness into the community. They do not regard the case as likely to stand in absolute isolation, but to have relations to germs perhaps from some distance. Now, the Protestant historian is different from the physician. There is an evil in the church; therefore the Church brought it there. A member of the Church is infected with spiritual malady; the whole wide-world family of the Church is to blame, and is to share the odium of the pestilence. Never mind the cause of the evil life of the individual, never mind his own passions, nor the bad influences of persons high in political influence. This evil person is in the Church, he is even high in position. He is not to blame; kings and princes who, despite protest and rebuke and anger of the Church, have compassed his elevation to high places are not to blame; the Church, and the Church alone, is to blame. She is corrupt, degraded, more wicked than Babylon.

We knew a physician, who, during the prevalence of typhoid fever in a town, expressed with disgust his opinion, that "only dirty people have typhoid." Soon after he became the victim of the disease and, on his recovery, felt obliged to depart for regions unknown, in order to escape the sarcasm and jeers of his fellow-physicians. Many a Protestant historian has proclaimed himself as like to this haughty fellow, and many another Protestant historian has been obliged to set forth the venom, and to point out the falsehood of the calumniators of the Church.

To reason aright on the condition of affairs in the Church during the Middle Ages it is necessary to go back even to the incoming of the wild and strong barbarians who overthrew the Roman Empire, who became amalgamated with the Latin race, and who were themselves

won to the recognition of the religion of Christ, and to obey His Church. The winning and the civilizing of these warriors was a slow, and often a thankless, process. In the formation of European society the Popes were obliged to take an active and a leading part. Had they failed to do this, as no other guiding and ruling force was at hand, discord and anarchy, bringing destruction to embryo states, would have resulted. It is to the credit not to the condemnation of the Popes, it is to the glory not to the dishonor of the Church, that the spiritual force did not shrink in the emergency, but boldly assumed the responsibility of controlling rude and untaught natures, even to the formation and upbuilding of temporal dynasties.

In the vast work in which the Popes found themselves involved, human passions were not dormant. From the petty feudal despot even to the lordly emperor, the tendency was of might to assert dominion. And history's uniform testimony proves that the Popes were nearly always on the side of virtue against vice, declaring for justice and equity, and maintaining the rights of the weak and oppressed against angered and relentless tyrants. Thus the Church was carrying out her mission, and maintaining her own free and independent action in the midst of lawlessness and in the very turmoil of seething human passions. What the world possesses today of order, of discipline, of governmental control she owes to the steadfast and energetic and Christian action of the Popes of Rome.

The kings and emperors of the days we are speaking of ill brooked an interference with their power. And too often they looked with fierce hatred upon the churchmen who sought to control their actions. The Church was obliged to dismay them on extraordinary occasions with the most terrible of her punishments, and to make them realize through their people that the spiritual arm extends further and strikes harder than the temporal.

The kings and emperors sought an entrance into the affairs of the Church because it seem suited to their purposes that they should possess lands and bishops. And great, intense and bitter was the resultant struggle. Protestant historians have failed to grasp the importance of this conflict, or to understand that the Church was contending for the very vital principle of her own freedom, and for the exclusion from high places of the unworthy and the corrupt. Because a Pope, like Gregory VII, maintained the rights of the Church against the headstrong and faithless Henry IV of Germany, Protestant historians have denounced him, have sought to surround his name with scorn, referring to him as the Monk Hildebrand. And, because the evils in high places came from the introduction of unworthy pastors and bishops into these places by the strong arm of the temporal power, the Protestant historian loves to denounce the Church as being not divine, as having fallen away from her earlier mission, as having lost from view the importance of morality. We remember to have read somewhere in the Gospel that the Jews condemned St. John the Baptist for being a man of fasting, and to have found fault with Jesus, the great Teacher in their midst, because he attended some feasts. There are people ready to blame any one and anything. There are historians who know that all the Church does, or has done, or will do, must of necessity be wrong. Gibbon and Robertson are of this description.

The Church opposed the interference of kings and emperors in spiritual affairs. But the lawless passions of strongly entrenched rulers could not always be held in complete check. And the Popes, despite themselves, and to prevent even greater and more wide-spread injury were at times forced to yield assent to the choice of worldly sovereigns. Thus unworthy, irreligious men were here and there, and at the behest of their masters, kings and emperors, elevated to exalted positions in the Church. Such men gave scandal, great scandal as history records. But the times and conditions of affairs are to blame, and the action of the Popes who combatted the evil is to be observed and commended. We are too prone to put our own estimate on everything pertaining to the past. And we forget that the age of the railroad, the steamboat and telegraph has summary methods of communication and reform denied to the days of the courier and his horse.

2. Any Catholic Church History. For one who has time and devotion to study Janssens' will be most satisfying. A book full of information in its matter and fascinating in its form is Spalding's History of the Protestant Reformation. Parson's Studies in Church History is a book to be much recommended. And, when a Catholic is well grounded in the facts, when he knows the true course of events before and at the time of the Reformation he will be able to read many of the Protestant historians with profit, and to separate theory and surmise from the events.

THE END OF SUMMER.

Donahoe's Magazine.

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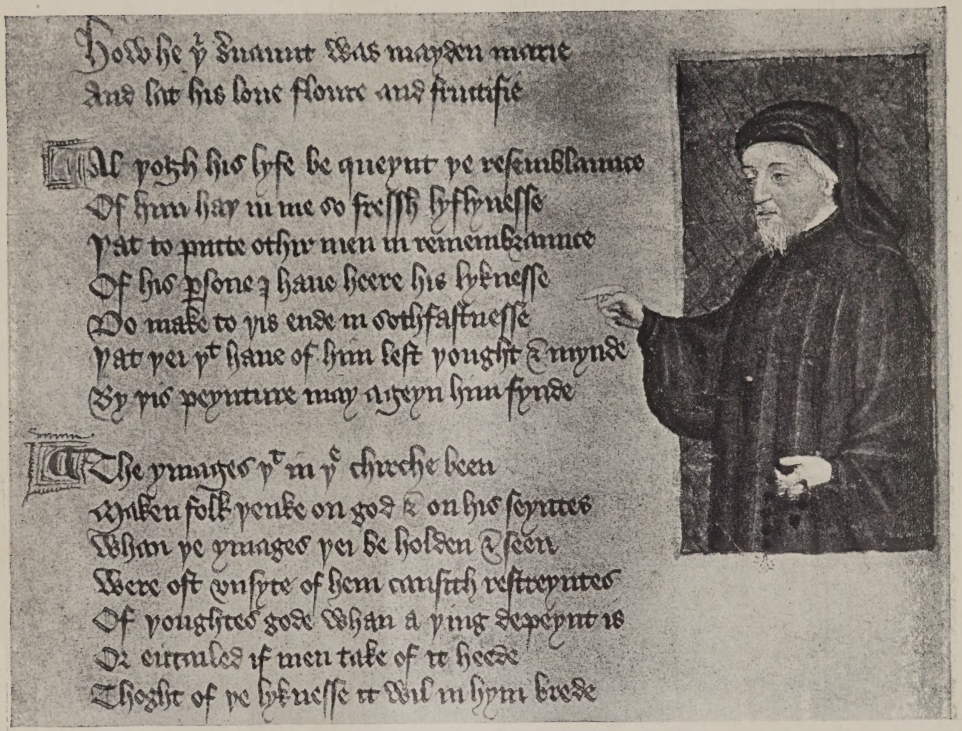
A BIRTHDAY.

September 8.

BY F. X. EMMET.

Stately and tall, September's gorgeous flowers
Light up the garden-glooms, as great stars light the sky.
Stately and tall, a fairer flower than they,
Queen of them all, my Lady standeth nigh.
Heeds she their loveliness? or,—pure heart fixt elsewhere!
Doth she Invisible Beauty glorify?

But, calm and fair, still the September flowers
Light up the garden-glooms, whether she heed or no;
And, wonderous fair, my Lady standeth there,
Queen of us all, because God made her so.
Heeds she our lowliness? Ah, pure heart fixt elsewhere!
All thy God loves, thou lovest, here below.


Hoow he ȳ Dunnut was mayden marie
And his his lone floure and fruitfie
Al yoth his lyfe be queynt ye resemblaunce
Of him hay in me so fressh lyfhnesse
yat to purte othir men in remembraunce
Of his psone I haue heere his lyknesse
Do make to ys ende in oothfastnesse
yat yei yt haue of him left yonghte & mynde
By his peynture may ayeyn him fynde
The ymages yt in ȳ churche been
Waken folk yenke on god & on his seyntes
Whan ye ymages yei be holden & seen
Were oft ensyte of hem enstith restreynte
Of yonghtes gode Whan a ying sepeynt is
Or cirtules if men take of it heede
Thoghte of ye lyknesse it Wil in hym brede

The famous portrait of Chaucer, given in the margin of a Ms.

OLD TIME FAVORITES.

BY BEATRICE OULTON.

They are "goodlie companie," those "ditees and songes and storyes" recounting happenings grave and gay and fantasms of a past so remote that the wonder is time has not effaced all knowledge of them. Five hundred years ago Chaucer wrote his Canterbury Tales, and yet, to-day, as we take up our modernized version, the Pilgrim train sweeps in once more through the great gateway of the Tabard inn of Southwark town, Knight and Friar and Nun, the Squire, the Man of Law, the confident Wife of Bath—representatives of nearly every walk in life—all are there. Leaning from the balustrade is the great poet-pilgrim himself, and in the doorway stands "the seemly hoste; bold of his speech and wise and well taught" and withal "a right merry man." Dismounting, the Knight leads the way up the gallery stair, and, yielding to the spell of his presence, we concede him high place as an exemplar of the gentleness and power of chivalry. He is indeed "a very perfect gentle Knight." With him comes the Prioress, stately in mien, beautiful of face, and intellectual—as witness her fair brow, "a spanne broad."

In marked contrast to the Nun's severe garb is the flaunting attire of the Wife of Bath, who wears a petticoat

of blue, a scarlet surtout, and a black hat "as broad as a buckler or a targe."

Passing over the supper with its many dishes, some burning as with wild-fire, others gaily painted and tur-

tale, with its lesson of faith and love, is of all the collection the one most favored as the theme of brush and pen. The little lad who so loved "Christe's moder" is very real to us, though cen-

" . . . and when that I had sung,
Methought she laid a grain under my tongue."

reted with paper, we gather eagerly to the later feast when the train rides forth again, and the Pilgrims, at the suggestion of the Host, tell tales of "adventures that have them befell."

It is worthy of note that the Prioress'

turies have elapsed since he conned his little primer in the school for Christian folks in "a citie of Asia." His sweet, earnest face with its rapt expression looks out from the pages recording his tender devotion, and his voice is heard

learning "with diligence" to sing "O Alma Redemptoris."

"His fellow taught him homeward privily
From day to day till he could it by rote;
And then he sang it well and boldely,
From word to word according to the note.
Twice on the day it passed through his throat,
To schooleward and homeward when he went;
On Christes mother set was his intent."

"As I have said, throughout the Jewery
This little child, as he came to and fro,
Full merrily then would he sing and cry,
O, Alma Redemptoris! ever mo'!
The sweetness hath his hearte pierced so,
Of Christes mother, that to her to pray,
He cannot stint of singing by the way."

So little and so helpless was this knight of our Lady that he might well have won the compassion of his enemies. But deeming his open devotion an insult to their law, the Jews conspired against him, and one dread day, as the tiny devotee passed on his way, an assassin fell upon him, cut the pretty white throat that had so offended, and cast the tender body into a pit. The Prioress tells in pitying words of the mother's grief and the search for her "gentle sonne," and of how "he with throat carven lay upright" in the pit and sang "Alma Redemptoris" till all the place began to ring.

"This child, with piteous lamentation,
Up taken was, singing his song alway,
And with honour of great procession,
They carried him unto the next abbey,
His mother swooning by the biere lay."

"Upon his bier, aye, li'th this innocent
Before the altar whiles the masse last;
And after that, the abbot with his convent
Have sped them for to bury him full fast;
And when they holy water on him cast,
Yet spake this child, when sprentet was the water,
And sang, O Alma Redemptoris Mater!"

The Abbot, a most holy man, bade the child make known "in virtue of the Trinity" how he could sing, "since that thy throat is cut to my seeming."

"My throat is cut to the nekke-bone," the docile boy made answer, "and I should have died, yea, long ago, but Jesus Christ wills that His glory be remembered."

"And for the worship of his mother dear,
Yet may I sing, O Alma, loud and clear,
This well of mercy, Christes mother sweet,
I loved alway, as after my conning."

Mindful of her so faithful lover, the "Moder Meyde" came to him in his last hour of need, breathing words of solace, and placing a grain under his tongue, bade him sing her anthem even in death.

"Wherefore I sing, and singe must certain,
In honour of that blissful maiden free,
Till from my tongue taken is the grain.
And after that thus said she to me:
'My little child, now will I fetchen thee,
When that the grain is from thy tongue ytake;
Be not aghast, I will thee not forsake.'"

"This holy monk, this abbot, him mean I,
His tongue out caught, and took away the grain,
And he gave up the ghost full softely.
And when this abbot had this wonder sayn,
His salte teares striken down as rain."

With weeping and lamentation, and yet rejoicing that our Lady had shown such signal favor, the Christians bore the martyred child to a marble tomb, and there laid him to rest until the resurrection.

Thus ends the tale. The Prioress' plaintive, musical voice dies away into silence. Her theme has attuned the mind to exalted thought, on which the humorous strain of the next narrator jars in harshest discord.

And so the marvelous array rides on to Canterbury.

"A Lady all alone, who, singing went
And culling flower from flower . . ."

QUEEN MARGARET AND MALCOLM CANMORE.

From the scene of Chaucer's tales to the spirit world where Dante wanders, seeking ever the vision of God, is a sharp transition, but the realm of the supernatural opened for a moment to the sesame of the Prioress, and, having entered in, we permit our wondering eyes to pass onward, over the streamlet where the tender bloom flushed through many a hue in prodigal variety, and there with Dante our spiritual sense is conscious of:—

"An object rising suddenly to view,
That from our bosom every thought beside
With the rare marvel chases. . . . .
A Lady all alone, who, singing went,
And culling flower from flower, wherewith her way
Was all o'er painted."

Most of Dante's commentators claim that this spiritual conception had its earthly similitude in the Countess Mathilda, who endowed the Holy See with rich estates, but others contend that Dante's Mathilda was an allegorical figure symbolic of the affection Christians should bear to the Church.

The picturesque setting of the turbulent period from the tenth to the fifteenth centuries offers to poet and artist the elements of dramatic composi-

tion—valor, love, lofty vocation, with a quick succession of stirring events and thrilling situations.

Shakespeare employs these "properties" with masterly effect in his drama of Macbeth, in which Duncan is foully murdered, and Malcolm Canmore, his son, first responds to the salutation, "Hail, King of Scotland!" But it is as the consort of Margaret of England that Malcolm achieves great deeds, and wins a reputation for sanctity. The artist depicts him in his gentler mood listening reverently to his queen as she explains the gospel.

"The Dowie Dens o'Yarrow" commemorates a bloody deed perpetrated so long ago that the authentic record is lost. There are many versions of this popular ballad, and much division of opinion as to the heroine's fate. Some condemn her to loveless marriage with another lord as in Hamilton's version beginning,

"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,
Busk ye, my winsome marrow."

While other writers incline to prolong her life that she may express her poignant sorrow:

"When I look east, my heart is sair,
But when I look west, it's mair and mair;
For then I see the braes o' Yarrow,
And there, for aye, I lost my marrow."

More merciful than either is the rhymer who permits her to die in the "dowie dens" and be borne away on a

THE DOWIE DENS O' YARROW.

rude bier with him than whom "A better lord there couldna be." In Buchan's Ballads of the North of Scotland we find an uncollated copy lauding the prowess of the hero in mortal combat with nine other lords.

"Four he hurt, and five he slew,
Till down he fell himsell, O;
There stood a fause lord him behin',
Who thrust him thro' body and
mell, O."

According to this version the anguish of the bereft was of short duration.

"She kiss'd his lips, and comb'd his hair,
As she had dune before, O;
Then wi' a crack her heart did brack,
Upon the braes o' Yarrow."

Lady Anna Barnard touches delicately on hidden tragedy in lowly life, when she reveals the woes of Jeanie Gray, indulged in only "When a' the weary warld to rest are gane." Then to the hapless wife comes the memory of young Jamie, whose lack of worldly pelf led to his undoing. 'Tis a pitiful little story of domestic mishaps and filial sacrifice she sobs out in the quiet hours while the gudeman sleeps.

"Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought
me for his bride,
But, saving ae crown-piece, he had
naething else beside;
To mak' the crown a pound my Jamie
gaed to sea,
And the crown and the pound—they
were baith for me."

"He hadna been gane a twelvemonth
and a day,
When my father brake his arm, and the
cow was stown away;
My mither she fell sick—my Jamie was
at sea—
And Auld Robin Gray came a-courting
me."

"My father couldna work, my mother
couldna spin;
I toiled day and night, but their bread
I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and
wi' tears in his e'e,
Said, 'Jeanie, for their sakes, will ye
no marry me?'"

Poor, luckless Jamie! Was ever ambition to make a crown a pound so ruthlessly thwarted? His ship was a "wrack," and believing her lover dead, Jeanie yielded to persuasion. In tearful despair she tells how:—

"They gied him my hand, my heart was
in the sea—
And so Robin Gray, he was gudeman to
me."

Surely here was sorrow enough! But the ballad writer who failed to wring hearts would be little esteemed, and the refinement of genius is shown in the heaping up of misery till the victim's measure is overflowing. Beyond the goodness of Auld Robin Gray no ray of light falls on afflicted Jeanie. Witness her own words:

"I hadna been his wife a week but only
four,
When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at
my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—for I couldna
think it he,
Till he said, 'I'm come hame, love, to
marry thee.'

"Oh! sair, sair did we greet, and mickle
say of a';
I gi'ed him ae kiss and bade him gang
awa.
I wish that I were dead, but I'm na like
to dee,
For though my heart is broken, I'm but
young, wae's me!"

"I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much
to spin;
I darena think on Jamie, for that would
be a sin:
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For oh! Robin Gray he is kind to me."

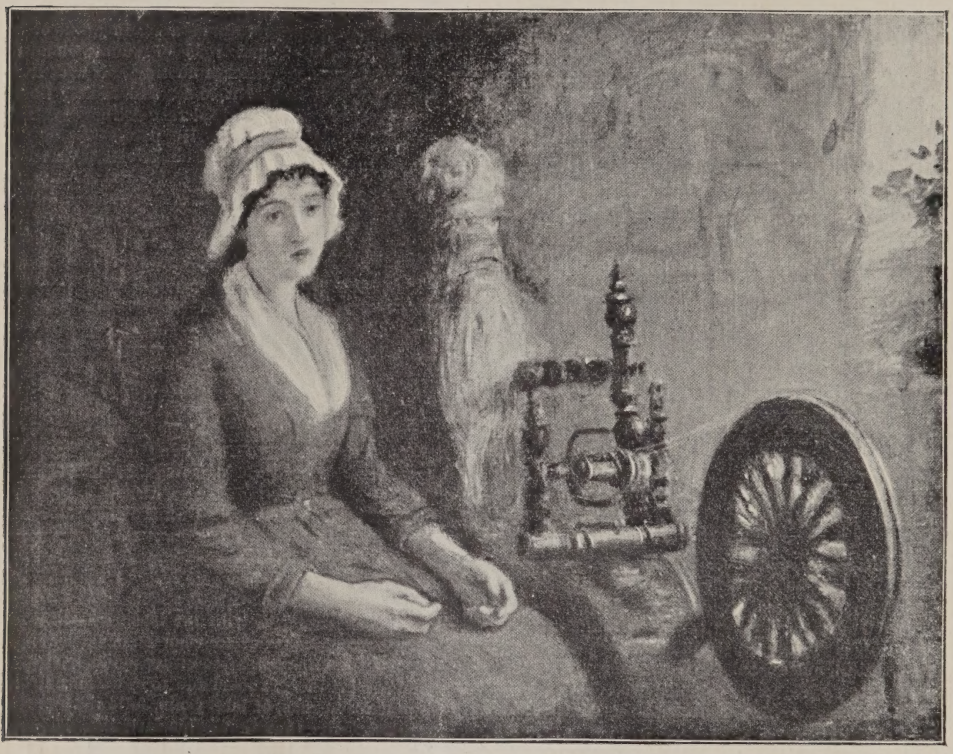
In the meeting out of "dole and sorrow" in all those ballads a chivalric generosity is displayed in giving the gentler sex the larger share. Auld Robin Gray had his heart's desire; Jamie doubtless married some sonsie lass and found solace in the children she bore him; but Jeanie's sorrow knew no abatement.

Still is this humble gudewife's case more sad than that of the weird lady

" Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad, or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot."

who wove a magic web with colors gay and knew of the world only by the shadows its happenings cast upon her mirror? Reflected there she saw the highway near winding down to Camelot.

"A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight forever kneel'd
To a lady in his shield,



"I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin."

"Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding, two and two.
She hath no loyal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott."

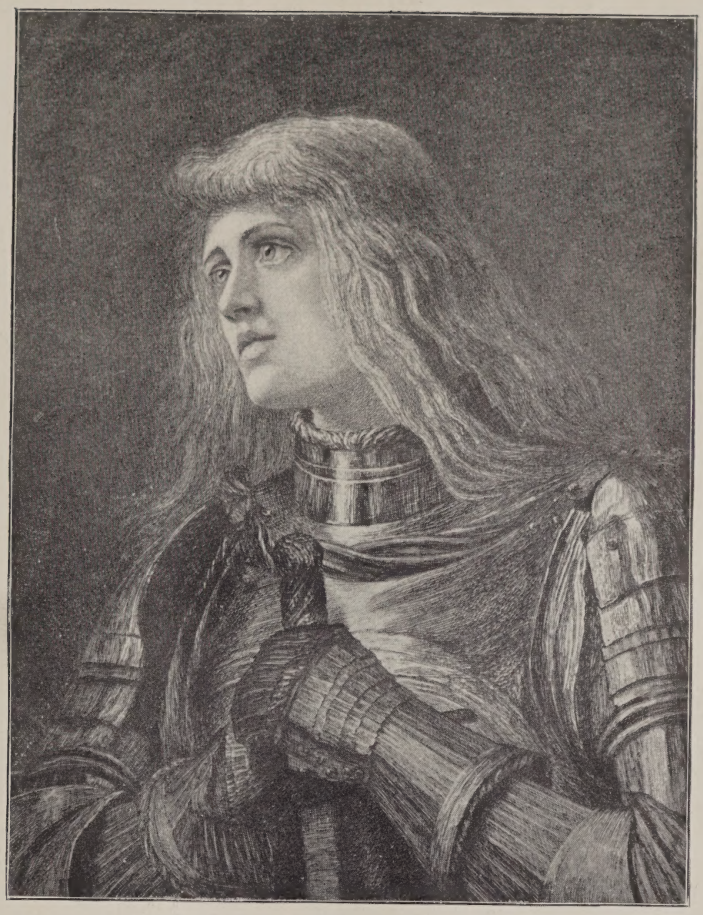
Perhaps this was why the Lady of Shalott made her plaint, "I am half sick of shadows," as two lovers lately wed crossed her mirror. What wonder that she yielded to the temptation to look down to Camelot, when,—

That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott."

* * * * * * * *

"She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
'The curse is come upon me,' cried
The Lady of Shalott."

No curse came upon the lily maid, Elaine, yet she, too, died because of Lancelot, having loved him "with a



"A maiden knight— to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear."

love that was her doom." Those early-day heroines had a formula for every occasion, and swooning was invariably resorted to in all distressing situations. Thus the lily maid, finding her love unrequited, sinks into graceful unconsciousness, and is borne to her tower chamber, while her father, the doughty Lord of Astolat, makes just arraignment of his guest—

"Too courteous are ye, fair Sir Lancelot.
I pray you use some rough discourtesy
To blunt or break her passion."

And Sir Lancelot rides away without upward glance, or wave of hand, or message of farewell. And the day came when there was dole in Astolat. She who had stepped so daintily through its halls lay dead in her tower chamber, one little hand holding a lily, the other a parchment on which she had inscribed her "Song of Love and Death." Pursuant to her dying request, her brothers, Torre and Lavaine, bore her to the barge moored in a meadow stream, and on the black decks laid her in her bed.

"Set in her hand a lily, o'er her hung
The silken case with braided blazonings,
And kiss'd her quiet brow, and saying to her
'Sister, farewell for ever,' and again

" . . . . . slowly past the barge
Whereon the lily maid of Astolat
Lay smiling, like a star in blackest night."

'Farewell, sweet sister,' parted all in tears.
Then rose the dumb old servitor, and the dead,
Oar'd by the dumb, went upward with the flood."

It is comforting to learn that when knight and burgher, lord and dame, came to the wharf and gazed pityingly on the dead, Lancelot mused a little space.

"He said, 'She has a lovely face;
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott.'"

The author chooses for his denouement the moment when the passionate Guinevere flings the diamonds through the casement, and Lancelot, leaning from the window ledge, sees them flash on the surface of the water, and sees also the barge as it drifts past and is moored at the palace gateway.

"There two stood arm'd, and kept the door; to whom,
All up the marble stair, tier over tier,
Were added mouths that gaped, and eyes that ask'd,
'What is it?'"

As is most seemly, the "Maiden Knight," Sir Galahad, and meek Sir Percival remove the coverlet of cloth of gold, and uplifting the white-robed maid, bear her reverently to the shrine, the richest in the realm. And there, by King Arthur's command, she is buried most worshipfully.

".....not as one unknown,
Nor meanly, but with gorgeous obsequies,
And mass, and rolling music, like a queen."

And thus they run, those marvelous tales and legends strange and homely ballads, that bring us respite from the practical things of life and permit us to revel once more in the thrilling adventures of that mystic age, "Once upon a time."

THE BETTER PART.

THE PLAYTHING OF FATE.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER IV.

Tuesday morning, after seeing her grandmother started, Miriam worked faithfully in her garden until the dinner horns were telling the noon hour, and an hour later, Harold, accompanied by Prince and the pup, turned in at the little red gate.

"You are ready?" he said, as she met him at the door.

"Not quite," she replied, leading him across the bare hall to the front room, were she left him while she went for her hat. The room was low and square and with a little expense could have been made pretty, but as his eyes wandered around it and he noticed its barrenness, its utter want of those little luxuries which were to him necessities of life, as he had never before pitied Miriam he pitied her then. "Poor child!" he thought, "how does she endure it. There is not an easy chair in the room, and that wall-paper, those chromos! Ugh. Ah! what is this!" He crossed to the high mantle-piece, above which hung the picture of a man, done in pencil,and having for its frame a simple design made of pine-cones. The eyes looking into his seemed familiar and as he was trying to recall the face, Miriam's voice said at his elbow, "That is a picture of my father, which I sketched from memory. Do you like it?"

"It is a splendid piece of work, and I thought the eyes were familiar. Yours are like them."

"And you drew that picture from memory?" he asked, as they walked slowly down the smooth white road. "Do you know I cannot recall the faces of any of my dead, except my mother's?"

Her heart gave such a little bound she hated herself for it, though she could not help but feel glad to know his heart was not buried in that grave under the whispering pines.

"How could that be, if you loved them?" she asked.

"Perhaps I did not love them as you loved your father." Then he said, somewhat irreverently, while a smile crept around the corners of his mouth, "Do you like cherries?"

"Of course! What a question!" she exclaimed.

"Then I know where there is a tree-full. There is a little old school house around the curve and in the yard is a tree, which was laden with fruit, the last time I was down this way. We will treat ourselves to the cherries and after that look in on the little school-house."

"That will be delightful," cried Miriam, and then both laughed and hurried down the road. Coming to the tree they found the fruit still there, luscious and ripe, but hanging above their reach.

"It is a case of sour grapes, isn't it?" she asked, disappointedly.

"Just my luck!" he answered. What I wanted most all my life has hung a little beyond my reach." A discontented expression crossed his face. She did not know why it should be so, but the words seemed to sting her, and springing lightly upward she caught a twig and bent it toward her gently until her hand could grasp one of the lower branches, when she said, a little scornfully.

"This is the way!" and when he offered to assist her, she added, "No; reach a branch for yourself."

"But holding that one down is too hard for you and besides you are not

tall enough to reach the fruit," he said.

"I can try," she replied, defiantly.

"You are not going to strain your arm by holding that strong branch in that position," he said, decidedly, going toward her, and placing his hand on the bough he bent it until its leaves all but touched the blue grass. "What can you do now?" he asked, laughing at her.

For answer she let her hand drop from the branch and went to where the dogs were resting in the shade, while he plucked the cherries and tossed them into her lap. When the pile of fruit looked sufficiently large he released the branch, and throwing himself on the grass by her side asked:

"Aren't you going to eat any cherries after my gathering them for you?"

"After a while," she said, coolly.

"All right," he answered, leaning on his elbow and beginning to gaze at the splendid profile of her averted face. But to sit there in silence feeling his admiring eyes on her was unendurable.

"It was really mean in you," she said, turning her half-smiling eyes to him.

"What, gathering the cherries?"

"Taking my branch," she said.

"But I didn't take it from you; you let it go," and he laughed into her soft eyes. "Well, accept my peace-offering," and he held to her a bunch of the ripe red fruit.

When they had eaten the cherries they sat discussing the probability of the schoolhouse door being unlocked.

"There is nothing so exciting as a wager," exclaimed he. "Will you put up one of your curls against my ring since you are so certain the door is barred against our entrance? Do and we'll let Prince hold the stakes." Laughing at the folly of which she was guilty, she let him cut off one of the light ringlets clustering around her brow, which, with his ring, Harold placed in his handkerchief and laid them between Prince's huge paws. But when in answer to her vigorous twist on its knob, the door swung back on its rusty hinges, Miriam said to her triumphant companion, "It isn't fair! You tried the door when you passed along this way last week."

"No ma'am, I did not!" he asserted, laughing at her chagrin. "It is you who are not fair. You want to take back the curl, but it is mine by every law of equity."

And while the girl went into the house, he returned to Prince for his priceless wager, the brown ringlet which he first kissed and then placed carefully between the leaves of his pocket-book.

"I hope Prince tore up your handkerchief and lost your ring," she remarked, as he came to her side where she stood by the square, rough table, around which children, who were then old men and women, had once been gathered.

"Prince is too good a dog to do anything so wicked," he replied. "But," looking around, "what an odd little place this is!"

"Isn't it? I wish I were a little girl again and could come here to school."

"You wouldn't learn anything," he he remarked, "and these hard benches would kill you in a month. What a pleasant time the teacher must have had! Look at the paper wads on the ceiling and the names on the walls."

"Come and see this copy-book," she said, and as he took a place by her side, Miriam turned the leaves of the book and read its head-lines, which were traced in a man's firm, round hand: "By patience we overcome." "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again." "Fortune knocks once at every man's door."

"Do you believe that?" asked Harold, placing his hand on the copy-book.

"I believe all old saws," she replied.

"I am in earnest," he said.

"So am I," she responded.

"But the trouble is we don't always bid her to enter," he said.

"Nobody is to be blamed for that but ourselves."

"Does that make it any the easier to bear?" he questioned.

"Oh, no. Harder, perhaps. There is some relief in being able to shift the blame of our failure on some one else."

"She knocked at your door—and at mine. Why didn't you let her in?"

"I—I couldn't, mustn't. You know," hurriedly, the color leaving her face, "I promised papa when he was dying that I would always obey grandmother in everything while she lived." She paused and fixing her brown eyes on him, asked, "Have you as good a reason?"

He turned from her eyes and answered,

"No—yes—I don't know."

"Come," she said, "let us go. I am tired of this old place."

Again in the golden sunshine, their good spirits returned to them.

"Do you know," he said, "I believe that schoolhouse is haunted."

"By what—memories?"

No, but by bona fide ghosts. May not every night the spirit of the dead master return, sit at the old wooden desk among his dead scholars, and calling the roll, question why the absent delay their coming. Can't you imagine it?"

"But I don't want to imagine anything so gruesome," she returned. "How are we to cross the creek? How pretty it is with its tiny green islands!"

"It is a charming bit of scenery. Those stones are the bridge. Do you think you can climb this rock wall, then we need not go around to the gate?"

He assisted her over the low stone fence and then they walked across the narrow strip of sward in silence, his hand still clasping hers, but as they reached the bank of the stream, she said:

"I shall cross first."

"Alone?" he asked. "You must not. The rocks are slippery and you may fall."

"The idea!" she laughed, snatching her fingers from his detaining clasp and in the next instant she was springing lightly from stone to stone and soon stood on the opposite bank.

"You are the most strong-willed girl I ever knew!" he said, as he joined her. "Suppose you had fallen?"

"But I didn't," she laughed, and then they went up the hill in silence. Harold was fighting a terrible battle with himself. He had sworn his love should do this girl no harm, that he would never breathe a syllable of it to her, that only one should suffer; and yet twice inside of an hour he had all but poured into her ears the words that were surging from his heart to his lips. "I should not have come," he thought, "and yet I could not deny myself this last sight of her. I said I will give my poor heart one taste of happiness, and then—well, like the lover in 'Maud' I shall have had my day. But I do not want to cast a shadow on her life. Perhaps she loves me, my darling! but if I can keep mine within bounds, when she hears, her pride will heal the wound, and she will forget. Woman's love is terrible while it lasts, but it passes soon. It is best so!" But he sighed at the thought.

Miriam heard that sigh, and one rose from her own heart in response, but died at her tightly-closed lips. They were on the hill now—"her hill," as she had fondly called it—but where was the rapture unalloyed she had expected to find on its summit? She could have cried out in her disappointment. She sat down at the foot of one of the great trees, and leaning her brown head against its rough trunk, she gazed over the scene with admiring eyes.

"Will you make a little sketch of this for me?" he asked, handing her his note-book and pencil. The book opened at the place where her brown curl lay, and at sight of it she flushed perceptibly and drew in her under lip, while she experienced a sudden wish to toss the curl to the summer wind which was beginning to make itself heard among the trees. Perhaps he divined her thought for he said, going quickly to her, "Let me have that, please?" and

stooping over her took possession of his treasure. He stood near her as she sketched, and as he saw the scene below reproduced accurately, the very stones in the wall and ripples on the water, he wondered why this talent must be wasted. When the sketch was finished and he expressed his approval, she lifted her eyes to him, while the corners of her mouth drooped pathetically, as she said:

"Do you really think I can draw? and—and—if I could—if I were ever to get the chance to study, I might become an artist?"

"I am sure of it," he replied.

"Oh, thank you for saying that, I have sometimes thought that even if I were to get the opportunity, I should fail. And that," brushing the clustering curls from her forehead, "is the most painful of all thoughts? Do you know," she asked, breaking off suddenly, "we are not making our day such a happy one after all our planning?"

"It is my fault," he said penitently. "Come, let us look for flowers."

Both drove care from their hearts. "Let us be happy for this once," was the thought of each. And they were. For long golden hours they wandered through the old wood or sat under the wide-spreading trees, laughing, talking, without once referring to the morrow. But a change, sudden and portentous, came over Nature's face. The tiny, white clouds, that all the afternoon lay over the sky like bits of lace, were gathered swiftly by an unseen hand and woven into a great veil of inky blackness, which hid the smiling sun and azure vault. Before it, a hush fell across the land. The south wind that had been singing languidly among the trees ceased; the cardinal bird paused in his wild song and fluttered down to his nest in a leafy shrub; and the world seemed to stand like a child affrighted. Then the dense blackness of the sky was riven by a flash of light and the thunder pealed across the heavens.

"What shall we do?" cried Harold. "You will be drenched!"

"I think not under this tree," she replied. "Now if we had been wise you know what we would have done?"

"But we are not wise," he answered her; then, said anxiously, "My coat will prevent my getting wet but you will be soaked."

She laughed gaily, for her spirit rose with the storm.

"I shall lean against this tree and not a drop will reach me."

"But that is dangerous," he insisted, "the lightning—"

"I am not afraid. I love a storm. I am never so happy as when the rain is pouring down like shot upon the roof and from the rattling clouds leaps live thunder. Look at the rain. Isn't it like a great white curtain hung from the sky? Doesn't it come swiftly? Our house is hidden; now the garden! and how it speeds down the valley! If I were water-proof I should run out to meet it. Oh, dear! it has us now!" and she laughed like a child.

The storm soon spent itself. The rain that had come so suddenly passed almost as swiftly. The sun cleft the black cloud, and pouring its light over the land hung every spray and tiny blade of grass with flashing jewels. The breeze stole from its hiding place and dancing among the leaves sent down miniature showers from the tall trees. The cardinal bird darted from his bush, and shaking his wet wings mounted into the moist air to fill the land with his melody.

"Let us go out into the sunshine and dry ourselves as the redbird is doing," said Harold, taking his wet coat from her shoulders. She lifted her limp skirts and stepped over the grass after him. Prince shook his black coat, while the pup gave vent to his discomfiture in a low whine.

"Poor doggie!!" said Miriam, stooping to pat his head. "Has the rain dampened your spirits, too?"

"Why," asked Harold, noting her downcast expression, "has it had that effect upon you? I thought you loved a storm?"

"I do, in doors," she replied.

"Now," said he, "I thought it was delightful, "and he threw back his head and lifted his handsome, wet face to the sky. "I wish it had lasted an hour."

For a long time they stood in the sunshine, not talking much, but supremely happy. Then as the last spoke of the sun's chariot disappeared behind the hills, clad in purple, Miriam said:

"Let us go home."

"Must we? O Miriam, our day is over! And tomorrow—*will* things go as they did before?"

"They never do," she replied in an unsteady voice, contradicting her assertion of Sunday. He took her hand and laid it on his arm.

"Look at that sky," said Harold. She felt it was the last time that he and she should ever stand thus together, and as she lifted her eyes at his bidding the tears gathered hiding the tender glory of the sunset light. Then he called the dogs and in silence they walked down the hill, but when they reached the bank of the stream they paused. On this side lay their sweet dream, on the other—what? The rain had swollen the creek and the stepping stones were several inches under the water, seeing which Harold cried out triumphantly, "You cannot cross this time alone!"

She made no effort. He stepped into the water and held out his hand. She looked once, lingeringly back at the hill, then placed her hand in his and stood on the rock beside him. The water was swirling and rushing past them.

"Are you afraid?" he asked, holding her hand tightly. They made another step and another, then her foot slipped. He threw his arm quickly around her and lifting her from her feet carried her across the stream. When they reached the other bank he still held her, and cried out sharply as if in conflict with self, "Miriam! Miriam! I love you more than life, or son, or wealth, more than anyone on earth."

CHAPTER V.

The hours of that night glided by for Miriam like one blissful dream, while for Harold they crept by with leaden-feet. Hard, bitter words had passed between him and his father-in-law that evening, and finally Harold was given to understand that if any other woman than Alice Davis were to fill the dead wife's place, both he and his son would henceforth be strangers in the house that had ever been their home. Then Harold sought his room and in the weak heart through the long night hours, pride, the first and deadliest of sins, and his affection for his son, fought a fierce battle against his love for Miriam. He was very proud of his social position, his ancestry, and even in his poverty he had not lost caste. By marrying one so far beneath his world, he would lose wealth, position, everything that had helped to make life a pleasant draught. Beneath all Harold Stewart's apparent strength there ran a pitiful stratum of weakness, yet pride might not have been victor that night had it no strong ally in parental affection. Dared he deprive that child of his right? True he had a fortune of his own but it was a mere trifle compared with the inheritance he would otherwise receive. It would be a crime to deprive this boy of his inheritance. And yet Miriam! Of what would not she be deprived! Thus torn by conflicting emotions he spent the night and when morning came his heart lay a bruised, dead thing in his breast. He rose from his chair, his step weak and trembling, his face pale and haggard, and going to his desk he wrote a few hurried pages, filled with words of passionate pleading, vain regrets and cries for pardon. When the last word was written he threw himself across the bed and slept from sheer exhaustion.

On her way to her garden that morning a young negro boy placed that letter in Miriam's hand and the glad blood leaped into her face as she heard the

name of the sender; but as she opened it and bgan to read, the color left her face, while she grasped the fence for support. After a time,—she never knew how long,—for duration was blotted out for her, she entered the house and going to her room placed the letter between the pages of one of his carefully hidden books. The despair on the young face was something terrible to witness but not a moan escaped her. She was very quiet only at times her lips twitched and her knees seemed to be bending under her slight weight. She crept down the stairs and went slowly, through that awful blackness, to the garden. An hour later the doctor, riding past, saw her stretched like one dead across the long green rows of vegetables she had been weeding. He carried her to the house and for many weary days he and Margaret Wood nursed the frail life back from death's portal where it hovered and when at last she opened her eyes in consciousness, the summer was far spent, and when she was pronounced well Harold Stewart was quietly married to Alice Davis. A strong negro boy took Miriam's place in the garden and she had nothing to do now but sit in the invalid's chair Margaret had sent her, and read or dream. Margaret's daily visits were not forbidden by the harsh old grandmother and one day the white-faced Miriam told her friend her story and the gentle girl wept bitterly as she listened.

"You poor child!" she cried, "How you must suffer!"

"No, I don't now, I think, Margaret, my heart is dead. I wish I were dead, too."

"Oh, hush, Miriam! Such words are sinful. You must be resigned to live as long as God ordains."

"What's the use of living when one feels as I do?" asked she.

"But you will not always feel this way, my dear friend. The wound will heal over."

But Miriam shook her head.

"It isn't that, Margaret," she said. "It is that this has left me an entirely different person. I feel myself growing hard, hard and bitter, not against any one person in particular, but against all the world, excepting you."

Scarcely had Miriam recovered when her grandmother sickened and died and Miriam found herself alone in the world. Her grief as she gazed on the dead face of her aged relative and saw the soil heaped over the coffin was deep and sincere, but when the will was read, the tears dried in the brown eyes and every feeling of affection faded from her young heart. She had imagined her grandmother was almost penniless, and when she saw the lawyer open a tin box and count out the piles of hoarded money, remembered how her youth had been spent in servile work, thought of what those musty bills might have procured for her, it is no wonder if she turned from them with loathing.

Some days after the reading of the will the lawyer entered Harold's office and exclaimed:

"You should thank Heaven, that fate, in the guise of a father who wanted his son to follow in his footsteps, didn't make a lawyer out of you, Harold!"

"What is the matter now?" asked Harold, lifting his head from his books.

"Of course you heard about old Mrs. Hale's death? Well, she had something like twenty thousand dollars hidden in a tin box, when every body thought she was as poor as the proverbial church-mouse. Actually some of the bills were covered with blue-mould, while the coins are worth twice their value to collectors. She must have begun to hoard them when she was a little child. All this money she willed to her granddaughter, Miriam, on one condition; that Miriam shall marry the old woman's grandnephew, within three months.

"The lawyer was pacing the floor not looking at his listener and the flush that mounted to Harold's brow escaped his otherwise observant eyes. "In case she refuse," went on the lawyer, "all the

money goes to the old woman's brother."

"And she?" Harold's sharp tones interrupted his friend's musing.

"Won't marry him, of course! Did you ever know a woman who acted like a rational being? If you ever find her let me know for I would go a thousand miles to see that wonder of creation! And why the headstrong girl won't marry him I can't see for he is a splendid young fellow, handsome, well-educated, as different from the rest of his relatives as is Miriam." He walked on in silence while Harold's blue eyes left his well-appointed office and went out to the street where the shifting November sunlight was lying. "It is a pity Miriam is so stubborn," the lawyer began again. " She should have and enjoy that money for many of its dollars her poor little fingers helped to earn. No slave ever had a harder master than did that girl in her grandmother."

"And can't she get it, even without complying with—with the provisions of the will?" Harold's voice sounded strange even in his own ears but the lawyer was preoccupied with his thoughts.

"Of course she could!" he answered. "There's not a court in the country but would give her the money which is hers by every right, moral and legal. But there is where more of her perverse spirit comes in! She will not have it. She does not want it, she says, and I believe if it were flung at her feet she would not so much as reach down her hand for it. She is the most foolish, as well as stubborn, person I have ever known, but all women are that in greater or less degree."

"And will she have nothing?" Harold's face had grown paler than usual and he leaned on his hand to hide it from the eyes of his visitor. The lawyer laughed and said:

"The old woman willed the house and land to Miriam, also, under the one condition, you understand; but that young cousin of Miriam's found out that the property had been bought and paid for by Miriam's father; and as that is hers she says she will take it. I told her the money was hers also but you can't make her see it in that light. She has sold the place to her cousin and he gave her exactly twice what it is worth to him or anybody else. I am confident he doesn't want the property, yet he makes her think he considers it most desirable. He is a fine young man and I am afraid she will find out when it is too late that she made a mistake in not accepting the husband fate threw at her head."

That day was Miriam's last in the old house where she had lived for twenty years. She had never loved it, still it held for her two sacred memories; her father had died there and there Harold had bidden her his first and last farewell. It had been a long dreary day and as she stood by the western window in the best room, a sense of terrible loneliness crept over her. On the morrow a new life would begin. The money received from the sale of her father's property would enable her, by the practice of strict economy, to educate herself in her chosen art. The old life was closed like a book that is read. There was nothing beautiful, nor good on its pages, and the one passage of beauty she had found had been rudely marred. As she stood there she went over it, line by line, and then she sighed and thought, "If there were only some sweet, dear memories, but nothing, nothing!"

There was a fitful wind sweeping around the house. It shook the windows and doors in anger, then would send up a low piteous wail, dying among the trees, as if pleading for pardon. All day sullen, heavy clouds had draped the sky and the pall of death was on the land. But toward evening the sun had pierced its way through the clouds of the coming storm, and they rolled back leaving behind them a sea of burning fire, and were themselves transformed into torn and trailing banners of vivid red and purple. There was nothing soft or beautiful in that sky. Its mag-

nificance was terrible, portentous. Miriam's overwrought soul thrilled with a vague fear as she watched it; and then her quick ear caught a sound not made by soughing wind or falling leaves, but by a foot on the walk, leading up from the other road which ran below the orchard. It crossed the bare hall, and the pup, that had been lying at her feet, sprang up, growling viciously, then bounded toward the door, a glad bark of recognition waking the echoes of the old room.

"Here, Dick!" a well-known voice called out and in less than a breathing space, Harold Stewart stood before her, while over him poured the vivid light from one of the curtainless windows. She looked at him across the grayish space separating them, in absolute silence, but, as he made a forward movement, she lifted her right hand authoritatively.

"Miriam!"

The name rang out along the stillness, but there came no reply, save a pettish whine from the dog waiting for the expected caress and words of recognition.

"Miriam! Miriam!" he cried again to the woman standing like a figure cut from stone, "have you no word for me?"

"What—what brought *you* here?" she asked at last, forcing the words from her lips.

"I heard that you are going away," he cried, "and I had to see you again—for the last time," he finished.

"Go away!" she cried. "Go and leave me!" but instead of obeying he came to within a few feet of her. The color died out of her face and she began to tremble violently for her heart seemed to sink within her. He saw her terrible emotion and it cut him to the quick. It looked like fear.

"Miriam," he began brokenly, "you're not afraid of me? I would give my life for you at this moment. Do you think I would hurt you by even a thought?"

Her agitation seemed only to increase. She had thought her heart was dead, that it could never again respond to any feeling much less love for the man who had so cruelly treated her, but now as he stood before her and she saw the ravages these few months had worked on his comely face, and realized that she had not suffered alone, the love she thought stone dead seemed to spring up into second life.

"Go away," she said, brokenly.

"But let me ask one favor of you, Miriam," he said. "Do not give up your inheritance as you are doing. It is foolish, insane. You do not know the world, where money is everything."

"You dare come here and say that to me!" she cried. "Because money bought you to dishonor do you think it can buy me?"

He started back as if she had struck him across the face; but he answered her, in undisturbed tones:

"There can be no question of buying here. It is your right; you should, must claim it."

"I will not!" she cried. "I do not want it! Do you know what that money is? It is the price of my lost youth!" and she leaned against the sill while a succession of dry, hard sobs shook her frame, and seemed to tear up the beauty of the face. This sign of her weakness made him to fold his arms, and then he said, while that terrible sobbing went on:

"I did not intend to come here when I started. I thought to come maybe, as far as the tree below the orchard, and, unseen by you, think my farewell; then, I concluded I would come just to your doorstep, but—I came instead right to you. It is the last time we shall ever see each other on earth, let us understand each other now and forever. You say gold bought me; not that, but love for my son. The love I never felt for the mother I gave to the child. A man must love something and until that June day I saw you I had no one to fill my heart but my boy. Miriam! Miriam! I thrust myself into your life and you will thrust me

out. For your dear sake, I would give my life if I had never loved you, or, at least, if I had never told you of my love. Did I bring suffering into your heart? You will soon thrust it, and the cause of it, out of your life, while I — Think of me as you will, coward, cruel, base; hate me, or forget me. It is all the same to me now. I have ruined my life, destroyed my happiness, but know this, that while I live I shall suffer and—love you."

He stepped towards her, then turned away. Pain and sorrow and love maddened the girl.

"Harold! Harold! don't go!" she cried. "Come back!"

He turned sharply, suddenly, gladly at the words; and then proved his love. His eyes fell to the floor, as going back slowly to her he knelt at her feet and lifting the hem of her black dress to his lips he kissed it. Then for the second and last time he turned away.

(To be continued).

THE POWER OF AUTHORITY.

BY WILLIAM HERIOT EDWARDS.

"A body without a head; there is absolutely no seat of authority in the Anglican communion." Such were the words of the late Cardinal Manning, addressed to the writer about two years before the death of his Eminence; words which eventually were the means, under God, of bringing one more sinking soul into the great bark of St. Peter. And it was largely due to the realization of these words that the Cardinal himself renounced the heresy in which he had been educated and embraced the Holy Faith. "It is all very well," said he, "to say that the ritualistic clergy are validly ordained, but if it were so, which I could not for one moment admit, where is the head that shall be the final court of appeal in matters of difference? One minister may teach one thing, and another just the reverse, and the laity have to choose between the two. There is absolutely no authority exercised or accepted by either. The people will only accept what they already know and like, and anything that is not pleasing to them they immediately reject. The absence of this authority is what placed me in the arms of Holy Mother Church." Such were the Cardinal's words. And it is precisely the realization of this lack of authority that brings so many souls, "tossed about with every wave and wind of doctrine," into the calm and placid waters of Catholicity, "the haven where they would be."

From this it may be deducted that authority is essential to the well-being of the church and the faithful. Without it everything would come to naught; with it comes the consummation of all things good. For if the church for one moment lacked this divine authority, she would at once declare herself before the world as a human agency, an institution founded by man, in a word, "a body without a head." Such today, and ever since the time of the so-called Reformation, is the position of all Protestant bodies. The Anglicans, more especially, are a notable exemplification of this, as shown by their many divisions, and particularly the marked variance in doctrine as preached and practised by what are known as the high, low, and broad church parties. This unbelief in the necessity of authority in the

Church has produced a great evil, one which naturally would follow from it —disrespect of the clergy. An instance of this which occurred but a few months ago is strikingly apparent as a proof of the utter disregard of any respect for the office of the clergy in that communion, and serves to explain in some degree the difficulties which an Anglican minister has to encounter while fulfilling the duties of his calling. In a certain church in the Isle of Wight on the south coast of England, the minister, by nature a proud and haughty man, determined to build a spire to his church in order to enhance its architectural beauty. When the spire was nearing completion the minister in question ascended the ladders in order to enjoy the view to be gained at the highest platform. Arriving at this point he stood alone for a moment gazing at the beauty of the landscape. A workman underneath, however, took away the ladder by which the minister had ascended, at the same time remarking to his fellow, "Leave him up there, Bill; he'll never be nearer heaven than he is now."

Lack of authority is painfully evident also in many other places and states of life besides the Protestant denominations, and wherever it is found, disorder, and often sin and crime are found co-existent with it. Look for a moment into the homes of those families where the authority of the parents is set at defiance or where they fail to exercise it in a sufficient degree. What does even the casual observer, much less the student of human nature, see there? Nothing but disorder, disunion, unhappiness, and very often, as before stated, sin and crime, for lack of authority even in the home is productive of idleness, viciousness and all that is bad. Visit any of the large jails or prisons in the country and ask those unhappy creatures confined behind the bars whether they regarded the authority of their parents in childhood, and many will be found to acknowledge that rebellion against that authority first led them to the downward path. How many in the prime of manhood and in old age look back with deep regret to the days of their youth and realize only too clearly that if they had followed wise counsel, obeyed parental commands, they would not be what they are today!

The authority of the state is as sacred in its own place as the authority of the home, and that nation which above all personal and individual rights holds the law of the land and the government of the nation in the highest esteem is the nation which will ensure its final prosperity. And yet there are those, and they are not small in number, in this and other lands who rebel against the constituted authority of their government and at the same time consider themselves good citizens. European rulers have been assassinated, two attempts have been made upon the life of England's queen, and in our country Presidents Lincoln and Garfield were foully murdered. And what was the primary cause of these terrible tragedies? Nothing more nor less than lack of respect for constituted authority. And there are those today who while perhaps they would not resort to such deeds of violence, nevertheless have a hatred of the government of the nation, because, forsooth, the political party which they favor does not happen to be in power. With such people, no matter what the chief executive of the nation does it is wrong. No matter how carefully political affairs, the affairs of the nation, are planned and managed, the whole government in their opinion (anything but a humble opinion by the way) consists of a set of thieves, robbers, money-grabbers and the like, who are only at the seat of government with the one intention of seeing what they can make out of their term of office. In some cases this may be more or less true, but if it is, it certainly does not excuse any loyal and patriotic citizen of this great

Republic from being bound to pay his meed of homage and respect to the constituted authority of the government of his country.

Take away for one moment the authority of the state and at once the backbone of the nation is gone. Foolish and unfounded charges have recently been made by enemies of the Catholic Church, stating that it was impossible to be a true Catholic and a patriotic citizen as well, and personal attacks were made on such men as Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland on account of what was called their "Americanism" not being in harmony with their position as Catholic prelates. Most people have perused the letter of Leo XIII. to the Cardinal in regard to this subject, and in the July number of the North American Review a paper appears from the pen of Rev. William Barry, D. D., commenting upon it. Among other things the writer says, "It will be to the everlasting honor of prelates like Ireland, Keane and Gibbons that they have shown the world how they can be at once fervent Catholics and loyal Americans." It is impossible for any one to be a good Catholic without being loyal to the state at the same time. Such men as Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland have set the American people a notable example in this regard, and one which will doubtless be productive of an increase of loyalty and patriotism throughout the land.

Every body must have a head, and that head in its own special province must be supreme. Just as the head on the human body directs every thought, word and action, so must the possessor of lawful authority direct every movement of those subordinate to him, provided of course that such actions come under his special direction. Clubs, societies, associations, all have their president or their chairman, but no matter by what name he may be called he is the supreme head so far as the club or society is concerned and moves and directs the whole body. His word is final and his decisions are unquestioned, and so it should be with the child in his home and the citizen in his country.

And if all this be so vitally true and essential in matters which are controlled by human authority, how much more must it be with the authority of the Church?

It would be well at this point to make a comparison and show the results accruing from the regard or disregard of this divine authority. In the first instance the Catholic Church has ever regarded it as the highest duty of the faithful that they follow to the most minute detail the doctrine and practice of the Catholic faith as laid down by this authority. She has claimed, and does claim, and will claim her inalienable right by virtue of this authority to make changes in matters of discipline in conformity with time or place. At the same time she has never for even a single moment changed or altered one iota of "the faith once delivered to the saints." In all ages of the church, at all times and in all places she has taught the same doctrines, inculcated the necessity of true holiness, and has ever exhorted her children to respect and accept all that she should command by virtue of her divine authority. And what has been the result of all this? Today we find millions upon millions of people of every tongue and every nation under heaven proclaiming their loyal allegiance to her authority, reciting the same creed, partaking of the same holy sacraments and participating in all the blessings, both temporal and spiritual which she showers upon them, millions upon millions of people who look to Rome as the centre of heaven-given authority and are ever ready to accept the decisions and decrees of the Holy Father without question or hesitation. And why? Because they remember that among all the other wondrous promises made by Jesus Christ, He

said to His Church, "I will send unto you the Holy Spirit, who shall guide you into all truth." This was none other than a guarantee of the infallibility of the Church. This is the reason then that good Catholics the world over give their unswerving loyalty to the see of Rome.

And now to turn to the results of those religions which have rejected this authority. It is not necessary to take the unhappy lives of the leaders of the Protestant movement; the results apparent on every hand at the close of this nineteenth century are sufficient to make any one realize the dire consequences which those must meet with, who (to use a commonplace expression but one apt to the subject), run away from home. Protestantism at the present day consists of such a great variety of sects and denominations that it would be out of the question in these few lines to touch upon them all. It will suffice for the purpose, then, to glance for a moment at the denomination which may be designated the mother of Protestantism, the Anglican body, known in this country as the Protestant Episcopal Church, and in Great Britain and her colonies as the Church of England. Ever since the time of the so-called Reformation this denomination, as the good Cardinal said, has been "a body without a head." And because there is no head it naturally follows that there is no authority. The Archbishop of Canterbury is called the primate of all England, but he lays no claim to be the head of the church. The Bishop of Minnesota, Dr. Whipple, is known as the metropolitan or presiding bishop of the Episcopal church in this country, yet he does not imagine for an instant that he has any more authority than any other bishop, and in fact is obliged to confess that he has no authority at all, for he has no more power over his clergy and people than the mayor of New York has over Boston Common. There is altogether a lack of authority in the Anglican communion and in fact nobody claims to have any. The results of this are apparent. Every minister thinks and preaches as he likes or how it suits his fancy. It is no uncommon thing in this denomination in a large city for one minister to tell his congregation that Our Blessed Lord is really and truly present in a corporal manner in the Blessed Sacrament, and another minister in a church just around the corner on the next street to characterize the doctrine of the Real Presence as blasphemous, "popish," and a host of other terrible adjectives. One minister, too, exhorts people to the practice of sacramental confession while another would decline with a sneer to hear a confession if he were asked. It is but natural with such a condition of things as this that thinking men and women who are in earnest about their spiritual life should eventually renounce the denomination in which they were brought up and find their true home in the fostering arms of the Holy Catholic Church. It is a fact that nine-tenths at the very least of the converts from Anglicanism are started on the road towards home by the realization of the supreme necessity of a divinely constituted authority in the church. They see all around them the pernicious results of having no head in their denomination, and looking to the Catholic Church they at once realize the advantage of that head. And so they come by thousands every year to swell the ranks of the church militant. They come mostly from the Anglican body, for that denomination alone of all the Protestant sects has retained more of Catholic ceremony and doctrine. As a convert to the Church put it some time ago, "It is only necessary for the ritualists in the Anglican communion to go through a paper wall in order to find themselves in their true home." This then is the unhappy state of things which accrues from the rejection of

the divine authority of the Church, and if nothing else can be drawn from it it should tend to make those Catholics, Catholic in name only, who would at times question the authority of the Church when the decisions of such authority clash with their own desires, see only too clearly the terrible consequences of such action, and also should make all Catholics more loyal to the Church and give them a higher regard than ever for the authority of the see of Peter. No loyal son of the Church will hold to the opinion that he ought to be permitted to do such and such a thing, or to join such and such a secret society, when the Church, which Jesus Christ Himself founded and built upon the rock, says "No." He yields to supreme authority and in his submission finds safety and peace.

It is well for a moment to think of the homage paid to the successor of St. Peter, from all parts of the earth. Kings and queens, emperors and princes, honor him as a spiritual sovereign; the immortal Gladstone, Protestant though he was, when visiting the eternal city knelt before him to receive his benediction. When all other resources failed, despite what anti-Catholics may say, the president of the United States appealed to Leo XIII. to ask his influence to avert the war with Spain. The great ones of the earth have done him homage, and not only that but from the lips and hearts of millions throughout the world resounds the cry: "God bless our Pope, the great, the good."

Yes, the nations of the world recognize his authority; they realize that had it not been for that authority Christianity would have come to naught many centuries ago. They see only too clearly that without the see of Rome, the seat of divine authority, the Catholic Church could never have accomplished the mission which she was commissioned by Jesus Christ to perform; that without that divine authority she would be but a human institution, nothing more than as "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." But with this divine authority in her possession, such an assertion cannot be made against her. She holds it forth to the world as the proof of her divine commission, and her children wheresoever they may be acknowledge it and submit to it. Unbelievers look on and wonder, but at the same time they realize its power and mark its necessity.

How long Protestant bodies will hold aloof from submission to this divine authority it is impossible to say. Certain it is that numerically they are growing weaker and weaker every year, and a large portion of them drift into skepticism and infidelity. But eventually they will come, for did not our Divine Lord himself say, "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold; these also I must bring, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd."

HAWTHORNE.

BY CHARLES ELMER JENNEY.

Upon his child-brain wrote the winds,
Those weird and ghost-like tales of eld
When Salem folk feared tomahawk
And revelry the witches held.
And he, with scarcely less of art,
Has written them on every heart.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

BY REV. EUGENE O'GROWNEY.

According to the children that you meet in the Gaelic speaking districts of Ireland, Jack did not build a house at all. He had not time; he was too busy pulling strawberries. And by the way, his name wasn't Jack either, but Murrougha. And there were two of them, two brothers. The younger, of course, was called Murrougha Beg, or little Murrougha, and then the older had to be called Murrougha More, big Murrougha; although, to be sure, he was not very big at all. But he had a big appetite, especially for ripe strawberries. And by the same token, so had little Murrougha; a very big appetite indeed for ripe strawberries. And thereby hangs our tale:

One day Murrougha Beg and Murrougha More went out to pull strawberries. All that Murrougha More would pull, he would give to little Murrougha to keep. When Murrougha More had finished pulling the strawberries, he came to Murrougha Beg for all he had pulled.

"O," said Murrougha Beg, "all I got, I ate."

"Well, if you did," says Murrougha More, "you'll pay for them with a trouncing."

And he went for a rod.

"Where are you going?" says the rod.

"For a rod, to trounce Murrougha Beg good and hard, for eating all my strawberries."

"I won't go with you," says the rod, "till you get an ax to cut me."

And he went for the ax.

"Where are you going?" says the ax.

"For an ax to cut a rod, a rod to trounce Murrougha Beg for eating all my strawberries."

"I won't go with you," says the ax, "till you get a stone to whet me."

And he went for the stone.

"Where are you going?" says the stone.

"For a stone—a stone to whet an ax, an ax to cut a rod, a rod to trounce Murrougha Beg for eating all my strawberries."

"I won't go with you," says the stone , "till you get water to wet me."

And he went for the water.

"Where are you going?" says the water.

"For water—water to wet a stone, a stone to whet an ax, an ax to cut a rod, a rod to trounce Murrougha Beg for eating all my strawberries."

"I won't go with you," says the water "till you get a deer to swim me."

And he went for the deer.

"Where are you going?" says the deer.

"For a deer—a deer to swim water, water to wet a stone, a stone to whet an ax, an ax to cut a rod, a rod to trounce Murrougha Beg for eating all my strawberries."

"I won't go with you," says the deer, "until you get a hound to hunt me."

And he went for the hound.

"Where are you going?" says the hound.

"For a hound—a hound to chase a deer, a deer to swim water, water to wet a stone, a stone to whet an ax, an ax to cut a rod, a rod to trounce Murrougha Beg for eating all my strawberries."

"I won't go with you," says the hound, "till you get me a pat of butter to rub my leg with."

And he went for the pat of butter.

"Where are you going?" says the pat of butter.

"For a pat of butter—butter to rub to the leg of a hound, a hound to hunt a deer, a deer to swim water, water to wet a stone, a stone to whet an ax, an ax to cut a rod, a rod to trounce Murrougha Beg for eating all my strawberries."

"I won't go with you," says the pat of butter, "till you get a mouse to scratch me."

And he went for the mouse.

"Where are you going?" says the mouse—a mouse to scratch butter, butter to rub to the leg of a hound, a hound to hunt a deer, a deer to swim water, water to wet a stone, a stone to whet an ax, an ax to cut a rod, a rod to trounce Murrougha Beg for eating all my strawberries."

"I won't go with you," says the mouse, "till you get a cat to chase me."

And he went for the cat.

"Where are you going?" says the cat.

"For a cat—a cat to chase a mouse, a mouse to scratch butter, butter to rub to the leg of a hound, a hound to hunt a deer, a deer to swim water, water to wet a stone, a stone to whet an ax, an ax to cut a rod, a rod to trounce Murrougha Beg for eating all my strawberries."

"I won't go with you," says the cat, "till you get a drop of milk from the bracket cows."

And he went for the cows.

"Where are you going?" said one of the cows.

"For a cow—a cow to give a drop of milk to a cat, a cat to chase a mouse, a mouse to scratch butter, butter to rob to the leg of a hound, a hound to hunt a deer, a deer to swim water, water to wet a stone, a stone to whet an ax, an ax to cut a rod, a rod to trounce Murrougha Beg for eating all my strawberries."

"We won't give you one drop of milk," says the cow, "till you get us a handful of wheat from those threshers yonder."

And he went for the threshers.

"Where are you going?" says one of the threshers.

"For a thresher— a thresher to give a handful of wheat to a cow, a cow to give a drop of milk to a cat, a cat to chase a mouse, a mouse to scratch butter, butter to rub to the leg of a hound, a hound to hunt a deer, a deer to swim water, water to wet a stone, a stone to to whet an ax, an ax to cut a rod, a rod to trounce Murrougha Beg for eating all my strawberries."

"We won't give you one handful of wheat," says the thresher, "till you get us a cake of bread from those women baking yonder."

And he went for the bakers.

"Where are you going?" says one of the bakers.

"For a baker—a baker to give me a cake of bread for a thresher, a thresher to give me a handful of wheat for a cow, a cow to give me a drop of milk for a cat, a cat to chase a mouse, a mouse to scratch butter, butter to rub to the leg of a hound, a hound to hunt a deer, a deer to swim water, water to wet a stone, a stone to whet an ax, an ax to cut a rod, a rod to trounce Murrugha Beg for eating all my strawberries."

"We won't give you a cake of bread," says the baker, "till you bring us three sieve-fuls of water."

And he went for the sievefuls of water, but there wasn't a drop that he would raise in the sieve but would run out of it again.

The gray scaldcrow came that way.

"Put mud to it, put clay to it! and you will bring in the water," says the gray scaldcrow.

He put mud to it, he put clay to it, he filled the meshes of the sieve, and then brought the three sievefuls of water to the baker-women. The bakers gave the cake of bread to the threshers, the threshers gave the handful of wheat to the cows, the cows gave the drop of milk to the cat, the cat chased the mouse, the mouse scratched the butter, the butter was rubbed on the leg of the

hound, the hound hunted the deer, the deer swam the water, the water wetted the stone, the stone whetted the ax, the ax cut the rod to beat Murrugha Beg for eating all the strawberries.

Murrugha More came back with the rod. Murrugha Beg was gone. Sight or light of him Murrugha More could not see. He was gone home. Murrugha More went after him. I who tell the tale went too.

We came to a river. They went by the dangerous ford. I came by the slippery stepping-stones. They were drowned; I came safe to tell the tale.

This is a very popular legend all over Ireland, and may be heard in English in a good many places where the old tongue has died out. There are, of course, differences of phrase in various versions of the story. In the West of Ireland, the two brothers in the legend are called Munnaher and Monnaher. In the English version familiar to me long ago, "a hone" was said for "a stone," and a "pat of butter to rub to the leg of a hound" was "an ounce of butter to rub to his lough," or "butter to limber the leg of a hound." The "handful of wheat," in the Gaelic versions, is often "a wisp of wheaten straw." The ending of the story, as given above, is the usual Gaelic ending to all stories. In Anglo-Irish there are several endings, usually nonsensical. The common one is:

> "So they put down the "kittle,"
> An' made "tay,"
> An' if they don't live happy
> That we may!"

Another ending, which is more nonsensical is this:

> "So I had a little awl,
> An' I stuck it in the wall,
> An' that it all."

But one does not look for deep philosophy in children's stories.

Gaelic versions of the legend have been printed from the recitation of Gaelic speaking people, by Dr. Hyde in his "Book of Story-Telling," and more recently by the well known scholar Joseph H. Lloyd, in the *Gaelic Journal,* the monthly organ of the National Language movement.

DEUS FORTITUDO MEA.

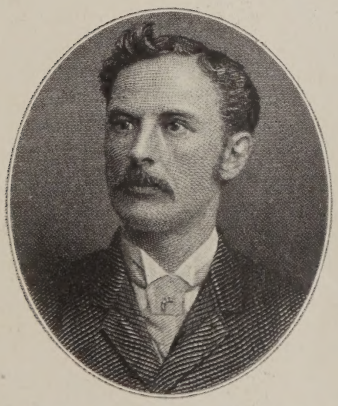
BY PATRICK SARSFIELD CUNNIFF, A. B.

When I have fought the stubborn fight,
And evening shadows round me play;
When gathering darkness only clouds the light
That glitters through the everlasting day;
Then may my hope be bright,
My spirit glad and free!
In that great moment let me feel Thy might,
To guide me o'er the unaccustomed sea!

A Military Parade in San Jose.

COSTA RICA, THE LAND OF UNDELVED TREASURE.

BY E. LYELL EARLE.



Senor don Rafael Iglesias,
President of the Republic of Costa Rica.

As its name would indicate, Costa Rica may be called the treasure land of Central America. Though the smallest of the republics, it is the richest for its size and the most advanced. The people are ambitious, the climate is delightful and the country abounds in vegetable and mineral wealth.

Costa Rica is situated on almost the southern boundary line of North America. It is not as large as West Virginia, yet it enjoys almost every degree of climate found in the New World. This results from the fact that a high mountain range cuts it northwest and southwest, sloping gradually towards both oceans, forming well-watered, fertile valleys and plateaus. Every traveler who has visited this paradise of Central America has been enamored of the spot.

Our entrance into Costa Rica was marked by a tragedy.

We were forced to camp three days at the mouth of the Rio Frio, which empties into Lake Nicaragua, just where the San Juan begins. We were joined there by a party of German scientists, who were making a tour of the Central

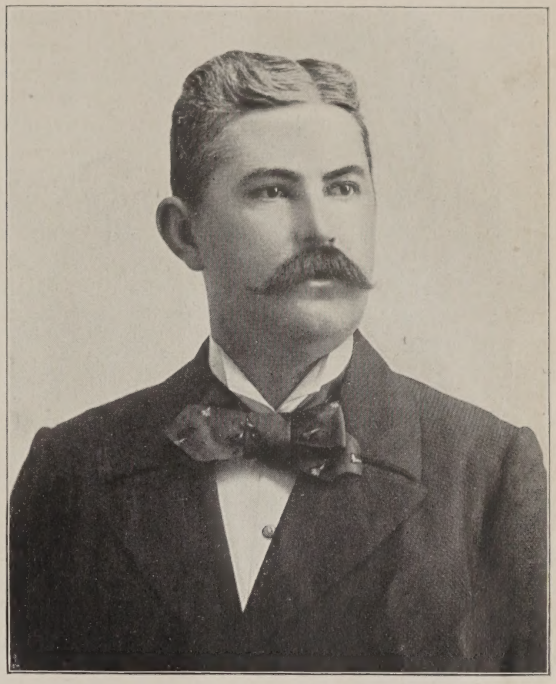
American Republics. There were seven in the party and two native guides. They had lost a tent in crossing the rapids, and one of them was forced to sleep in an old deserted hut, buried in the wild foliage. He was a young Leipsic student of fine physique and beloved by all his companions. The natives had tried to dissuade him from sleeping in the hut, telling him that the place was haunted. They asserted that whoever slept there was always found dead next morning, with the mark of a black cross on the neck, just over the main artery. As a proof of what they said, they showed two ominous looking mounds, buried in the shrubbery near the hut, which they said were the graves of two Englishmen, who had sought shelter in the haunted *casa.* Tradition had it that some crime or sacrilege had been committed there, and that, as a punishment, whoever slept in the hut was found dead in the morning, with the cruz nigra on the neck. Herr Shilbach, however, was not to be deterred by any such superstition, as he called it. So about ten o'clock he retired to his hut, and I noticed his torch was out in a few minutes and all was darkness. We had paid no attention to the story of the natives, but as Herr Shilbach did not answer the bugle call for breakfast, the Indians were ordered to summon him. It was only under threats that they yielded; but scarcely had they entered the hut when we heard the most frightful screams, and the next minute the guides were rushing wildly towards us shouting in broken Spanish and Indian *"Epia la cruz nigra, la cruz nigra! Il Senor* is dead." We all ran to the

OLD HOUSE WHERE WALKER'S FILIBUSTERS WERE DEFEATED BY COSTA RICAN SOLDIERS.

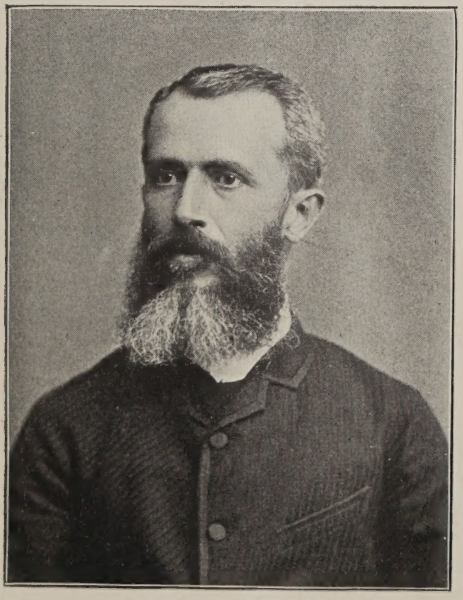
hut, and to our horror there lay the young man, wrapped in his blanket, his head thrown back, showing the small black cross on the left side of the neck.

The death cast a gloom over both camps. Herr Shilbach was buried at once, as the tropical heat compels the immediate disposal of bodies.

A companion of Mr. Shilbach, Prof. Zeigler, vowed he would sleep in that hut next night, and armed himself well for the occasion. No dissuasion could prevent him from carrying out his purpose. He betook himself to the hut early wrapped himself in his blanket and placed his revolver and knife by his side. Then he blew out his torch and the hut was as silent as death. The two natives who had been persuaded to watch outside all night asserted next day that no one had appeared. Prof. Zeigler had refused to allow any one to accompany him.



DR. JUAN ULLOA,
Consul for Costa Rica at New York.

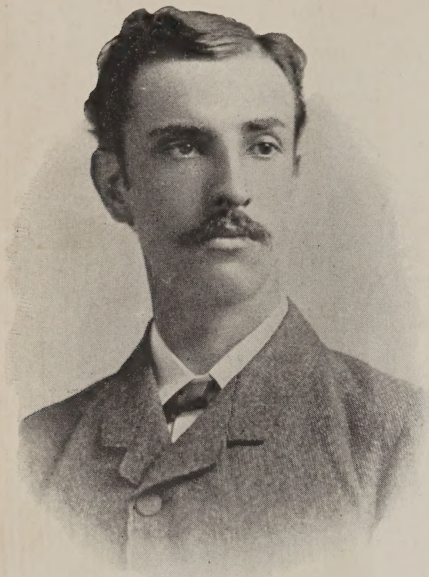


HON. MAURO FERNANDEZ,
To whom Costa Rica owes the most in the advancement of public instruction.

Early in the morning we hurried to the hut and were horrified at finding the professor in the self same position, and with the self same cross on the side of the neck, as we had witnessed in the case of Herr Shilbach. This fact caused us to wish we had not camped at Rio Frio, and we were anxious for the second United States Survey Corps to arrive.

That night, to our surprise, Captain Shields of the American Expedition resolved to sleep in the hut. We all tried to dissuade him, but to no purpose. He said not to fear, that he would find out the cause of the mysterious deaths. We knew he was a brave man, and his experience in Central and Southern America was great.

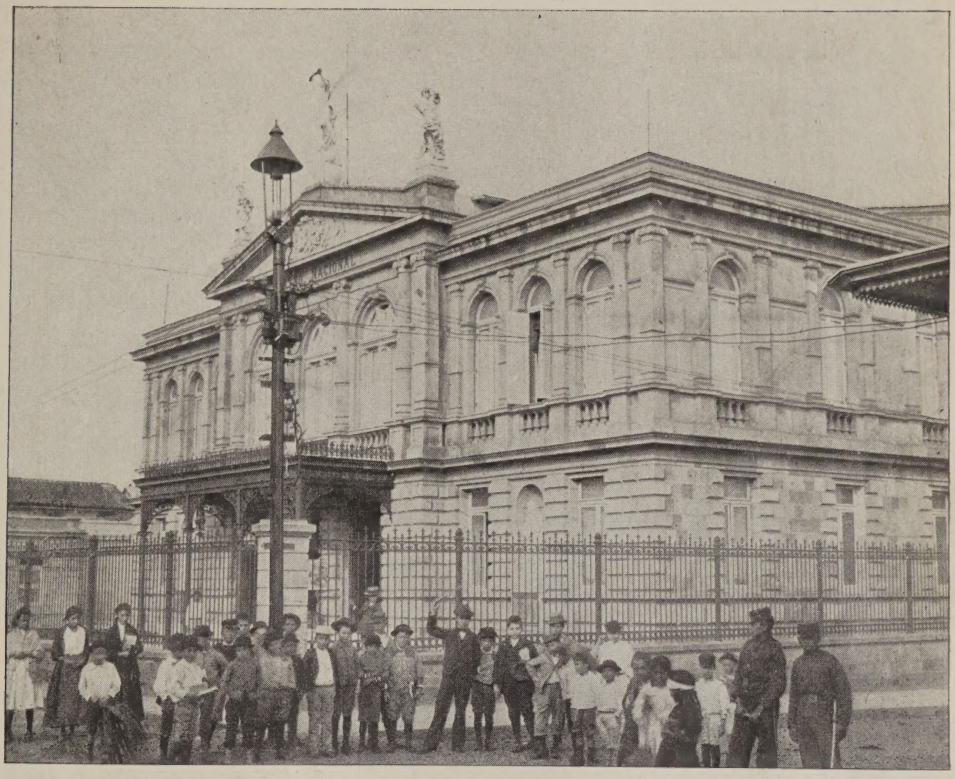
Early in the afternoon he strung his hammock across the room, and fixed his strong netting over it. He took a box of cigars with him, a flash lantern and



HON. RICARDO JIMENEZ,
Ex-Secretary of Foreign Affairs.

his two revolvers. He would allow no one to remain there. After smoking several cigars and reading for an hour or so in his hammock he closed the shade of his lantern and listened. He afterwards confessed that a chill of terror crept over him, for no sooner was the room in total darkness, than he heard a tick, tick, tick, on the ceiling and his trained ear detected a soft, creeping step directly over him. Soon he heard the sharp click, as if something were dropping from the roof to the floor. The noise grew more marked and the dropping followed in quick succession. He leaned close to his net, trying to descry the cause in the darkness. As he did so, the netting flew suddenly towards his face and a dark object just grazed his throat. In an instant he flashed the lantern, and his blood froze within him as he saw hundreds of huge tarantulas, which in a few minutes had covered the room with their giant webs. After gazing affrightedly at the light and the intruder, they rushed like mad trying to escape. In a few minutes they gathered up their webs and disappeared as

A ROOM AT THE INTERNATIONAL CLUB, SAN JOSE, COSTA RICA.



Opera House, San Jose.

suddenly as if they had never been in the room.

The sign of the black cross was explained. The Captain had surmised it from the beginning, but wished to convince himself. The next day we explored the roof of the hut and found six nests of tarantulas, each with a mighty progeny. We resolved to destroy them. Oil was thrown over the roof and walls of the hut, and it was fired in several places at once. It went up like stubble, and we could see the tarantulas making frantic efforts to escape, in their fury

Public Markets, San Jose.

biting one another to death. A huge black cross has been erected by the natives on the spot where once stood "The Casa de la Cruz Nigra."

On the following morning we set out for San Jose, the capital of the small republic. It is a city of about eighty thousand inhabitants, and the only one in Central America, excepting Guatemala, which has a fine system of electric lights, trolley cars, telegraph and telephone service. Its streets are wide, well made and clean. Some of the public buildings rival many in Europe and the United States. The Cathedral and Opera House are as grand as any in North America. The other principal cities of Costa Rica are Cartago, Alajuela, Heredia, all enjoying modern improvements.

Through the courtesy of the Hon. J. B. Calvo, the well known Costa Rican representative in Washington, and of Doctor J. Ulloa, consul at New York, we were presented to the President, Rafael Iglesias. We found him a gentleman of great refinement, and thoroughly alive to the importance of his position. His sole aim seems to be to place Costa Rica among the first of the American Republics.

The school system of the Republic is perfect. Though the schools are public in every sense of the word, religion holds a master sway, and the children of both natives and the descendants of foreigners enjoy all the modern methods of education. The schools number over three hundred, the percentage of attendance being 76.40—a very good proportion and higher than that of many European countries and of some sections of the United States. Law, medicine, engineering, pharmacy, theology, and the fine arts have all special institutes.

NATIVE GIRLS, COSTA RICA.

The condition of the public treasury is good considering the size and commerce of the country.

In 1898 the receipts were $8,413,198.80, outlay, $8,060,655.05. The paper currency has been quoted in London as high as $96\frac{3}{4}$.

The Atlantic Railroad connects the principal cities and ports. The Pacific Railroad is in course of construction, and the franchise has been granted to Mr. C. Keith of Brooklyn, for the northern railroad to connect Nicaragua Canal and Costa Rica.

Few countries of the globe are so richly endowed by nature as Costa Rica. Vege-

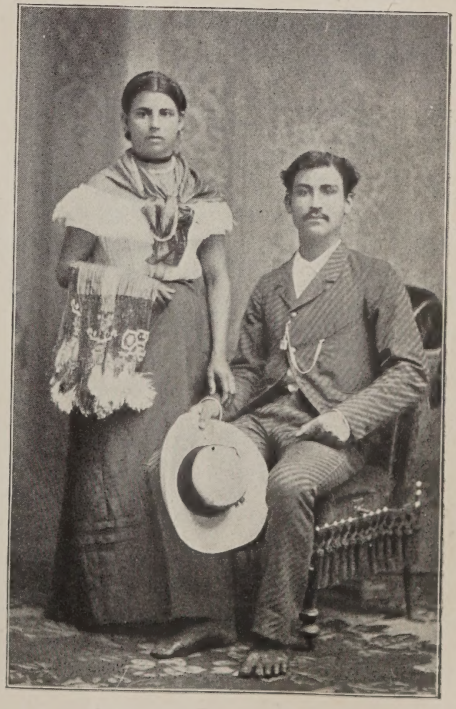
POTTERY MADE IN COSTA RICA.

tation is as exuberant on the highest mountains as on the coast; her metals are among the richest and most precious, while her *fauna* is the best in the tropics.

The principal agricultural product is coffee. No other coffee produced in Central America, excepting perhaps that of Guatemala, brings as high a market price. Over forty million pounds of coffee are exported annually. Plantations are increasing in number, and the future of the coffee industry seems very bright.

Bananas also are very extensively cultivated. In 1898 the number of bunches exported amounted to 2,331,000 with a value of nearly $1,500,000 gold. Sugar, alcohol, cocoa, rare woods and live stock are also among the republic's best products.

Of late years the mining industry has received a great impetus. Several American and English companies have been incorporated during the last two years. The output of gold alone from the *Monte del Aguaxate* mines amounted to $7.000.000. Besides gold, iron,



NATIVES OF COSTA RICA.

SHOEING AN OX, COSTA RICA.

silver, copper and quick silver abound; and with them can always be found mineral and thermal springs of great medicinal value.

No republic in Central America has better prospects than Costa Rica. Whether Nicaragua or Panama be chosen for the new canal route, Costa Rica will be the immediate gainer. Should both canals be put through, it would become an island, and have some of the finest ports in the world.

NATIVE MUSICIANS.

American merchants and manufacturers will then learn of the wealth that is almost within reach. They will become open rivals with Europe and European markets for Central American trade.

In our journey through the country we had stopped at the very house where the leader of the Walker filibustering expedition had been captured, and Central America freed from a bold adventurer.

It is to the glory of Costa Rica that it was the first to declare war against Walker and his fortune hunters, and that its army of farmers and laborers triumphed over that invader. It is also to its glory that this same army never crossed the frontiers of its own territory against any of the other states, except for the defense, in common, of the dearest interest of Central America.

Just at present there is a strong movement on foot to unite Mexico, Guatemala, Nicaragua, Honduras, Costa Rica, and San Salvador into a United States of Central America. It would be a venture worthy at least of the tolerance of every fair nation in the world. It would also be interesting from a national standpoint. It has always been the boast of the Saxon people that the Latin races have degenerated and are not capable of self government in a republic. The history of Central America contradicts this empty boast. Tomorrow the petty differences, keeping state and state apart, each watching the other with jealous eye may disappear, and a new glorious federation, rivaling that of the United States of North America, arise along the southern isthmus of the continent.

In our journey through the country, and from association with representative families of Central America, we found the people refined, educated and ambitious, combining in a marked degree the traditional culture and tastes of the Latin people with the business energy of the modern Saxon. We are too ready to judge people by what we have conceived them to be, rather than by what they are.

The native we found in greater numbers and in a higher state of civilization than in North America. It is hard to explain all the stories of so-called Spanish cruelty when we consider the great number and good condition of the natives. In North America there was no fearless champion to raise his voice against the annihilation of the Indian. In Central America the intrepid monk or prelate branded the enslaver of the Indian and pronounced it a crime to rob him either of his liberty or his goods. It is this constant protest of religion against wrong that has been seized on by thoughtless Protestant and infidel writers and used as an argument proving the tyranny of the Latin races over the native. The fact is it is the voice of the Old Church in the interests of true humanity and morality, while in the north the Saxon with wanton hand murdered the aborigines and seized his fair possessions, with no protesting voice to warn him off or prick his deadened conscience.

In concluding this series of articles on the South American Republics we earnestly hope that Uncle Sam will see that his best interest lies in preserving their independence, and in fostering a union among them, which shall secure them internal peace and guard them alike against domestic adventurers and foreign foes.

CATHOLIC LITERATURE IN PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

BY S. L. EMERY.

The subject of Public Libraries is now of such general interest and importance, and these libraries are to be found in so many of our smaller towns as well as our large cities, that it becomes more and more important for thoughtful and conscientious citizens to consider carefully the methods upon which they are conducted. It is not a matter to be written of once, and laid aside; to be mentioned once, and then forgotten. It needs, and will continue to need, constant investigation, patient oversight, and large-minded, far-sighted, honest care.

In connection with this subject, it may not be amiss to enter into a somewhat detailed account of the action of the Boston Public Library from the period of its inception up to the present day. The time is a suitable one, as this magnificent institution ranks deservedly among the foremost in the modern world, and its methods of action are becoming more and more just and worthy of admiration.

For the space of forty-six years, out of the ninety-six trustees, whose names are printed in the annual report for 1897-1898, not half a dozen were of Catholic faith. Out of the two hundred and ninety-four men and women, who have acted, for a longer or shorter time, during the same space of forty-six years, on the examining committees, the Catholic representatives of Boston's very large Catholic constituency number scarcely twenty-four.

These two facts, in themselves, are not very creditable to the management of a first-class, free, public library, supported by the tax-payers of Boston. But there is a singular feature of the case, which is made more prominent by the presence of these very things. It is the large number, (we mean, of course, comparatively speaking and under the circumstances), of standard Catholic works in the Central Library. Action has now been taken to give to Catholics a fairer representation. To the list of Trustees has been added the name of Dr. Thomas Dwight, a descendant of one of the oldest families in New England, professor of anatomy in the Harvard Medical School, and head of all the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul in the Archdiocese of Boston. On the examining committee are placed seven well known Catholic gentlemen, Very Rev. Father Byrne, Vicar General of Boston, Rev. Arthur Connolly, Hon. P. A. Collins, Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, Hon. Charles Donnelly, Hon. Thomas Gargan, and Hon. J. D. Fallon.

The time is, therefore, doubly suitable to recall some special points in the early history of this great institution; to consider its first aims and its primal ideas; and to see what has been done as regards Catholic literature, and what opportunities are afforded for the great part that such literature is fitted to have in a truly public library.

The establishment of the Boston Library was largely due to the untiring, enlightened and practical efforts of the late Mr. George Ticknor, combined with the sympathetic support of his friend, the Hon. Edward Everett, and the munificence of Mr. Joshua Bates. Other men, indeed, took active interest, but we may be allowed to count these three as prime movers in the original work.

When in his youth Mr. Ticknor visited Europe, he received much pleasure and assistance from the great public libraries abroad. The impressions then made upon his mind were deepened in his second visit, when he continued to

realize forcibly the advantages thus offered to persons of intellectual tastes and pursuits. In the city of Dresden he frequently had twenty or thirty volumes from the Royal Library, at his hotel.

We in our new country do not always understand the extent and value of these European treasure-houses of learning. To describe one only,—the famous Ambrosian Library at Milan, Italy, will teach us that neither New York nor Boston yet outranks the old world institutions in certain noticeable ways.

The splendid Ambrosian Library was begun by Cardinal Frederic Borromeo, who was nephew to the great St. Charles, his renowned predecessor in the archiepiscopal see of Milan. It was ready for use in 1609, before Boston and New York were so much as known by name; and it was like a palace in its conception and completion. Elegantly decorated with fruit and foliage, the portraits of famous men looking down upon those who studied their lives and writings below, the place was filled with all that could be required to elevate and inform the mind. A garden separated the library from a museum of painting and sculpture. A college of learned doctors was established in connection with the library, and a librarian was chosen from among them. Three professors of painting, sculpture and architecture were attached to the Museum. The whole institution was a nursery of great scholars, where philosophy and theology, Oriental languages and history, could be studied, as it were, at their native source.

The gifts were on a magnificent scale. Count Arconati, for instance, sent thither the twelve volumes of Leonardo da Vinci's autograph works, after stoutly refusing to sell one of them to an English king for 3000 gold Spanish crowns. Old manuscripts came from Benedictine and Cistercian monasteries. Even the literary treasures of the Orient were obtained for the Cardinal, by means of his trusty agents. One man alone collected thousands of printed books and of manuscripts, and spent in Frederic's service more money than any king had yet given for such an undertaking.

Rev. Dr. Bouquillon, from whose account in the Catholic University Bulletin our information is taken, writes that this library may even yet be said to seek its equal among the great book-treasuries of the world; and that it is a standing witness to the far-reaching vision as well as to the good taste and the fine culture of the great Cardinal Frederic Borromeo. Though the Ambrosiana did not excel in some respects the treasures in the Vatican at Rome, or the Laurentiana at Florence, or the Marciana at Venice, he was able to win for his collection a popularity which they did not enjoy; for he threw his collection open to all students without distinction. It was in those days almost a thing unheard of, that a private individual should collect books almost entirely at his own expense, expose them to general view, have them brought to the first applicant, and cause writing materials to be placed at his disposal. Elsewhere the books were hidden away carefully and no facilities for reading or note taking were even thought of. The savants of the day were loud in their praises of this generosity. Cardinal Borromeo's example was followed later by the Bodleian Library at Oxford, the Angelica at Rome, and others in Paris; and now, in our own times, Pope Leo XIII has opened to all scholars in search of historical truth the splendid library of the Vatican, which contains the most valuable collection of manuscripts in all the world.

Mr. Ticknor wished to combine in Boston's Library profit and entertainment for the general public with marked facilities for the real student and savant. It was to be a work of the people for the people; and when Mr. Bates gave, for the founding of the library, the sum of no less than $50,000

it was upon the condition that the city should defray the expense of a suitable building. To this building, as to their intellectual home, all citizens of every name and creed were free to come. So strongly did Mr. Ticknor's mind favor this phase of the work, that he would have declined to act as a trustee, unless the use of the library were to be first and foremost for those persons who were least likely to have many books at hand for their personal use.

Miss Ticknor in her well written life of her father has so admirably expressed his aims in regard to the scope and extent of the work, that we cannot do better than quote freely from her pages.

"His desire to put culture within the reach of those who are least apt to seek it and least able to acquire it, and his belief that they could be trusted to use carefully what was bestowed generously, this desire and belief inspired his action for the Library for the first six or eight years of its development; but when the principles he thus contended for were vindicated by experience, and put beyond danger, he turned to work for the more scholarly and studious class, of which he was himself a member.

"He hoped that the principle of founding donations of money, and the example of giving collections of works on special subjects, would lead to further gifts of both kinds; and he trusted that the disinterested and broad views for the administration of the Library, which had been established and continued during the fourteen years of his connection with it, would prevail in future, so that public confidence might in every way be secured. That this institution should be administered for the good of the whole community, earnestly inviting the less favored, yet remembering that the researches in learning and science made by the less numerous may spread widest and do more good in the end;—that its officers and employees might always be selected for their efficiency and fidelity;—and that its Trustees might always be men who know what such a library should be and do, uninfluenced by politics or sectarian views,—these were his earnest wishes in all his later years. He felt that if the affairs of the Library were ever administered in any other spirit, or for any other purpose, than to promote the best culture of the whole mass of our people, it would decay and fail, ceasing to accomplish its true object."

The practical exemplification given by Mr. Ticknor to his own strong ideas is well worth our attention. This man of scholarly tastes and habits gave his time tirelessly and freely to the establishment of the work in hand. Not the plan alone was his,—his eye, hand, feet, brain, and his large heart, became willing servants in the cause he held so dear. For fourteen years he planned and wrote, and brought his strong personal conviction to bear upon his fellow-trustees. At one time, when much extra work had to be performed, a report was brought to him each evening, even as late sometimes as eleven o'clock, of the facts gained through the day. At his own expense, in 1855, he went to England, to confer with Mr. Bates, who was contemplating still further munificence, and then he proceeded to Brussels, Dresden, Berlin, Vienna, Venice, Florence, Rome, purchasing books, establishing agencies, advising with learned men and experienced librarians. On all his purchases as agent for the Library he saved it commissions. While in Paris, he gave a large part of each day to his unselfish work, and in London a month of the summer season, remaining abroad until everything he had undertaken should be completed to his satisfaction.

It is pleasing to notice the sympathy of this scholarly gentlemen of leisure for those less favored than himself in worldly goods. "I do not," he writes to Mr. Everett, "want for my personal convenience any library at all except my own, but I should be ashamed of myself, if, in working for such an in-

stitution as our Public Library, I could overlook the claims of the poor young men, and others who are not able to buy valuable, costly, and even rare books, in foreign languages, which they need in studies important to them and the public. I never did neglect their claims in relation to my own inconsiderable library, and why should I do it in relation to a large public library?"

As his own contribution, he gave during his lifetime to the new institution "2400 volumes of works of such a high character that he made it a condition that two thousand of them should not circulate," i. e., they can not be taken from the library precincts, but must be used by the reader within its walls. A few months later, he added one hundred and forty-three volumes, being a special collection on the French dramatist, Moliere; and, four years afterwards, one hundred and sixty volumes of Provencal literature. To these he joined in his will his splendid collection of Spanish books, which had been to him of immense assistance in the furtherance of his noted work on the "History of Spanish Literature;" and his books and manuscripts in the Portuguese tongue, together with four thousand dollars to form a fund for the future purchase of similar works in these languages.

This large and liberal spirit thus early inculcated by him who was really the prime mover and worker in the institution of which Boston is so justly proud, was continued as years went by. A striking example is furnished by the large amount of information to be gained there by studious Catholics, in regard to the Church of which they are members; and by the means placed at their hands to procure such useful knowledge in ampler measure if they choose. Both these important points appear to have been too little known however; and, thus far, these great advantages have been too seldom embraced, and many golden opportunities have passed by unused.

For example: Mr. Ticknor had a favorite scheme which did not at first meet with complete approval from all the Trustees. He thought that persons who frequented the Library should be permitted to recommend books for purchase, and that blanks for such application should be supplied for their use.

This project he urged and held to, and at last he gained his point, although it was ten years before the general public seemed to understand the advantages thus offered, or availed itself of them. We may say that Catholic Bostonians do not comprehend its value yet. For instance, many of the encyclopedias are non-Catholic in tone, and make very bigoted statements. Catholic citizens should use their lawful privileges, to offset such statements by actual truth.

But when Mr. Ticknor left to his beloved Bostonian Library his great Spanish collection, there were among its treasures two rare tomes of the writings of St. Teresa which any visitor may see, venerable in their quaint bindings from old printing presses of Brussels bearing dates 1674 and 1675; and it would seem as if the influence of her whose brilliant intellect won her in general parlance the title of doctor of the Church had done a lasting work in the Puritan city that was only a small settlement among the Indian tribes when these books were made. The works of Catholic theologian, philosopher, historian, biographer, essayist, poet, novelist, are to be found in Boston's Library, not always very well catalogued or easily to be discovered, but *there;* and in such numbers and of such admirable quality, as to give a very great deal of useful information to the student, and of pleasure to the thoughtful reader, for many a day.

In the Library are such great works as the Bollandists' "Acta Sanctorum," comprising from eighty to one hundred volumes; Bossuet's works in forty-three volumes; "Les Annales de Philosophie Chretienne" in one hundred and four volumes with its index in five;

the writings of the early Fathers and of such men of later day as Cardinals Wiseman, Manning, Newman, Gibbons, Mgr. Dupanloup, Archbishops Capecelatro, Spaulding, Ullathorne, Bishop Grant, Dom Gasquet, Fathers Faber, Bridgett, Lacordaire, de Ravignan, Hettinger, Baunard, Dr. Parsons, Brother Azarias, and others.

Ozanam, Aubineau, Allies, Shea, are here; Lady Fullerton, Lady Herbert, Mrs. Craven, Mother Theodosia Drane, Kathleen O'Meara, and gifted men and women of our own city and state. Quarterlies, monthlies, weeklies, from the Catholic press, are to be found in the periodical rooms; and bound volumes of the same are at hand upon the shelves.

An extensive knowledge of Catholic hagiography can be gained here; and this not only as it is to be found in Theodore Parker's own copy of the Latin Breviary, or in the Marquis of Bute's translation, and in Butler's Lives of the Saints. One full biography after another is furnished, and it may be questioned if many Catholics in Boston could just now pass a searching examination on the lives of those saints, freely offered to them for their use at no greater distance than Copley Square. We will not contend, however, that it will be carefully explained to the unwary that "St. Elmo" does not belong to hagiography, but to the sensational novel rejoicing in a hero of that name.

To the religious orders and their founders may be applied the same remark as to the saints' lives. There is no need of a Boston citizen being ignorant of the true history of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, the Little Sisters of the Poor, of Charity, of Mercy, of Notre Dame, or of the Jesuit Fathers and the Sulpitians, or of the Catholic Church throughout the world. And where further information is wanted, we have but to ask steadily and respectfully, and bide our time; and it will come.

Over and over again is manifest a broad, liberal-minded policy, maintained plainly against odds, but those odds are sometimes of our own making. For instance, it is most unlikely, if a number of Catholic citizens applied respectfully for the completion of Father Coleridge's Quarterly Series, and took out for careful perusal the volumes as they were added; that such a reasonable request would be denied. A great library is supposed to have full sets of valuable works upon its shelves, and men count the idea of completion a scholarly one.

Moreover, every Catholic citizen who publishes book, pamphlet or brochure should give to the library of his home or native place a copy of his work. Gifts or legacies of valuable works should be given by our scholarly or wealthy men and women. The highest example has been set us in this matter. Among the gifts of special importance specially acknowledged by the late librarian, Mr. Herbert Putnam, in his report for 1897-1898 are, to quote his precise words:

"From His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. the ninth volume of the folio edition of the works of St. Thomas Aquinas, ('opera omnia iussu impensaque Leonis XIII., P. M.,') of which the previous volumes were received in 1895 and 1896."

"From the Most Reverend John Joseph Williams, Archbishop of Boston, a set of the 'Acta Sanctae Sedis,' or Acts of the Holy See, in twenty-eight volumes, published in Rome by the Society for Propagating the Faith. This is the official publication, issued periodically, containing the decisions, etc., of the Congregations and Commissions of the Roman College of Cardinals, advising or reporting to the Pope on various matters relating to the doctrine and practice of the Roman Catholic Church.

"The set is indispensable to the student of Roman Catholic doctrine and practice, and the acquisition of it has been urgently desired by the Library. This fact having come to the

attention of the Archbishop he generously ordered this set to be purchased, to be specially bound, and to be delivered to the Library as a gift from him."

It would be well if our reading clubs would take advantage of the treasures of Catholic learning; and if those who for years in Boston's Library have been making use of it, would in some way combine to furnish one another with the numbers of the books which they already know. Better still, an appeal might be made to the trustees to have a list of Catholic works made out by a competent person, familiar with such subjects, which list could be had at the Library and its Branches. The former well known librarian of the British Museum, Antonio Panizzi, was very proud of the grand display made upon his shelves by the big volumes of Catholic theology that towered there in majestic array. It would be gratifying if some such arrangement could be made, by which one could know readily and thoroughly what we have, stowed away here and there on various shelves and in many alcoves, not always so catalogued as to be easily found.

And this bulletin or catalogue would be of special use in the twenty-seven branches of the Library, which are by no means adequately furnished with Catholic literature, though the readers in many cases are of the Catholic faith. A steady demand for such books would certainly find response; and there are some books with which every branch in the city should be supplied, as, for instance, the novels and stories of our standard writers, and our Catholic essayists, poets and historians. This should be done, not only for the sake of the large Catholic constituency of our city, who are tax-payers, and therefore supporters of the Library. There is another reason, and a very strong one. It is because such men as founded this great institution, desired the cultivation and dissemination of *truth*,—true culture, true learning, true knowledge. The more we succeed in introducing books and periodicals that tell men what Catholics actually believe, and not what they are fancied by others to believe, the sooner will prejudice die away; and the stronger will become the tie that unites civilized men as brothers. Those to whom the magnificent Boston Library has already been of untold assistance towards the attainment of these desired ends, can but long ardently that many others may profit and even to a much greater extent, by the same beneficial source.

SEA-BIRDS.

BY MARY WINEFRIDE BEAUFORT.

Across Ontario, we sail'd one day;
While in our wake a waste of waters lay,
O'er the white wavelets, singing their wild song
Sea-birds were hovering, as we sped along.

Outside the Ark,—Thy Church, there hover still
Wild sea-birds who must roam the world at will;
Close to the vessel's side, we pray Thee keep
These, Lord, from perils of the awful deep.

From the great ship may bread on waters cast
Feed our wild sea-birds, bring them safe at last.
Within Thy Ark, O, may they find their rest!
Within Thy Church, their weary wings have rest.

CITY SPARROWS.

BY MARGARET M. HALVEY.

It was early morning in early March, not ushered in by the herald ruddiness we are wont to associate with Spring's inaugural month—not spasmodically misty, nor fitfully clouded—but a morning whose grayness was all-pervading, so that beneath it, great New York showed soberly, solemnly, evenly gray.

Outdoors, there was the relief of whiteness for back and foreground, for even in the tenement districts, the snowdrifts of yesterday still retained much of their original purity, except in the direct lines of traffic, and it was yet too early for these to have grown extensive. On the "top floor front" of a tall tenement building—in this present instance the narrator's point of view—this relief of contrast was denied: through drawn shutters the grayness filtered, only to be intensified by contact with the sombre trappings wherewith modern undertakers cater to that heart-desire of the very poor—display in death.

It was reflected with scarcely a modulation of tone, from the worn faces of the few women watchers who wearily rose from uncomfortable chairs occupied through the dreary night-watch, accepting its ingress as a warning to resume again the grim treadmill of daily toil.

The candles' yellow flame, yet unquenched, showed dull as faraway lights ashore might, through great stretches of ocean mistiness, not lighting but punctuating the dimness. One by one these gray-faced women came and stood for a look of silent farewell by the heavily draped casket which occupied the centre of the low-ceiled room. One by one, they bent to peer through the protecting glass at the face of her, who had been for many years with them and of them—a toiler amongst toilers—plodding as they, through the over mastering grayness of that life whereof this March morning was so strikingly typical.

That which is usually considered Death's most pathetic accompaniment—grief of the living, was noticeably absent here; she who lay thus in this unwonted pose of restfulness, had herself been mourner by the biers of all who owned for her the bond of near and loving kinship. For one, viewing the scene, however, with an understanding of its inwardness, it was infinitely more pathetic than the wildest outburst of sorrow or loss, for it was instinct with the pathos of life amidst grim surroundings—the life whose wear and tear showed on the living faces. Pathos spoke in the glances of faded eyes that looked their longing for such rest as now was hers, just as plainly as it did in the parting comments of the watchers.

"It is well for her—she would not come back if she could," remarked the whitest haired and feeblest of the group.

"O, but she looks happy" sighed a younger neighbor with a far-off gaze, as though trying to pierce the vista of probable years separating her from that inevitable time of rest.

"She had a hard life like ourselves."

"But it is all over now—thank God for her."

"I did not think before that she was ever handsome" whispered the youngest amongst them, who had not yet lost her appreciation for such trifles as mere good looks.

"Ah, it's wonderful" vouchsafed the white-haired grandame in answer, "how one's youth comes back."

Truly wonderful it was: the dead face alone had escaped the atmospheric grayness; over it instead, hovered the

white shadow of *Peace*. Beneath the thick hair more carefully arranged than the girl remembered to have seen it, the brow showed incredibly smooth and of pretty contour: around the mouth no longer sunken, lingered something, that might well be the reflection of her forgotten childhood's smile.

The skilled hands of the undertaker's woman-assistant had swathed the wrinkled throat in fleecy garniture, such as youth affects, and she, poor soul, had long foregone: the worn hands were folded, so their unsightliness—the result of toilsome years—was veiled beneath unaccustomed lace.

Could the mother whose dust had long-since mingled with that of her forefathers in the distant land from which the gaunt hand of penury drove her offspring—could *she* have looked upon the sleeper now, she would surely recall the laughing, blooming child who made glad the humble home of sixty odd years ago: just as surely should she have failed to do so, one short month since, when the woman was counted amongst the rank and file of the city's myriad toilers—before the merciful magic touch of Death had yet transfigured and restored.

It is as when a skilful hand clears away the grime of years from some storied canvas, until beneath the loving manipulation is resurrected the olden beauty that was its own when fresh from the artist's creative brush.

The change observed of the beholders that March morning, was the embodiment of Christina Rossetti's wonderful lines, which doubtless none of them ever heard but the spirit of which was in the heart of each, felt and understood while incapable of expression.

> "Life is but a working day
> Whose tasks are set aright:
> A while to work, a while to pray,
> And then a quiet night.
>
> And then, please God, a quiet night
> Where saints and angels walk in white;
> One dreamless sleep from work and sorrow
> But reawakening on the morrow."

Well, they must go now—the neighborly watchers; some already appear to take their places; one or two distant relations who assume semi-charge of the simple arrangements she had herself outlined, even as for years she had hoarded from her meagre earnings to ensure their completeness. A few neighbors, not overly pressed with household cares, move round attending quietly to small details, extinguishing lights, rearranging the clustered chairs and opening up ever so slightly the draped windows, so as to admit a little of the sharp air and more of the March grayness.

How still it all is, with the accustomed morning noises of the tenement hushed, in deference to this majestic presence that has invaded its squalor—the leveller, Death.

Suddenly, is heard a shrill, small clamor—half-chirp, half-call—that, uninterrupted as it is, rises soon to a chorus of chirrupy sound, louder and more insistent. It has followed quickly on the partial unclosing of the outer shutter and is easily distinguishable as coming from that point, although the cause cannot be perceived, now that those black hangings have again fallen in place.

"Ah," says the neighbor in a low tone, "the sparrows again! She fed them every morning and they miss her this hard weather. While she was sick she always reminded some one of their crumbs but these last days no one *thought*."

"If they'd only come to the window downstairs," the young girl turned to say, with quick tears starting to her eyes, "I'd feed them *for her*." But the sparrows were all unconscious of the good intentions of this new friend and in bird fashion they lamented for the old, whose defection they felt, understanding not its cause.

Of all she had known and many she had helped—for when have the poor failed to be helpful to each other?—only the sparrows were there to voice remembrance—the city sparrows—despised and unconsidered in *their* world, much as toilers of their benefactor's

class are, amongst their fellow-beings—the city sparrows, gray and commonplace, as were her days in their prosaic, monotonous round.

What had they meant to her, that even to the last they were in her thoughts? Mayhap a memory of the old home across the swirling waters—the home where a country child held commune with Nature through childhood's few untroubled years—mayhap a reminder of that other home beyond the skies, where only could the woman hope for reunion and rest—the home to which her title was so clear that not even earth's most favored ones might subvert or dispute it, founded as it was on His promise Who had said of these insignificant sparrows *"One of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father."*

Has He not also said *"Be ye kind to one another?"*

"A BATTLE-HYMN."

BY CECILE JOYCE.

Oh Lord look down upon our arms,
I ask Thee not to bless,
Help Thou the ones who fail, oh Lord,
Help Thou the sore opprest.

Help Thou the stricken hunted ones
Who shall this day be slain,
Whose red heart's blood for Liberty
Shall dye the battle-plain.

Help Thou the poor—help Thou the weak,
Who, vanquish'd, must bow down
To wear the yoke of slavery
And bear their Master's crown.

Look Thou upon our arms, oh Lord,
I ask Thee not to bless—
But succor those who bravely stand
Unswerving in distress.

The Gift of Power, Thy sacred Trust,
If men have dared abuse,
Grown big as Thou, with greedy pride,
'Tis just, Lord, they should lose.

For strength is not the only creed,
Nor Might the only Right.
The souls of men have greater worth
Than empire in Thy sight.

Mark not the arms I bear, oh Lord,
I ask Thee not to bless,
Help Thou the ones who fail, oh Lord,
Help Thou the sore opprest!

FAITH.

BY ELEANOR MORTON PARKER.

It is the hour of noon and a crowd of happy school children are gathered on the convent play-ground. Peals of joyous laughter tell that an event of more than usual interest breaks the sweet monotony of their innocent recreation. As some of the older members of the group disperse in order to give place to their younger companions, the cause of the merriment is revealed.

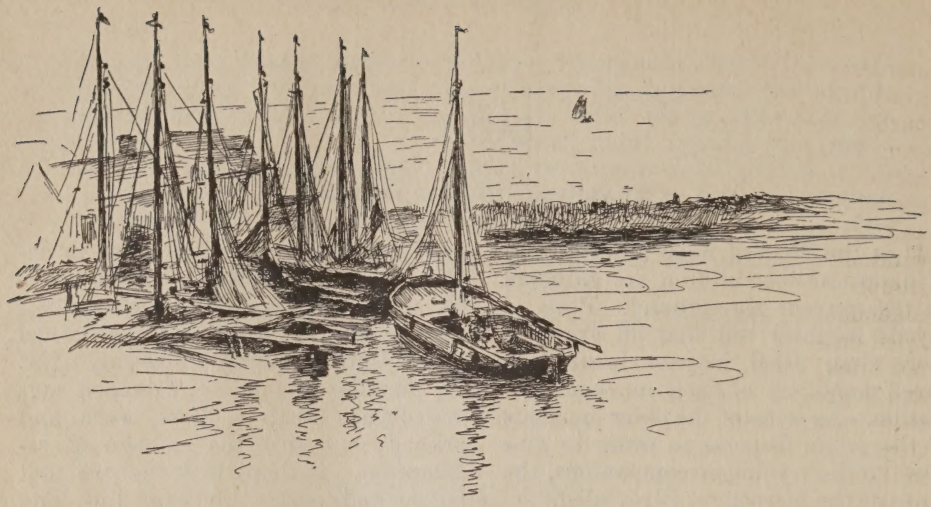
A droll little monkey, dressed in red trousers, yellow jacket and green cap, is engaged in performing a series of grotesque antics, whirling about in the quaintest of dances, passing his ragged cap for pennies and, to the evident delight of the children, greedily devouring the sweets provided by them, while his master, a dark-browed Italian, stands in the background near the sister in charge, gesticulating and turning the crank of his much abused hand-organ.

It seems almost a profanation that the two should breathe the same atmosphere—the sister with her calm, pure face, her downcast eyes and spotless religious dress; the miserable mendicant, ragged, dirty and with a countenance bespeaking too close familiarity with the evils of the world.

At length the performance is ended; the school bell calls the children to the tasks awaiting them, and with many a backward glance and parting thrust at poor, little Jacko, they withdraw. The man sighs heavily and is about to depart when the sun flashes on the crucifix at the sister's side. His eyes fall upon it and the disfigured, sin-stained face is illumined with a heavenly light. He fumbles among his wretched rags and brings forth a cross, worn and grimed; but still the emblem of redemption. Perhaps it is the one that he pressed to his innocent lips long years ago, when, in some grand Italian church the Man-God came for the first time into his happy heart. It matters not; the differences of language, nationality and circumstances are forgotten and the two recognize in themselves the children of the same tender, loving Father.

* * * * * *

It is night, and a man with an evil face and keen, piercing eyes is pacing restlessly up and down a side street in one of the worst quarters of a large city. He stops and listens anxiously every time he hears a footfall, then scowls darkly and murmurs between his clenched teeth as the belated pedestrian hurries by: "Why don't the scoundrel come? The thing has to be done, and is he going to wait for broad daylight?" On the opposite side of the street a man with a hand-organ and a monkey creeps along in the shadows and turns a corner quickly as if to avoid some one, and he presses to his heart a crucifix.



SKETCHING IN A DUTCH VILLAGE.

BY CHARLES C. SVENDSEN.

THE artist is always in search of the quaint, the picturesque and the beautiful, and in his ceaseless wanderings to find material he is apt to run across a spot which has a special attraction for him—a spot which gives him a momentary hope that he has discovered that unexplored and unwritten world to the finding of which he devotes his lifetime. He will follow the pilgrims to the Orient and get impressions of glaring sunlight and brilliant color; he will go through the chestnut and olive groves of Italy; he will go up to the homes of the Arab shepherds in the hills of Palestine; he will abide with peasants at the foot of the Bavarian mountains, where the bells tinkle among the cattle; he will spend moonlight nights on the lagoons of Venice, and twilight hours near the Alhambra; he will go everywhere, and he might go anywhere, but after these many wanderings he will always return to old, gray, misty, poetical Volendam, the Dutch Annisquam on the Zuider Zee.

Volendam is not on the map. Not now at least. Years ago it probably was, but today only the coast survey gives it a place. The village is there, however, notwithstanding the map, and many an artist has sought it out, and found it as we did. At Amsterdam we were directed to the old Buiten-Kant; then we crossed the Y on a steam launch, got into a steam tramway on the other side of the river, and away we sped through the open country, past windmills and windmills, and across canal after canal. For more than an hour we viewed the original places where hundreds of famous Dutch pictures were gotten. First Am-

sterdam, with its antique beauty, its gracefully lined structures and its busy harbor faded from view. Then came snug villages along the water-ways, fat cattle and sheep, lush grasses, sandy stretches, quaint cottages and cottages, and everywhere water and sentinel windmills,—till with a snort our train stopped in the narrow streets of Monnikendam (Town of the Monks) store-lined on either side, with old houses of red brick, gables of an Eastern pattern and a great old, tumble-down church, moss-grown and sombre, near the track. Another steam-tram landed us in Edam, the principal cheese market of Holland, and from the station we hastened through a beautiful grove—a miniature model of the more beautiful one stretching from the Hague to Scheveningen. At the other end we found the canal, where a tjalk (sail boat) was due to leave. The artists prefer this way by canal rather than to go through the "Golden Horn" from Monnikendam. The skipper was waiting at the mooring place and welcomed us all—box, canvas, easel and man,—with the friendliness of his people. He asked solicitously of us whether we had breakfasted already, as it was only eight o'clock and we had left Amsterdam at six that morning. Yes, we had; but his insistence made us grateful for a fresh cup of coffee, a roll, butter and cheese, which his old *moeder* served to us. The tjalk was small, had seen service and looked like an antediluvian canal boat, but its cabin was roomy enough to accommodate us and our traps. The young skipper, the descendant of a long line of skippers, controlled the clumsy boat with skill, dexterously handling the sail when the wind blew strong and a pole when the breeze fell off. We watched him and the scene we were passing with admiration till after a half hour we neared Volendam on the sun-touched canal. Here we saw artists in the fields with their easels, painting in the full, open light, and we felt that an elysium was at hand. This was the place to get sketches of the real people of Israels, Neuhuys, Blommers and Cogen. Dirk, the skipper, invited us to follow him to the village inn a little way up the dike. A crowd of youngsters, lingering over ginger-bread on their way to school, welcomed us with shy smiles and the conventional "Me takenna?" (Take me?) the cry of the little ones who wish to pose. The women cast their work aside for a moment and came to the doors, for one of the events of the village is the arrival of an Englander, all foreigners being regarded as Britons in these parts.

We went to the only hotel in the village, and the host of "Cafe Spaander" told us that about twenty artists—ten of them Americans—were then already exploring this artistic nook in advance of us. Old Volendam, with its ancient mill at Watermond and its long sunny dike and happy children, was charming to behold on a fair autumn day. The one-storied frame houses, painted light green and sometimes black with a streak of white and red on the window frames and gables, and the red tiles of the roofs, as red as the roofs of Venice, were a study in color contrasts, and the whole was admirably toned to the gray atmosphere of the coast, subject as the region is to high winds, haze and vapor.

We were made to feel at home immediately after our arrival. The fisher-folk, perhaps three thousand all told, are as yet unspoiled by the tourists. They are willing and anxious to be of service to any one and it takes but little courtesy to win their good will. In the early part of the week, when the men are absent, the women are busy with their wash, and they can be seen dipping garments into the sea, pounding, soaping and rubbing with enthusiasm. The white linen, the red and yellow flannel of the men, and the blue skirts of the women along the shore but add to the quaintness of the general picture. Others not busy with their wash evince a passion for

scrubbing, mopping and cleaning. The extensive water-ways behind the dike which cuts through the village proper afford them full play to indulge in this national passion, and a complete brigade of such Oceanides could be seen daily, cleaning the walks, the windows, the doors and everything within reach. Mevrouw is monarch of the household and not the tiniest speck of dirt dare assert itself as long as she is able to wield mop or brush. No foot-print is tolerated even in the yard outside of the house, and before crossing the threshold all are compelled to take off their klumpjes (wooden shoes) and leave them on the outside. The women take special care to keep the tips of their white lace hoods stiff with starch, which is as necessary a perfection in their toilet as polished linen and spotless collars with ours. This delicate hood is worn over a black skull cap that fits the closely-clipped head very much like the head-gear of a nun. The elderly women, widows, often wear a straw bonnet over it. A jacket of dark blue with a breast-piece of cream cloth and dark blue border of the same cloth at the hips constitutes the dress of the women and the girls. The skirts protrude at the hips in a grotesque fashion on account of the many flannels which they wind about the body, evidently a fad with them as with many of the peasants of the Black Forest, where the custom prevails to wear as many skirts as the spare-box will allow, adding at least one skirt every year. They all dress alike and the talk about dress therefore does not slip into their conversations, and on that score they are at eternal peace with one another, for no change of dress has occurred among them for centuries, and will not for years to come. Even when returning from city service (for the dame of Volendam is much sought after as a domestic) to wed a country swain, she comes back bare-armed, weather-reddened, same as when she left without a change in her dress—black stockings, short skirts, heelless slippers, coral necklace and all.

The interiors of Volendam are pictures of cleanliness and order, cozy and comfortably adapted to the uses of the occupants, and quaint enough to delight the soul of an artist. The walls are painted a dark red, as are the benches and stools. Matting is upon the floor. There is a brick stove and sometimes a cast-iron one with a primitive chimney and a kettle hanging on the trammel, and round about are ranged the copper, brass and iron kitchen wares, all a-glitter, while the tinware looks like silver. The walls are lined with white and blue delft tiles, and the cupboards and drawers are filled with the valuable delft ware which is so highly prized by them as well as by all foreigners. The table and hard wood chairs, though worn, always have a new look, owing to the frequent waxing they receive. Beneath the matting at the doorway is the well of fresh water, and in a corner there stands an enigmatical closet with doors. The vociferous noises coming from it, mingling with the fussiness of the steaming tea kettle and the angry dash of the waves without, at first disconcert the stranger. On close inspection it changes into a magical state-room, occupied by mynheer when he is at home. On the side wall a large, antique clock has found a place, and near the curtained window there is a looking glass in which the favored daughter of the household watches the nimbleness of her hands in the making of stockings, and also the changeful expressions of her face as she thinks of her Dutch lover. She also sits at the window and looks out on the sea for him in the odd moments. In love affairs the Volendam girl is allowed to follow the dictates of her own heart, and as a consequence the most genuine love-matches are made. And to complete the picture of a Volendam home, an oil lamp hangs from the ceiling, and in the most conspicuous place will be found a crucifix and framed prints

of the Madonna and saints, at once revealing to one that the occupants of these humble abodes are Catholics. The very stamp of humbleness that everything has about the hearths of Volendam nevertheless is suggestive of thrift and a desire for comfort, and the attending charm and peace that make the humblest of homes an elysium on earth.

All the fishermen of the Zuider Zee are large and robust men. They are on the sea all week and are accustomed from infancy to the perilous occupation of fishing. Many of them spend the greater part of their lives in boats —and what strong, healthy models they are for the painter! They know every foot of water in the region to which they are limited by the government to ply their vocation, and they rarely leave familiar waters on account of the numerous sand banks which are a menace on all sides. The sea is a dangerous one for that reason. It also has its special characteristics owing to the singularity of its original formation, it being said that cities are flooded at its bottom, it having submarine meadows and banks of yellow mud rarely covered by more than two feet of water, giving its edge that strange, greenish color noted by artists as they paint it. The dikes prevent the other parts of the lands from being submerged. The Volendamers evade calamity successfully most of the time, but when hungry mouths at home prompt them to seek for food in new waters they become venturesome and go as far as the North Sea, at the expense of life sometimes, as was the case recently when eight brave fishermen were caught in a gale in which their boats foundered on reefs, and all perished. Regularly on Sunday evening can be heard the click, click, tick, tick, as they haul the nets down from the masts of the blunt-bowed boats and make them ready for a long week's work. The men all assemble in the half-gloom, and are seen moving about on the dike while the vague, flickering light cast from the oil lamps at the head of each stair leading to the sea seems in danger of being put out momentarily by the strong winds blowing from it. There is a touch of pathos and sentiment in the voices of the men as they say good night to their wives (they never say good bye) before leaving for a week of peril and hard work. The women intrust them to the mercies of the elements without any apparent feeling, though doubtless with suppressed anxiety, for whenever there is a storm no women could be more anxious, and their watch on the weather-beaten sea dike is not concluded until every boat is in safety. There are about two hundred and fifty boats and all of them go out at midnight, Monday. At that moment a babel of noise comes up from the harbor, and from the coast side of the dike one hears the flutter of the little Dutch flags which fly merrily at the masthead of the boats, as one by one they glide silently towards the expanding sea, with full brown sails set whether it be moonlight, fog or rain. They come home again on Saturday morning or at midnight, Friday, and the intervening time till Sunday is the only time they spend with their families. The evening of every second day their boats are headed towards Amsterdam, where they dispose of their catch to merchants. This occupies but little time, for the way the fish are hauled out of the boats alive and fresh, and flung into the selling pits and sold to the highest bidder is surprising. At times, when near to the coast, the skiffs of the fishermen come in loaded with small fish, nests generally, which they transfer to hand-carts and feed to the ducks.

Saturday and Sunday are the men's days of rest. They walk about with measured tread, silently, soberly, smoking their pipes, and their hands hidden in capacious trouser pockets. A black fur cap is worn on the head,

framing a strong, beardless face. A red shirt and a blue jacket and very wide trousers with great brass buttons, and klumpjes covering the feet, constitute their dress. To see them receding up the dike in perspective is a droll sight. At sunset they sit about on their heels and chat quietly in front of the village "tapperij," or schiedam shop, and exchange yarns of the pitiless sea, with eyes on it and on their boats. In these leisure moments they display the dreamy indolence of an oriental hadgi or Messina fisherman. Those who on account of their old age are unable to go out in the boats with the rest during the week sit about listlessly and seem to be bored. The men at that period of life express a desire to die, since their usefulness has ceased, and they deem life not worth the living. One old man, Jan Pantjes, was a character of this kind. Every morning we saw him sit near the testy brine smoking a short pipe and watching the waves play with the boats far out, his own staunch craft waiting in the harbor for a strong hand to master it. He watched stolidly all day until the shadows of evening hid his boat from view and enveloped the village, and until the lights were set in the little windows to welcome those on the water and any late comer. Then Jan Pantjes would invariably steal past the uncertain lamp-light on the dike and go to his own little home, where a few months before a helpmeet lightened the burden of living and cheered him in his declining days.

There is a peculiar lethargy about the men. They all seem to be sleepy and are content to live in a common world where nothing ever occurs, ever did happen, or ever may. And nothing actually happens to break the monotony of their lives—no markets, no feasts, no amusements,—without considering the weekly visit of a Semitic tin and cloth merchant from Amsterdam, and a yearly kermess, which is noted for jollity, a little drinking and dancing.

At Volendam there is that calm which we always associate with Sunday. Should your visit among them be a prolonged one a phase of their lethean stupor often overcomes you, and for once you wish that it may tarry a while, for the restlessness of a modern metropolis is not there to dispel your meditations and you are glad to be in a village which has retained its century old customs despite its nearness to the activities of the nineteenth century.

Many of the Volendamites are rich —rich not alone in the money sense— but in a sense of being satisfied with that which they have accumulated, and free from any desire to increase their store. So the occupation of fishing is lucrative for them much of the time, but the winter deals harshly with many of the inhabitants, and some of the families are reduced to abject misery and want from December to March.

Before the richness of the sea was explored it is conceded that the district was inhabited by farmers, and the legend which they attach to the birth of their calling is interesting, as it has a touch of innate simplicity. One night as color-tubes, brushes and palette were resting, and American mail and newspapers had been pored over, the friendly Dutch hotelier invited us into the family circle and related to us the queer tradition. It ran thus: "The farm lands lay flat for miles, and only a little while before noon, as is the case even now, on account of fog, did the sun touch the tiled roofs and the hay stacks. The farmers were at work, and the clumsy wagons were creaking along the dike with their heavy loads of cheese for the Edam markets, from where they were to be towed to Amsterdam in tjalks. The children were playing at the shore of the Zuider Zee, and the women were watching them from the doorways. Others were gathering hay. The sea licked the grasses in those days, and the women worked on the farm as they do today on the Island of Marken three miles across. Along the dike some of the wise old

VOLENDAM INTERIOR.

farmers saw evidences of an approaching storm. Soon there came rain and thunder, and a fine white horse was driven ashore and every one ran away in fright. A young girl, however, was not frightened and remained, and the horse nestled close to her. She in return petted him and drew her hand through his long mane. Then there was more thunder, and a bolt of lightning, and the horse vanished beneath the waves which now were seething furiously along the coast. Each time thereafter whenever a storm arose the white horse appeared, and the beautiful young woman encouraged him with fresh grass and much petting. The frequent recurrence of storms and the mysterious appearance of the sea monster, and the strange actions of the young girl caused much talk among the villagers. The old women would talk about it at meal time with their husbands, and afternoons at tea with a friendly neighbor, and every one had a foreboding that evil would befall them. They were sure war would arise and their possessions be taken from them, or that they would be stricken by some awful fatality. One day during a storm the misfortune came. The white horse appeared as customary and the farm hands on the leading dike saw how he snatched the young and pretty woman in his teeth, and, tossing her upon his back, disappeared in the sea. The poor girl had been warned not to go near the beast, but she persisted in petting him, and the rebukes she received were many. Some even believed her to be a witch. On the evening of her disappearance the scenes in some of the peasants' homes were tragic. Many of the folks even were half-glad to know of her end, for her presence was dreaded. After the storm had subsided the men concluded to find the body of the unfortunate

one, and they built rafts and seines with which to drag the bottom of the sea near the shore. A long search ended in failure to find the body, but, instead, as a surprise, many fish were hauled in. After that came the suggestion to continue fishing and combine it with farming as a livelihood. The first success induced the men to continue fishing, and soon after a regular fishery was established at Volendam. The village grew from that time

RETURNING FROM CHURCH.

on, and since then most of the farmers have disappeared and today the inhabitants depend solely upon the sea to yield them bread."

This is the legend, but the history of Volendam, if it has a history, is lost, for the place is not mentioned in the old chronicles which record the wars and the pillage to which most of the cities of the Zuider Zee were subjected in the 16th and 17th century. At any rate the village is of great age, and has features of special interest for even a Dutch village. It is opposite the Island of Marken, whose low front can be seen across the sea on a clear day. As a popular summering place for artists it can boast of much that is time-worn and unique, though it is not as much frequented by them as Laren and Katwyk on the sea. Every year there are a great number assembled for vacation and study, from most every country on the globe, for the panoramas of the lowlands are inspiring, and there, as everywhere in Holland, can be found mood, sentiment and color for picture motifs. A number of pictures that have become noteworthy have been painted here. Some years ago G. Sherwood Hunter, R. A., who spends every summer at Volendam, painted his pathetic "Burial of a Fisherman's Child." It represents the father carrying the little coffin, which is covered with a white sheet, and the bereaved mother and children following with bowed heads. A young mother with a baby on her arm approaches the dike from the sea and looks at the sad procession. The young mother's presence gives the picture a deep touch of pathos, for she is watching a scene which probably will repeat itself, and she may be the principal actor in it. Miss Nourse, whose wanderings in search of the picturesque have led her to Africa and Siberia, and other European countries, has found many subjects at Volendam to interest her brush. Of these, "The Congregation," Volendam women at church, is

A VOLENDAM MAIDEN.

the best. Her picture is a graphic one of the Sunday congregation, the quaint people at Mass. The women are on the left side of the church, and the men occupy the right aisles. On the outside there is a great display of klumpjes of every size and shape, claimed after services by the proper owners without apparent confusion. Pictures of the Angelus hour, when all the male inhabitants uncover the head and women put aside their work until the last sound of the church bell dies, have been inspired here in countless numbers. The sea at Volendam is painted less, for Scheveningen with its many large boats, and made famous by Mesdag's marine subjects, offers other and better advantages. Evart Pieters received a medal at the Salon of '96 for a Volendam interior, and Hans Bartel's sketches of Volendam life have been sought for by many of the museums and private collections abroad. Arthur Briet and Paul Rink, two of the younger Dutch painters, have been honored with medals and favorable criticisms for the faithful way they have rendered Volendam types.

Koldeweij, Bastert, Parsons, Edwards, Koopman, Cassiers, Mosler, and many other artists less known to fame have visited old Volendam in sketching days, have inscribed their autographs in the register at Hotel Spaander, and have left one of their studies in the village.

MOTHER AND BABE.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

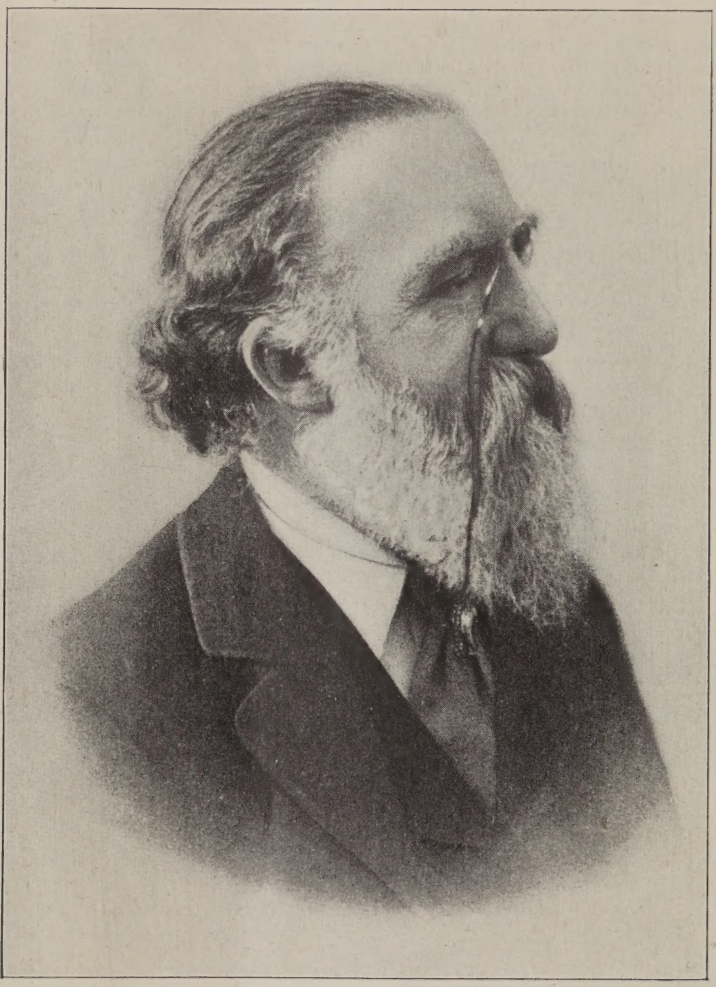
The new archbishop of Oregon, Monsignor Christie, is a zealous advocate of the Catholic magazine and the Catholic newspaper.

At a meeting held in Portland, Oregon, on occasion of the installation of Most Reverend Alexander Christie, D. D., the bishops of the province took advantage of the opportunity to consider certain matters con-

MOST REV. ALEXANDER CHRISTIE, D.D.

ducive to the welfare of the Church and the souls committed to their care. One result of the meeting was the publication of a circular letter calling upon their flocks to support the Catholic press. The letter is signed by Archbishop Christie and his suffragan bishops.

"The Catholic press of today," says the letter, "must according to the third Plenary Council of Baltimore be thoroughly Catholic, instructive and edifying, and not one that will be, while Catholic in name and pretense, non-Catholic in tone and spirit, disrespectful to constituted authority or biting and uncharitable to Catholic brethren. It is not necessary for this reason, however, that it should be a prayer-book, but should deal with all subjects, secular, political, religious. Without being offensive, it should be firm, fearless, and aggressive, if need be. Error is bold and aggressive; truth should be not less so."



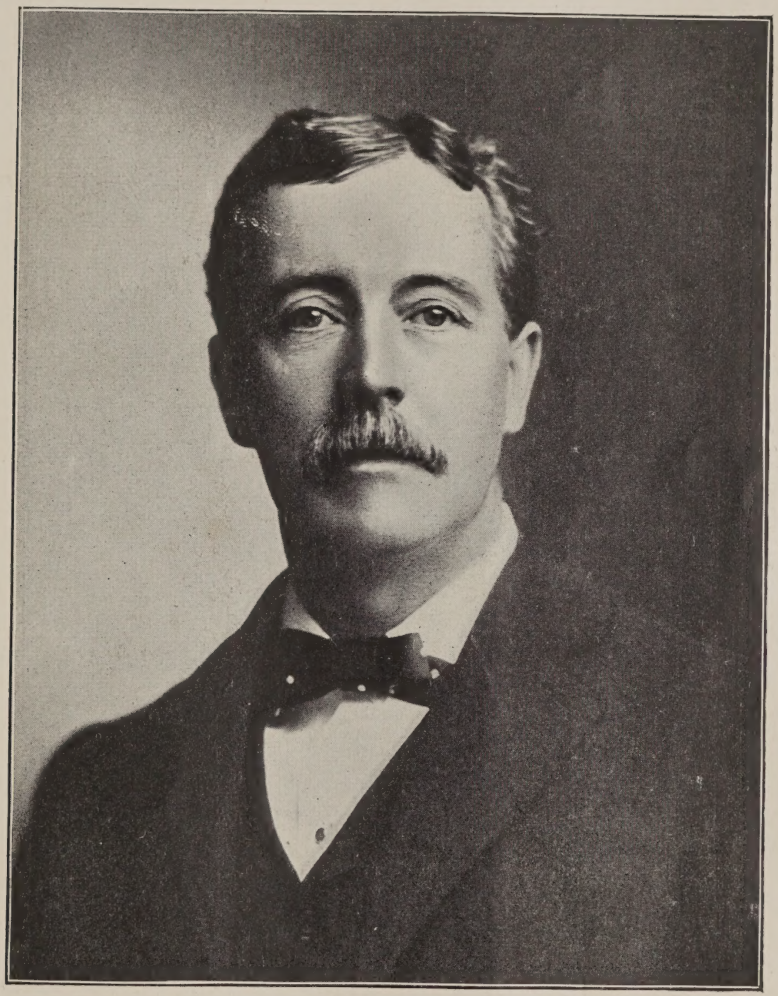
JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P.

The confession of Justin McCarthy's early struggles is eloquently told by himself in his "Reminiscences." There are interesting details made public now for the first time.

It will suffice to state that few men of the old world or of the new have more certainly and honestly won their great honors than

has Mr. McCarthy, who in youth had no opportunity for a classical education, and in preparation for a literary career, was dependent upon knowledge acquired from personal studies in the best literature. He appeared in London in February, 1852, when but 22, and resolved to gain a livelihood with his pen. Speaking of the beginning of his work, he says:

"Mine, in fact, was a literary education altogether, the sort of education inspired and directed by a love of reading for reading's own sake. The only science of which I knew anything was astronomy, and even that I knew in a literary and picturesque, rather than a scientific sense. One way or another I had made myself acquainted, and in many cases well acquainted, with all the great authors of Greece and Rome, of England and France, of Germany and Italy. This, then, was the sort of literary outfit with which I hoped to make a way for myself into London journalism and English literature."



HON. THOMAS P. KANE.

Thomas P. Kane, who succeeds Hon. Lawrence O. Murray as Deputy Comptroller of the Currency, is a native of Delaware. He

entered the Treasury Department in 1886 as private secretary to Comptroller Trenholm and served successive Comptrollers Lacey, Hepburn, Eckels and Dawes in the same capacity.

with men of national reputation and also an intimate and valuable knowledge of governmental methods and affairs.

He is thoroughly versed in the law and was for several years associated with a

LIEUT. HUGH A. DRUM.

He was appointed Deputy Comptroller of the Currency by Secretary Gage upon the recommendation of Mr. Dawes, June 26, 1899.

Before entering the Treasury Department Mr. Kane was an expert stenographer and was secretary to quite a number of prominent public officials, through which association he acquired a wide acquaintance

prominent Washington law firm.

He brings to the discharge of his new duties a complete knowledge of the details of the comptroller's office and an industry and ability t hat give assurance of a most successful administration.

In speaking of his appointment Secretary Gage said:

"It is a promotion not simply for merit,

but for the peculiar quality of merit which we may call adaptation. Mr. Kane has not been content to sit at his desk and do what was assigned him, but he has interested himself intelligently with the administrative features of the office. He has kept abreast of its business and in touch with the persons who had relations with the controller, so that he will have very little of the routine part of his new duties to learn, as an outsider would, if brought in. He has, moreover, made himself acquainted with the laws governing the comptroller's functions. In brief, he has not done as so many persons might have done in his position, with well-defined clerical duties to perform, fallen into a rut. He has earned the reward of keeping wide awake while at the same time faithful to discipline. The appointment seems to be in the line of practical civil service reform."

Among the young men who have recently been appointed to second lieutenancies in the regular army there is none to whom more interest attaches than to Lieut. Hugh A. Drum, 12th U.S. Infantry, both because of his youth and because of the peculiar circumstances connected with his appointment.

Lieut. Drum is the youngest son of the late Capt. John Drum, 10th U. S. Infantry, a gallant officer who was killed in battle at Santiago, Cuba, July 1, 1898. His father had destined him for a military career and was endeavoring to obtain for him an appointment to the military academy at West Point, when death put an end to these ambitions. Some good friends, however, brought the case to the attention of President McKinley, who, not having any vacancy at the military academy at his disposal, decided to commission the young man a second lieutenant. Thus it was that Lieut. Drum was given the distinguished honor of donning the uniform of an officer in Uncle Sam's regular army before he had celebrated his nineteenth birthday.

Lieut. Drum served with his regiment at Jefferson barracks and later at Fort Riley, Kansas, until last February when the entire regiment sailed for Manila on the transport Sheridan. He served as battalion adjutant until their arrival at Manila when under the army reorganization bill it became necessary to assign a first lieutenant to this office. Two days after their arrival the third battalion, to which the lieutenant is attached, was sent into the field and the young officer soon began to experience the hardships of the campaign.

In the meantime he had participated in two engagements in the latter of which two men of his company were killed. In both engagements it was his good fortune to command the company.

An officer of Lieut. Drum's regiment who recently returned from the Philippines speaks in the warmest terms of the young officer, stating that he has performed his difficult duties in a faithful and skillful manner and has won the confidence of his superiors.

Lieut. Drum was born at Fort O'Grady, Michigan, Sept. 19, 1879, and spent the greater part of his life at army posts in the Southwest where under the tutelage of his father he received his rudimentary education. In 1894 when his father was detailed to serve as military instructor at St. Francis Xavier's College in New York City, young Drum entered the preparatory department connected with that institution and in the fall of '97 became a member of the freshman class. When his father went west in February, 1898, he came to Boston and spent the rest of the year in the freshman class at Boston College. During the four years he was a student at St. Francis Xavier's, he was also a member of the cadet battalion under his father, and filled all the non-commissioned and commissioned grades up to that of captain. He was also prominent in athletics as a football and baseball player and as a long distance runner.

A SON OF POLAND.

BY WINEFRIDE BEAUFORT.

Poland has given some great intellects to the literary and musical world. From the day he left his home in Warsaw until his death, Frederick Chopin never ceased to be a Pole. From his home in Warsaw he brought with him a handful of Polish earth, which was cherished as a relic of his loved fatherland, and nineteen years later at his funeral in Paris, it was sprinkled over his coffin. But few relics remain to give us a glimpse into the tender heart of this great musical genius. All his letters were burned during an insurrection in Warsaw. They were unfortunately taken by the soldiers to keep up the fire whilst they were brewing punch.

His heart was Polish, but his music is cosmopolitan, and generally expressed his feelings at the time of writing. He composed the Storm Prelude when George Sands was at sea, and fears were entertained for her safety. In Paris, at first he had little or no success, and determined to come to America; however, a friend introduced him to the salons of Monsieur Rothschild, and from that time fortune smiled on him.

Chopin's friends loved him; he was sincere and reliable, a most perfect gentleman, and to take that word and apply it in its true sense is the highest praise to which a man need aspire. "Man made noblemen, but God made gentlemen," says an old adage, and we know what God made He found was "Very good." Yet this is more the opinion of Chopin's friends than the general verdict. Dr. Engel says: "His slight and fragile body contained a strong and believing soul." Outside this inner circle, even his admirers know that he was weak; his was a ruined life; had his character been stronger he would have been a happier man.

An anecdote is told of his satirical powers and quickness of repartee. He was dining at the house of a Paris millionaire, who, as soon as the guests assembled in the drawing room, begged of the musician to favor them with some music. Chopin did not like this pointed manner of being asked to pay for his dinner, and replied: "Oh, but Monsieur le Baron, I have eaten so little!"

The composer's friends, Heine, Meyerbeer, Ary Scheffer, Eugene Delacroix, often met at his house in the Rue St. Lazare, in Paris. Liszt came frequently, but Chopin disliked him. Two great stars could hardly shine in their full splendor so near each other. As a pianist Chopin had no superior, except Liszt.

A visitor at the house gives a touching description of the musician's power. "He did not attack the note, he subdued it, he magnetized it, he made it speak, wail, sing, unroll itself in fantastic arabesques. The modulations frequent and bizarre with which his music abounds, rythm the most odd and unsuspected; now the sound of a muffled drum, anon the tolling of funeral bells, the soft whisper of a breeze among the foliage, the rocking of a gondola upon a calm sea; he portrayed all that. Then again it was some religious chant, the powerful tones of the organ, the deep passionate voice of the violincello, the strings of a harp vibrating with celestial melody; again it was the human voice, and nearly always the voice flung out an appeal, despairing, beseeching, full of youthful ardor and fire. In listening

to him we were all hypnotized that evening. It was indeed the music of an exile devoted and dying, and with that faith he has written from beginning to end. The work of Chopin was like the Divine Comedy of Dante; he had put into it his heart, his country and his God."

He who "writes to his own heart," says Emerson, "writes to an eternal public." This is why Chopin's music has such a hold on the human heart, ever changing, yet forever the same. He was patriotic, for patriotism inspires the artist. He was cosmopolitan, for genius honors no nationality, "the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof." His music will live, for he spoke what thousands feel; he spoke, not alone to his nation, but to mankind; to sorrow, and joy, to hopes and fears, to the lonely and the heavy hearted, to whom, as to Chopin the songs of home seem almost the songs of heaven.

ON A MOUND OF "NINETY-EIGHT."

BY THOMAS WALSH.

Here they lived and here they died;—
Four blackened walls the storms deride;
God, was it here they set their pride?

Bleak and barren the mountain moor,
But sweeter than death to the starving poor—.
God made it home for the brave and pure.

Here they lived their bitter year,
Father and son, through mirth and tears;
God would chasten His souls so dear.

Then came the foe by stealth and might,
With bloody bullet and gallow's blight.
God! the flames on the moor at night!

They drove the cows and pigs away,
And ruins jeered at the breaking day;
God is sleeping, the stabbed hearts say.

. . . . . .

But scattered though be Erin's braves
Thro' foreign lands, by nameless waves,
God still keeps green their fathers' graves.

And they that pass these four walls, stay
And heap a stone on the pile, and pray:
"God, forget them not today!"

ENGLAND AND THE BOERS.

BY JAMES W. CLARKSON.

The despatch of so many regiments from England to the Cape of Good Hope during the last month is a proof that Mr. Chamberlain has made up his mind to try conclusions with the Boers, and we may expect before long to witness the extinction of a republic, in many respects, one of the most singular and interesting that have ever existed. There has, perhaps, never been in the history of the world a century in which battalions counted more than right and justice to the extent that they do in the present one. A few years ago, Turkey crushed Greece, and, to all human seeming, England will ultimately stamp out the resistance of a little nation that, cannot put more than twenty-five or thirty thousand men in the field, although every Boer is a natural born soldier from sixteen to sixty.

It may be as well to state that the term "Boer" (1), meaning "farmer", was the original designation of all the Dutch colonists of Southern Africa, who were for a long time farmers, almost exclusively. Widening into national significance, it is now applied to all the Hollanders of the Transvaal, whether farmers or lawyers, merchants or mechanics.

The national existence, indeed, of the Transvaal is but a short one—less than seventy years—but the causes that gave birth to it and led to the present struggle are anchored in a past that stretches back to a considerable distance, and, in order to understand the subject fully, it will be necessary to know something of events that had a very real connection with the persecutions, wanderings and troubles of the Transvaal Boers and their final settlement in the land they now inhabit.

Although Bartholomew Diaz, the great Portugese navigator, doubled the Cape of Good Hope in 1486, nearly two centuries elapsed before any European nation thought of turning the discovery to account. At length, in 1652, the Dutch East India Company formed a little settlement on the present site of Capetown, solely with the view of having a station for victualling its vessels on the route to India. The colony increased slowly; but the revocation of the edict of Nantes gave it an impetus. A large number of Huguenots had taken refuge in Holland, and most of those exiles found their way to the Cape with their wives and families, multiplied as rapidly as their kindred in Canada, and the frequency of such names in the Transvaal as: Joubert, De Villiers, Du Plessis, Malherbe, etc., proves that there is a good deal of French blood among the modern Boers. Unlike the Canadians, however, they quickly lost their language, the speaking of it being sternly prohibited by the Netherlands.

Yet these honest fanatics do not like Frenchmen. "Why?" asked a traveler, of Kruger; "what harm have we done you?" "What!" answered Oom Paul, "like you, after Louis XIV! like you, after the edict of Nantes!" Some nations have long memories.

The descendants of the Frenchmen and Hollanders proved an energetic race, and, in spite of the Dutch Company, which wished to keep all its subjects on the coast, within its immediate control, they began to "trek" (migrate) northward, so that in 1786 they were spread over the interior, and hundreds of miles away from the Cape.

(1). Generally incorrectly pronounced. Oe in Dutch—oo in poor. Boer is, therefore, Boor.

AFRICA
Scale of English Miles
Geographical Miles 60 = one Degree
REFERENCE
Steamroutes ..... Forts & Fortifications ✦ ☆ Lighthouses ✦
Battlefields Mats Heights in English Feet
Explanation of Colours,
Possessions of European Countries outlined thus.
British German Portuguese French Italian
ATLANTIC OCEAN
INDIAN OCEAN
CONGO STATE
Mozambique Channel
MADAGASCAR
MADEIRA
Longitude W. 17 of Greenwich
Cape Town
C. of Good Hope
Port Elizabeth
East London
Durban
Pretoria
Johannesburg
Zanzibar
Mombasa
Witu
Juba
Loanda
Benguela
Mossamedes
Novo Redondo
C. Frio
Walfish Bay
Angra Pequena
Damara Land
Great Namaqua Land
Kaoko Land
Bechuanaland
Kalahari Desert
Orange R.
Orange Free State
South African Republic
British South Africa Company
Shoshong
Matabele Land
Mashonaland
Quilimane
Sofala
Inhambane
Lourenço Marques
Delagoa Bay
Natal
Zululand
Cape Colony
Basutoland
Transvaal
Zambesi R.
Nyassa L.
Tanganyika L.
Victoria Nyanza
Albert Nyanza
Lake Leopold II
Stanley Pool
Leopoldville
San Salvador
Ambriz
Benguela
Bihé
Bailundu
Kassange
Kimbundu
Kasonge
Lunda
Lualaba R.
Lake Bangweolo
British Central Africa
Zumbo
Boroma
Tete
Manica
Sena
Chicova
Chicoa
Massangano
Mambunda
Kiteve
Inyanga
Umtali
Gazaland
Umzila
Gungunhana
Lobengula
Matabele
Mashona
Gaika
Kreli
Moshesh
Moorosi
Makoko
Mpiala
Nyamwezi
Ujiji
Tabora
East African Company
Kilossa
Kilwa
Lindi
Kilwa Kisiwani
Mozambique
Ibo
C. Delgado
Comoro I.
Johanna I.
Mohilla I.
Mayotta I.
Nossi
Glorioso I.
C. Amber
Providence I.
Aldabra I.
Cormoledu I.
Farquhar I.
Seychelle I.
Amirante I.
Tamatave
Antananarivo
Majunga
Port Louis
Reunion (Bourbon)
Maurituis
C. St. Vincent
C. St. Mary
Delagoa Bay
Adelaide 5400 m.
Ascension I. (Br.)
St. Helena I. (Br.)
St. Thomas
C. Lopez
Annobom I.
Fernando Po
Gaboon R.
Cameroons
Old Calabar
Bonny R.
Benin
Dahomey
Gold Coast
Ashantee
Liberia
Sierra Leone
Gambia
Senegal
Timbuctoo
Soudan
Abyssinia
Egypt
Tripoli
Algeria
Morocco
Canary Is.
Madeira
Cape Verd Is.
Azores
Ponta do Tristão
Funchal
Ilha do Porto Santo
Ilhas Desertas
Ilhas Selvagens
Ilhas Salvagens
Ilhas Canarias
Ilhas de Cabo Verde
Ilhas dos Açores
Ilha Graciosa
Ilha Terceira
Ilha de S. Miguel
Ilha de Santa Maria
Ilha do Fayal
Ilha do Pico
Ilha de S. Jorge
Ilha das Flores
Ilha do Corvo
Ilha de Ferro
Ilha de Palma
Ilha de Gomera
Ilha de Teneriffe
Ilha de Canaria
Ilha de Fuerteventura
Ilha de Lanzarote
Ilha de Graciosa
Ilha de Alegranza
Ilha de Roque del Este
Ilha de Roque del Oeste
Ilha de Infierno
Ilha de Gomera
Ilha de Hierro
Ilha de Palma
Ilha de Canaria
Ilha de Fuerteventura
Ilha de Lanzarote
Ilha de Graciosa
Ilha de Alegranza
Ilha de Roque del Este
Ilha de Roque del Oeste
Ilha de Infierno

Some years before, in 1780, the English had turned their eyes in this direction: a harbor on the coast would be invaluable, was almost indispensible for their Indian trade. In the interest of some philanthropical principle or other they claimed the country, dispatched a large fleet to take possession, were beaten, off Cape Verde, by the French under Admiral Suffren. He sent 2000 soldiers to the aid of the Dutch colony, whose mother country was in alliance with France at the time. Unfortunately, these Frenchmen did not stay, and in 1796, the English won the coveted prize, the French being then busy with far more important matters than the safety of a few thousand Dutchmen at the end of the world.

England promised to give the Cape back to Holland at the peace of Amiens in 1803, and the promise was kept as England's promises almost invariably are. Only silly and sentimental nations would think of surrendering so precious a possession at the dictates of right and honesty.

Ever since, there have existed in south-eastern Africa two nations, the Boers, or Afrikanders, and the English, the Boers far exceeding the English in number, but to what extent it is impossible to say, as the census returns are not reliable. To crush the spirit these Boers inherited from their Dutch forefathers, the English government endeavored to suppress their language and imposed other measures on them of the most vexatious nature. The murder of one man by English soldiers and the hanging for high treason of the seven Boers who defended him is still the subject of many of their national songs. The hanging was of a peculiarly atrocious nature. The friends of the victims were forced to be present. The scaffold broke down when the so-called traitors were half hanged. During the hours it took to repair the gibbet, they were restored to conscientiousness. Their friends vainly entreated their pardon; they were again hanged, and, this time, the scaffold did not break down.

Moreover, the authorities not only refused to protect the Hollanders against the savages on their borders, but sometimes actually encouraged the depredations of the latter.

Then, they were constantly being denounced in London by the agents of the English missionary societies, who always spoke indulgently of the Hottentots and Kaffirs, and treated the Hollanders as the real savages. Hence, a race quarrel growing every day more bitter. And here we may notice the apparently boundless capacity of the English for making themselves hated by every race they rule, even where their rule is actually beneficial. The French conquer Alsace and Lorraine, whose inhabitants are more Tuetonic than those of Brandenburg or Pomerania. In a single generation these same Teutons become more French in sentiment than the French themselves, although retaining their language and traditions. In the present case, there was every reason why the two peoples should live in harmony. The Dutch government had been arbitrary and unprogressive, and was little regretted. In fact, at first the Boers rather welcomed their new masters. After all, the Dutch were more nearly related to the Anglo-Saxons than any other European people, spoke a dialect which Alfred the Great, Edward the Confessor and King Harold would have far more easily understood than they would have understood that of Tennyson or Gladstone, and professed a religion almost the same as that of Scotland and of a large minority in England. And now there is, perhaps, no people under English rule among whom the name of England is held in greater detestation than it is among the Boers of Southern Africa.

The errors and bad faith of their British masters had the natural result; the more high spirited and energetic of the natives determined to be English subjects no longer, and to start for "fresh fields and pastures new" beyond the utmost boundary lines of English territory. Then began the "great trek,"

commencing in 1834 and lasting for two years. The Boers started in groups of five, ten, twenty families, and appointed a rendevouz beyond the British frontier. They would find some desert land where the lion, rhinoceros, giraffe, antelope, were the only inhabitants, but it must be as far away from the English as possible. They found one: it was Natal, lying along the Indian ocean and surrounded on the south and west by fierce savages through whom the English would have to force a path in order to reach them. It was also a desert. A terrible savage invader had been there before them, and had actually exterminated the inhabitants: they could take possession with a clear conscience. They had fought their way to it through adventures that read more like romance than sober history. Then, having secured peace from the neighboring savages at a vast outlay of blood and having organized themselves into a civilized community, having cultivated the beautiful regions they had discovered and begun to enjoy the blessings of civilization and prosperity, they proceeded to form a republic. This was too much for the governor of Cape Colony, Napier. The English law, as it existed at the time, proclaim that no man could lose his allegiance, wherever he went, a law enforced on several of our own foreign citizens captured in the war of 1812. Moreover, it began to dawn on the English that the country was a valuable possession in many respects. So a flying column entered Natal in 1842, was defeated, but, being reinforced, ultimately conquered the Boers, most of whom, after selling their beautiful farms and pastures for a mere song, resumed their weary exodus, this time to the Orange Free State, on the west, and to the country across the river Vaal on the north, both having been rendered deserts, like Natal, by savage invaders, and both being now sparsely settled, by Boers. In 1848, however, the English, after considerable bloodshed seized on the Free State, but having been defeated in a war with the Basutos, a native tribe within its borders, they did not think the game was worth the candle, and, by solemn treaty, generously restored it its liberty in 1854; it was subsequently acknowledged as an independent state by royal proclamation. And then, fifteen years later, came the discovery of the marvelous Kimberly diamond mines in Griqualand, a district of the Free State on the south. England had been too premature. With that admirable cynicism which, joined to her vigorous commercial spirit, has been the primal cause of her success throughout history, she at once concluded that this land of precious stones belonged, beyond yea or nay, to a certain wild savage named Waterbooer, chief of the Griquas, and he had expressed a clear desire to come under British suzerainty. So, to restore order, which, by the way, had never been troubled in the slightest, she sent troops to Kimberly, who hauled down the flag of the Free State and hoisted that of England. The outrage was so abominable that many Englishmen were ashamed of it; (II) so, as a salve to tender consciences, an indemnity of $450,000 was paid to the Free State in 1877. But the diamond fields were not surrendered. Their value may be judged from the fact that the capital of a single company is nearly $20,000,000.

Besides, England had other anxieties during this year. Discoveries of gold mines had been made in the Transvaal territory, and she very naturally came to the conclusion that every principle of justice and every kind of lofty motive required her to take possession of the Boer republic. The Zulus, then at war with the Boers, might be after this gold; she must protect her dear Boers against the Zulus. One fine day,

(II). "The English government, in taking up Waterboor's cause, has distinctly broken a treaty which they had renewed but one year before in a very solemn manner."—Froude. A significant confession from such an unscrupulous Greater Englander as Froude!

tuen, January 27, 1877, the British commissioner, Sir Theophilus Shepstone, marched into the capital, Pretoria, at the head of twenty-five policemen, not as an annexationist, oh, by no means; as "an adviser, as a helper, and as a friend."

The Boers, at this period, had their hands full of wars with the Kaffirs, Zulus and other native tribes, and had been worsted in a few engagements. There is something comical as well as pathetic in the relations between them and this polished, impassive English gentleman, at the time. Having assured them of his love, he did not open his mouth for several weeks. "What does it all mean?" they asked. He smiled and shook his head. "Are we going to be annexed?" he smiled and shook his head. "Why are all those English vagabonds flocking in amongst us from all quarters?" He looked gloomy and shook his head. The bewilderment and excitement of the poor Boers became agonizing. As a natural result of the gold fever, the famous "Outlanders" had now put in an appearance. They were a puzzle and a terror to the simple Boer. His historical knowledge was confined to the events and people recorded in his Bible, and these strange and awful people seemed to differ in so many respects from the Amalakites and Jebusites and Hittites, and other nations with which he was perfectly familiar—gamblers, godless adventurers, chattering bagmen, men of great expectations and no capital, speculators selling what they had never owned and putting on the market stocks that never existed, land-jobbers, mining-jobbers, swindlers of every known species, "development-men;" and these sons of Belial, as is the sweet way of their countrymen wherever they think they can do so with impunity—for where there is danger, no people can be meeker—made no secret of their contempt for these Calvinistic clowns, their routine and prejudices and unprogressiveness generally. Annexation, they told them, would change all this. And then, what mining concessions, and public works concessions, and public offices to be filled by public-spirited Britons who would teach these slow-going Dutchmen a lesson in smartness and every sort of enlightenment! "What did it all mean?" But the Boers were soon to know. Suddenly the news spread: an English army was crossing the frontier. Then Sir Theophilus opened his mouth. "Then," says Aylward in his 'Transvaal of To-day,' "without moving a muscle of his wonderfully impassive countenance, without even raising his eyes to look at his interlocutor (a Boer who asked him might not annexation be averted), Sir Theophilus calmly murmured: 'It is too late! too late!'" On the same day (April 12, 1877), he issued his proclamation declaring that from that time forward the Transvaal was English property, and "put up the Queen's flag." The charming novelist, Anthony Trollope, who appears to have been sent out to Africa at the time to calumniate the Boers and find excuses for England's action, thus pleasantly and jauntily apologizes for this somewhat high handed proceeding:

"It is not easy to justify what we have done in the Transvaal. If there be any laws of right and wrong by which nations should govern themselves in their dealings with other nations, it is hard to find a law in conformity with which that act was done. But for that act expediency can be pleaded." (South Africa, Vol. 11, p. 251).

Strange to say, the first feeling among the Boers was one of admiration for Sir Theophilus, as well as relief from the terrible anxiety and mental paralysis with which he had affected the entire country. The tact, modesty and firmness with which the whole thing was managed, appealed to the aesthetic side of the Boer nation, though it is a side not very impressionable. Then came a reaction. Sir Theophilus had promised to obey the law, but he had to find positions for the members of his general staff and

others. Special commissionerships were created for special pets, and English officers, who did not know a word of Dutch, were placed in important posts where they overruled the decisions of the local authorities with the utmost free and easy aplomb. But his greatest blunder—and crime—was the creation and arming of a police force of 700 men from among the Kaffirs and Bechuanas. It was just as if Governor Wolcott had uniformed some hundreds of Comanches and Sioux, and had set them to protect property in the west end of Boston. They showed their pleasant proclivities by tossing babies on the end of their bayonets after the capture of Masseleroom.

But every one is aware of the issue. A triumvirate, consisting of Kruger, Joubert and Pretorius, was formed and placed at the head of the republic; every man or boy, able to bear arms, marched against the English, who were beaten every time they fought. Hide, oh blushing glory! or rather blot out from the annals of our grand old England's Six Mile Spruit, where 1,100 British soldiers fled before 60 Boers—incredible, if it were not recorded in the official report and in all English accounts of the battle; Bronker's Spruit, where 267 English soldiers were almost annihilated by a few hundred undisciplined peasants; Laing's Neck where the Boers, without cannon, sent a force on the run, three times their number, of horse, foot and artillery; Ingoga, where 160 Boers scattered 600 Englishmen, killing 150 of them, and all but capturing their cannon; Majuba Hill where 450 Boers charged up a steep mountain in the face of 800 English soldiers, who had every advantage of position, and drove them in headlong flight, killing 92, including the general, Sir George Colley, wounding 134, and taking 59 prisoners! And then England acknowledged the independence of the Transvaal.

No doubt, if she had persevered, she could have ultimately crushed and annihilated by sheer weight of numbers, these few thousand undisciplined volunteers, who were risking everything for their independence. But one of the characteristics of the haughty Anglo-Saxon is that, while he is the perfection of insolence toward weak and defenceless nations, when he is resisted boldly he generally wilts. Moreover, the Boers of Cape Colony, Natal and the Free State openly sympathized with their kinsmen, and exerted strong pressure on the government in their favor, and, above all, although gold mines had been discovered in the Transvaal, the vast mineral wealth of the country was as yet not even suspected; the mines of De Kap and the fabulous riches of the Rand were to cause trouble afterwards. It is also to the credit of Gladstone that he was sincerely anxious to right the wrongs done to the Boers, and after sending 12,000 men to Natal to conquer them, he telegraphed his famous despatch: "We have made a mistake; make peace." By the treaty of Pretoria, in 1881, the independence of the Transvaal, in all domestic affairs—there is neither distinction nor limitation—was acknowledged, and was confirmed in even stronger terms by that of 1884.

Since then, the numerous gold mines, lately discovered, have brought such a rush of Outlanders—many of them of the type of those early Californian adventurers who were lynched or banished by the Vigilantes—that their number is said to exceed that of the Boers. They now demand the franchise, at the instigation of Rhodes and Chamberlain. These lawless intruders, for whom the Transvaal is not a country, but a place to fill their pockets in, and then leave, make no secret of their intentions when they have acquired full citizenship. In an address from the South African League, dated "June 10, 1899, Transvaal 'Province!'" they put forth their claims very openly. They demand "a preponderating influence" in the Rand at once. They insist that otherwise England must introduce a new constitution. It is of the first importance,

they assert, to deal with the judiciary, constitution and language. But the hypocrisy of their pretensions is well appreciated in the July number of the Review of Reviews, a magazine of decidedly imperialistic tendencies, but highminded and honest. It says:

> "Their (the Outlanders') grievances are not of a kind to disturb the peace of nations. Their appeals to the deep sympathy of mankind as the unhappy victims of oppression are trumpery and nonsense. What they want is to rule the Transvaal. The American sojourner in Germany may not like the police methods in vogue there, and may nnd the institutions on many accounts irksome; but it does not follow that the American Government has any reason to demand that Germany should change her internal laws and government.

The other events that have affected the Transvaal, either directly or indirectly, are the campaign of the South African Company (chartered) in 1895, and the raid of Jameson's heroic pirates, with which our readers are familiar. The South African Company, comprising among it stockholders not only the Rhodeses and Chamberlains, but such great personages as the Prince of Wales and his son-in-law, the Duke of Fife, has hardly yet had an opportunity of making mincemeat of the Boers, but it has been able to show how downright, practical Britons ought to deal with "niggers," impertinently assuming they had any rights in their country when white men went to the trouble of attempting to civilize it. After conquering Matabeleland, an immense territory lying along the Transvaal boundary on the north, and, unfortunately for the poor black men, containing valuable mines, it pushed on, further north, towards Mashonaland, and when it became known that there were extensive gold mines there, it promptly declared war on Lobengula, the king of Mashonaland, enlisted crowds of adventurers, both black and white, at tempting salaries, and crossed the frontiers with its Maxim guns, its Martini-Henrys and its dum-dum bullets. Cortez and Pizarro were little better than vulgar robbers, but his Grace of Fife and his friends were acting in behalf of Civilization with a very big C, indeed. So what mattered it that the wounded were put out of their torments on the field of battle—according to a new law of warfare to be more extensively applied in the Soudan afterwards, or that the negroes, sent with gold by Lobengula, in token of submission, were plundered, or that Lobengula himself, after being taken prisoner, was assassinated. The essential thing was to enter into possession of an enormously wealthy territory, which it did, and which it called Rhodesia in honor of the initiator of the enterprise, its own and the human race's benefactor, Cecil Rhodes. Then, the victorious company, having no more enemies in Africa, confined its energies, for some months, to the task of swindling its shareholders in Europe—perhaps, after all, rather shabby in an association numbering princes and dukes and great, heaven-born statesmen among its members.

During all this time, the Transvaal was living peacefully enough under its patriarchal ruler, President Kruger. But the Boers were getting alarmed. There could be no more "trekking" for them now. The chartered company has barred the way on the north. A little opening is still left on the west; it leads only to a frightful desert. Perhaps, "little opening" is hardly correct. It looks little on the map, but the Transvaal is really larger than Great Britain and Ireland combined. It is hard to see how the Boers can avert the tempest that is lowering over their country at present. The public opinion of all Europe, manifested by a universal outburst of indignation, served them well at the time of Jameson's Raid. The despatch of Emperor William, giving rather sharp notice to England that civilized nations were becoming decidedly tired of her methods, served them still better. But England's position in Europe is very different now from what it was then.

Some say even that she has an ally in America that will stand by her to the death. Their only hope seems to lie in a union of all the Dutch of South Africa in the defence. This might possibly save them from the tender mercies of Mr. Chamberlain, who, by the way, was a vehement opponent of the first annexation of the Transvaal. In his speech delivered in the House of Commons on the occasion, he said: * * * * To have continued to maintain the annexation would have been an act which he could only describe in terms which had been applied by a high authority to a different subject, as an act of force, fraud and folly." (Hansard, cclxiii, pp. 1831.)

Perhaps there never has been statesman blessed with a shorter memory than Lord Salisbury's Colonial Secretary.

We said in the beginning of this article that the Boer republic was in some respects singular; and singular it undoubtedly is. It certainly does not resemble any republic on this side of the water; it is closer to the mediaeval Italian republics and the Swiss cantons of the last century. In other words, it is a republic of classes. The parliament consists of two chambers, each having 27 members, who must be thirty years old. All the electors must have property in houses or lands and must be Protestants. The first chamber is elected by first class burghers; the second by first and second class burghers. The first class consist of all who were citizens before 1876, all who took an active part in the war against the English, as well as in other wars, and their sons who have reached sixteen years. The second class consist of naturalized male aliens and their sixteen year old sons. This franchise is obtained easily. But a member of the second class cannot reach the first except after twelve years residence, and then only by a special resolution of the first chamber. The president and commander-in-chief are elected by the first class only; the other officials by the first and second.

As for the character of the Boers, it is very black indeed, if we are to believe their English critics. Rider Haggard never introduces one of those bearded giants into his African novels without leaving us under the impression that we have been in company with a creature half tiger, half ape, and sometimes even cowardly! A few English writers and many German and French ones give us a different idea of the Boers. "I am not quite sure," says M. Bordeaux, in his "Rhodesie et Transvaal," (Paris, 1898), "that I know the Boers well; but I cannot help protesting against the venomous articles of certain journals that attribute all kinds of base qualities of mind and heart to them. They are nearer to nature than we, civilized folk, are, but they are not perverted. I have been in several farms and I have found the family well united, the authority of the father revered, the mother esteemed and loved. The boys and girls are delightful: they are so obliging, and so obedient to the slightest nod of their parents. But you have only to look into their eyes to discover the uprightness and kindness of their hearts; it has long been said that the eyes were the mirror of the soul."

Mr. John Nixon, whose "Story of the Transvaal," is one long diatribe against the Boers, admits, here and there, that some of them have passable qualities. He says in the preface: "I wish to guard against including the Boers generally in my observations. I have the pleasure of numbering many intelligent and educated Boers among my acquaintance, and I desire to put on record my opinion that a "good" Boer is quite equal to a good Englishman."

A good Boer equal to a good Englishman! This, indeed, is praise from Sir Hubert Stanley. Perhaps, after all, a "middling" Boer may be equal to a middling Englishman and, then, perhaps, too, the race is not so utterly depraved as we were taught to believe.

ON BISCAYNE BAY.

BY H. S.

"Everything gone to smash, Bob."

Percy turned the telegram over, then righted and read it carefully again. He had come up to Miami with the expectation of finding a check large enough to finish paying for the land, and here was this. What did it mean?

He went to the postoffice but there was no letter; then down to the wharf where his small catboat lay rocking in the wind that was blowing in from Biscayne. Should he return home and face his implacable creditor? or should he wait the coming in of the night's mail and a possible explanation of the mystery?

A decision was easy. Dorkin, the creditor, was a hard man, and he had already waited two weeks for the money that was due him. To go back penniless would mean a prompt seizure of the land. And with this came another thought that caused Percy to draw his breath quickly. Would not Dorkin prefer it to be so? The land was worth a good deal more than when he and his brother had bargained for it two years before; and this increase of value, together with the four hundred dollars they had already paid, would go unreservedly to their creditor.

"But he shall not have it," forgetting the surroundings in a sudden burst of indignation and speaking aloud, "we will sell everything we have to somebody for just the six hundred we owe rather than give Old Shylock our improvements." Then he stopped and colored violently. A young girl of about his own age was coming down the wharf. Had she heard? He feared so, for she looked at him curiously as she crossed over to a steam launch a few yards lower down.

"Is this boat going to Cocoanut Grove?" he heard her ask the launch owner.

"Yes'm," briskly, "in a few minutes. Got any baggage?"

"At the Royal Palm. I directed it to be sent down to the hotel wharf. Can you stop there?"

"Oh certainly; just as well as not. Get right on board."

Percy watched the launch as it puffed out into the bay, and until it was lost behind a group of palms. He knew everybody at Cocoanut Grove, and wondered if the young girl was going to visit any of them; or was she merely a tourist come to spend a few days at Peacock's Inn?

Presently he dropped lightly into his boat and hoisted the sail. It still lacked an hour or more of noon, and the mail would not come in until after dark. The time could be more pleasantly passed on the water than in Miami.

But as the little boat shot out by the point, and on into the bay, he found that the wind had increased to almost a hurricane, and that it would be more prudent to turn back. His boat was not large enough for a rough sea. And this prudential course was emphasized by a sudden filling of the sail, and a lurching of the boat so that water swashed in over the side.

With a quick movement he brought the boat closer to the wind, preparatory to making a tack that would bring him back into the mouth of the Miami. But even as he did so he uttered a low cry of consternation and again changed the course of the boat, so that now it headed directly down the bay and into the very face of the hurricane.

The reason of this was plain. Not more than a quarter of a mile away

was the launch he had seen start for Cocoanut Grove, but now lying broadside to the sea, and motionless save for the buffeting of the waves which every few moments dashed over its exposed rail. And as he looked he saw the owner drop suddenly over the stern and swim away toward the shore.

"The coward!" Percy cried hotly, "to go away and leave his passenger like that, and she only a girl. And the boat is half filled with water, too!" He threw his whole weight upon the tiller, to the imminent danger of capsizing the boat; but even then, and with all that wind, was obliged to tack several times before he could make the launch.

"Be ready to jump," he called sharply, as he ran alongside. "Here! catch my hand."

But the girl was too good a sailor to require assistance. Springing upon the tiny forward deck of the launch she watched her chance, and as the sailboat came alongside dropped lightly down.

"Why, an old sailor couldn't have done better than that," Percy cried wonderingly.

"I should hope not," with mock indignation, "don't I go yachting with papa every summer." Then she laughed merrily. "But wasn't that boy scared though. He actually turned white when his engine gave out and the waves began to tumble into the boat."

"He oughtn't to be allowed to run a boat," exclaimed Percy indignantly. "The engine is an old condemned one that was thrown aside, and this fellow bought it as old iron. And the launch is unseaworthy."

"All of which is not so bad as being a coward," flashed the girl quickly. "I thought boatmen were always brave."

"Not always." Then, "duck your head; we must come round on another tack."

The girl dropped her head, and the sail swung round to meet its new course.

"Do you think we can make Cocoanut Grove?" she asked.

"We will not make the attempt," Percy answered. "That little cove we are headed for now is a safe harbor, and we will stay in it until the wind lulls. This is only a flurry and will be over inside of an hour. Look out."

More water was coming into the boat, and Percy became so intent upon the management of the tiller and sail as to be almost oblivious of what the girl was doing until they ran into the cove where the water was comparatively calm. Then he looked at her with sudden self-reproach.

"Why, your dress is wet," he cried, anxiously. "You ought not to have bailed out the boat. There was no great danger."

"Maybe not," composedly, "but I am too good a sailor to sit by and see a boat fill with water for lack of a little labor. Besides, water doesn't hurt me. Is the boat yours?"

"Yes, Bob's and mine together." He made a hitch in the sail rope about the tiller and allowed his gaze to wander over the really graceful lines of his little boat. Now that they were running through smooth water he felt that he could give more attention to his passenger

"Who is Bob?" she asked, noting the flush of pride which the survey of the boat had brought to his face. "And where did you buy the boat? She's small, but I understand enough about lines to know that she is well built."

"Really?" his eyes glowing with pleasure at this praise of his craft. "Well, I think myself she is pretty fair. You see, Bob and I built her." He hesitated a little, but her unmistakable interest encouraged him to proceed. "Bob is handy at boat making, and in fact, at most anything. It was he who started the idea of coming down here. He thought the opportunities would be better than in New York."

"So you are from New York. I am from there myself." She leaned for-

ward with her chin resting upon one hand, and looked at him as though it was an understood thing that he was to go on with his story. "How long have you been down here?" she questioned, "and are all of your folks with you?" Then she laughed and flushed a little. "Excuse my inquisitiveness; but your rescuing me gives a sort of right to ask questions."

"Oh, I don't mind," good naturedly, "so long as you do not get tired of listening. You see, Bob and I used to be bootblacks when we were kids; then he hired a news stand near the Grand Central, and I started a paper route with two or three boys to deliver for me. Bob was a great hand for getting ahead, and was always planning to do big things when we became men. When he was seventeen he went down to one of the shore resorts and bought a dozen or so small rowboats which he let to visitors, and a year later I went to the same place and hired the news stand in one of the fine hotels. It was a snap for both of us and we made big money; but after a while Bob thought we could do better by coming south and growing fruit and vegetables. So we sold our stock to some friends on credit, and took what money we had in the bank and came down here. Land was cheap then, and we got forty acres, with a good front on Biscayne, for nine hundred dollars. We had just money enough to pay for it, but we didn't; that's where we made our mistake," a sudden shadow driving the eagerness from his face.

"How so?"

"Well, you see we had twenty rowboats and two sailboats when we left, and we sold the whole outfit for five hundred dollars, with the understanding that we were to be paid inside of six months. Then I had about two hundred dollars more in books and magazines and stand fixings which I sold in the same way. We were in a hurry to get our place started, so we only paid four hundred on it, and agreed to pay the rest inside of two years. Our other five hundred we put into clearing land and in fruit trees and seeds. Besides, we built a house that cost fifty dollars. You see, we fully expected to get our money in time to pay for the land."

"And didn't you?"

"No," gloomily, "the time was up two weeks ago, and Old Shylock has been threatening every day to take the land. We have written and written for the money, but could get no answer. Last week Bob started for New York, and he was to have the money telegraphed to me so I could finish paying for the land today. I came up after it, and—and found this." He handed her the slip of paper and she read:

"Everything gone to smash. Bob."

"What does it mean?" she asked, with real distress in her voice.

"Just what it says, I'm afraid. Bob can't get the money, and that means—well, Old Shylock will take our land. But I shall try to keep out of his way until tonight's mail comes in. Maybe I will hear something more."

"But you really don't think the land will be taken? Your creditor will surely give you more time?"

"I don't think so. Shylock hasn't that sort of a reputation."

He stood up suddenly and gazed out across the bay.

"The wind is going down some," he said, changing the subject abruptly. "I think we may venture out again."

"I suppose you have quite a nice place?" she asked, after a long silence.

"The neighbors say we are making one of the prettiest places along the shore," with some return of his former enthusiasm. "The people here are not very energetic, and they tell us we are 'plumb crazy to rush on so,' and that we'll 'jest nachelly wear ourse'fs out.'" He laughed at the recollection and turned the head of his boat to meet a slight squall that was crossing the bay. "But maybe you will see it if you stay long," inquiringly, "we are only two

miles from Cocoanut Grove. And by the way, you haven't yet told me where you wish to land. At the Peacock Inn pier, I suppose?"

"No, Dorkin's pier. I think it is this side of Cocoanut Grove. Mr. Dorkin is my uncle, and I expect to stay with him several months. You know him, of course?"

"Yes, I know him," briefly, but with heightened color.

"Well, I don't," candidly. "I never saw him, and papa has only had one or two letters from him since I can remember. He came south when he was a boy, and, in a way, has become isolated from his family. Last spring he wrote that he was living all alone, and that he would like to have one of his nieces come and stay with him awhile. So I am here. I hope we will prove congenial."

"Mr. Donkin has a fine place," Percy said evasively. "Folks here consider him very successful."

There was little more conversation during the trip down. Percy seemed absorbed in the tiller, or the ropes, or in some indeterminate point ahead. When the girl addressed him he answered in monosyllables, and with his mind apparently elsewhere. At length he ran his boat alongside a pier which extended into the bay from a series of long buildings, which were evidently warehouses or storehouses.

"This is the place," he said briefly, "and that is Mr. Dorkin himself coming down the pier."

An old, sallow-faced man was shuffling his way through the confusion of boxes and barrels and general merchandise which blocked the wharf.

"Oh! you boy!" he called irritably, as soon as came within hearing, "where have you been keeping yourself all this time? I've a man here who wants to buy the place, and if you can't keep it, why, I'm going to turn it over to him, that's all."

Here he caught sight of the girl and stopped abruptly. "Who're you?" he demanded.

"Somebody come to see you, Uncle James," she answered merrily. "No, thank you," as Percy offered his hand, "I can reach the pier without assistance," and a moment later she was on the wharf and with her arms around the old man's neck, to his evident astonishment and perturbation.

"Oh, I forgot to pay you," she called suddenly, as she turned back to Percy. But already his boat was a dozen yards from the pier and heading up the bay.

"I didn't bring you down as a passenger," he replied gruffly, as he brought his boat round with a reckless sweep to catch the full force of the wind. "You were in need of help, and I only did what any one would."

He turned his back resolutely to the pier, but not so quick but that he saw one of her hands go suddenly to the old man's lips, as though to smother some angry rejoinder or threat.

Late the next forenoon he again brought his boat alongside the pier, and was presently walking up toward the warehouses with an expression of dogged determination on his face. Mr. Dorkin was in his office.

"I waited for the mail last night," Percy began, "but got nothing. This came in the morning," handing him the slip of paper, which he had shown the girl.

"Mr. Dorkin adjusted his glasses and read it grimly. Then, to Percy's astonishment, the grimness gave way to a quizzical, incomprehensible smile.

"This paper gave you a sort of shock, didn't it?" the old man asked.

"Why, yes, Percy acknowledged, wondering what the curious expression indicated.

"Well, it is right hard, I admit. But I've heard say nothing was ever so hard but it could be worse. And about your land. I was thinking it over last night —fact is, I was talking it over with my niece. We think maybe it would be safe to give you a little more time. Your improvements will be good for

our risks." He rubbed his forehead with the tip of the pen-holder until some of the old crafty lines began to reappear between his eyebrows; then suddenly some pleasant thought made him chuckle, and they disappeared. "Suppose we give you two more years, with interest at six per cent," he continued, "will that be satisfactory?"

The glow on the boy's face was sufficient answer.

"Very well. And now there's another thing I'd like to mention. You boys have been putting a good deal of your time on follols—cocoanut and orange trees, and fine shrubbery. They're all very nice, and help to build up a place; but they ain't money for at least six or eight years. What you want until your place is paid for is quick money. Understand? Now, you've got a fine lot of pineapples coming on, and you ought to set two or three acres to tomatoes. I'll take them all off your hands at a fair price and ship them north with my stuff. If you'll stick just to them, you'll be able to pay for the land and fence the rest of it in by the end of two years. After that you can go back to your long lived fruit trees and ornaments. And I'm willing to acknowledge they'll pay the best in the long run. The point is, you can't afford to wait just now."

His head dropped resolutely over his ledger, only to be raised again after a few moments of scratching.

"And, by the way, after Bob comes back, suppose you and he drop in of an evening now and then. I've asked some of the neighboring boys and girls to call. My niece has been used to young company, and I don't want her to get lonesome down here."

"PASSION'S FAILURE."

BY REV. JOHN J. DONLAN.

On the cliff, up the cliff, my wild steed plunged awhile
Down beneath, far beneath, a chasm deep and drear
Yawned for me, welcomed me, striving to beguile
Ah my soul, my sad soul, 'tis well that thou didst fear.

Circling the islet of my heart
Without a wave or murmur
A fond love ripples tenderly
And moors this isle the firmer.

Many a woe, many a pang,
Has marred its hidden gladness
Fierce storm darkened the Crimson sky
As hatred foamed to madness.

No fickle love this heart displays
No craven love her measure
She flings from here each secret grief
And seeks her nectared pleasure.

Up the cliff, from the cliff, my charger speeds away
Far above, up above, I vaulted to the plain
Strong at last, safe at last, at the dawn of day
Ah my soul, my glad soul, thy enemy lies slain.

CHIAHA OF THE CHOCTAWS.

BY M. E. HENRY-RUFFIN.

Two centuries ago. The shimmering waters of Mobile Bay glided down, gathering strength for the grasp of the great Gulf, or flowed placidly up to the quiet, magnolia-bordered river that ran by the brave Sieur de Bienville's new settlement—"Fort St. Louis de la Mobile."

Pierre Le Brun, the young Canadian, who had followed Bienville from Montreal, sat in his little boat on the Bay. His craft was piled up with fish, and Le Brun was preparing to return to the Fort. Looking over the waters, he saw, far down towards the southern horizon, a sail-boat.

"Who is it?" pondered the Canadian; and not being able to decide, he let go his oar and waited for the newcomer. The strong south wind sent the white-winged messenger merrily up the Bay.

A stalwart young Frenchman was Pierre Le Brun, not long enough away from the bracing air of Montreal to lose all his rosy looks. True, the Alabama sun had bronzed him not a little; but when he threw off his cap, the brow, under the clustering black locks, was white as milk. The July sun was losing some of its fervor, for evening was near. Pierre was thinking, thinking. He always thought thus, when he sat in his little boat and looked over the wide waters. He always remembered how he journeyed in the great ship, with his beloved Jean Baptiste le Moyne, Sieur de Bienville.

Pierre had prospered in the new land. The Sieur had given him a good grant of property. His four-roomed, adobe house was well built; his crops of tobacco, rice and indigo were plentiful. His corn, too, was yielding finely. While the crops were growing, he went out searching for furs; and his peltries always brought a good price. Then the fish were so plentiful and so good. Truly, it was a lucky life for a hardy young Canadian; but, in the midst of his prosperity, Pierre thought of his fair, smiling, snowy native land, of his dear Montreal, its pretty homes and orchards, its churches and crosses and then—of the rosy, white-capped girls. Pierre sighed. Seldom a woman did he see but the Indian squaws in the Choctaw Village. When he traveled on his hunting trips, the Choctaws were very hospitable. They liked the French settlers; and were especially friendly with Le Brun. Even old Uchee, the proud old chief of the Choctaws always gave him a grave welcome. And then Chiaha, Uchee's only child, best-looking and most carefully trained of all Indian maidens! Le Brun sighed. In this strange land, where the women of his own race came not, a man might as well marry an Indian. Chiaha was most desirable, attractive in appearance, well-mannered and full of industry. A good Catholic, too; for, charmed with the religion taught by the priests who came with the French, she had been baptized, with many of her tribe. Yes, Pierre decided, he would go out to the Choctaw Village—tomorrow, perhaps—and see Chiaha and speak to old Uchee. He picked up his oars; and then turned to see the sailing craft just within hailing distance.

"Who are you?" he called aloud.

"St. Margaret," answered the skipper, not intending to claim the holy name for himself, but for his vessel.

Pierre did not know any boat of that name, neither did he know the owner

when he came near enough to be seen. "Where are you going?" asked Le Brun, looking at the stranger.

"To Fort St. Louis de la Mobile," and then, as if anticipating the question, "I come from Florida. I have sailed across to your Fort, for they tell me that you are prospering; and we—well, we grow smaller every day. Sieur de Bienville is a great man, a very great man, is he not?"

Le Brun's eyes sparkled. "Without doubt, a truly great man."

The stranger was not French. That Le Brun knew. Had Pierre been more cosmopolitan he would have recognized the Scotch character of the strange face before him. Le Brun studied a moment. The stranger was tall, spare, but well formed, ruddy and blue-eyed. He was in the prime of life, but looked middle-aged and sedate. Lonely dwellers in strange lands age rapidly.

"I go to your Fort because you are prosperous, and your Indians are friendly. Then again," here the stranger began to fix his sails, not looking at Le Brun as he spoke, "I am lonely, tired of being alone. They say the white women are coming to your Fort. The Sieur de Bienville has sent to Canada for them. A few days ago, we sighted off the coast of Florida a ship, the Pelican. We spoke her; and we were told that she carried twenty-six young girls, in charge of the good Gray Nuns of Quebec. 'Now William McLeod,' I said, 'here is your time to look for a wife, a fair young girl from Canada.' So I put my chattels on my boat, and set sail for Fort St. Louis, to look at the Sieur's new colonists."

Le Brun was listening, too much interested to speak. A ship-load of rosy Canadian girls! Truly, the Sieur de Bienville was a great man. Everything had he provided for his people, and now even the wives they longed for in the new land.

Arriving at the Fort, Le Brun offered the hospitality of his home to McLeod until the new-comer could build a house for himself. The offer was gladly accepted.

Pierre did not go to the Choctaw Village the next day. The face of Chiaha almost faded from his thoughts. He knew the young Indian girl liked him. How strong an impression he had made on her affection he did not suspect. For months past Chiaha had looked forward to the visits of Le Brun to the Indian village. She sat apart, silently happy, while he talked to her father. She peered through the chinks of the wigwam, watching Le Brun's receding figure, as he strode rapidly through the pines. On holy days, too, when Mass was celebrated at the Fort, she never looked at the Sieur de Bienville or Commandant Boisbriant or the scribe La Salle, "Governor, Lieutenant and Notary for the King," in all the bravery of the French military costume; but would timidly glance, once or twice, at the tall, black-haired Canadian, as he knelt in his hunter's dress, the outfit of a "courier des bois."

Two days after McLeod's arrival, Le Brun and his guest sat in front of their home. They were sipping the black coffee Pierre could make so well and smoking their long pipes filled with Pierre's home-cured tobacco.

"The Pelican is due tomorrow," Pierre told the Scotchman. "The Sieur has announced that next Sunday, after Mass, we may all go to the square in front of the church and see the young girls, and every bachelor of good report may choose a wife."

"Very good, and you may be sure William McLeod will be there." Pierre laughed. "I may be there myself, McLeod."

"I wonder you have not married an Indian wife before now. You seem so friendly with the Choctaws."

Pierre took out his pipe and refilled it carefully. "Whenever I have thought of an Indian wife, I seem to see the streets of Quebec, and the rosy girls tripping along. The magnolia is

a grand, fine flower, high and magnificent; but I would like best to have a bunch of sweet mignonette."

McLeod laughed aloud. "That sounds very pretty, Le Brun. For myself, I want a nice white wife, one to keep house and sew and cook, just as my mother did in old Scotland."

"The Choctaw women are virtuous and industrious." Pierre seemed to be reasoning with himself rather than speaking to another.

"But they are Indians, born in the forest, and wild if you will."

"True," assented Pierre.

"And Le Brun, my boy, I think you are lucky not to be tied to a squaw wife, when these same rosy girls from Quebec that you have been dreaming about are right at your door."

Pierre did not reply.

"For me—a white wife, French or Scotch or anything, but no wild woman from the wigwam."

Still Pierre was silent. "Surely," he thought, "no one could call gentle little Chiaha 'a wild woman from the wigwam.'" Yet he seemed to see the streets of Quebec, to smell the mignonette in the cottage windows. And he wistfully looked out through the flowering magnolias to see if any speck on the waters of the Bay could be the Pelican, on whose deck stood the rosy French girls.

What he did see before him was the tall figure of Uchee, the Indian chief. He was standing before the spreading oak at Pierre's door. McLeod started. The unfriendly tribes of Florida had made him doubtful of all Indians. In a moment Pierre had risen and advanced with outstretched hand.

"You are welcome, Uchee, my friend," he said in the soft Choctaw. McLeod did not understand the words, but knowing the greeting was friendly, he, too, held out his hand.

Over the coffee and pipes that Pierre brought out Uchee told his errand. Some traders had come to his wigwam, looking for Le Brun, to engage his services and to buy from him all the peltries the Canadian could furnish. As the traders had tented near the Choctaw village, and were trading with the Indians, it would be necessary for Le Brun to go back with Uchee. So, leaving McLeod in charge of his house, Le Brun started with the chief. The Scotchman felt somewhat anxious for his friend, and resolved that the next morning he, too, would visit the Indian village.

The July sun went down, red and gorgeous behind the pines. The bay flowers, the pond lilies on the marshy pools, and the lofty magnolias all gave their incense to the evening, while the pungent aroma of the pines came sharply across the heavy air.

Indian-like, Uchee spoke very little, and Pierre was so absorbed in his own thoughts that no words came to his lips. Near the wigwam of the chief they passed a mound of Indian graves. Uchee looked steadily at the Canadian, then pointed to the mound. "My squaw," he said, "Chiaha's mother. When Uchee die, Chiaha all alone."

Le Brun started from his dreams and could think of no reply. Uchee resumed his grave silence, his stately form, crowned with the tall feathers, moving steadily along. So late it was, Uchee bade Le Brun spend the night at the wigwam, and in the morning they would see the traders.

Though it was no unusual thing for Pierre to spend the night or to share the chief's home for several days, this special visit seemed fraught with great meaning to Chiaha. Her simple greeting over, she served supper to her father and his guest; and after they had finished and had gone out in front of the wigwam, for the inevitable pipe, she shared her meal with the old squaw who assisted her in the household. Then in a corner, near the door, where Pierre's voice could reach her, she sat and sewed by the light of the pine torch. How she listened to every word! How impatient she was, when the voice

of the old crone fell between her straining ear and Pierre's tones! She had learned a little French from Father Huve, and wished she had courage enough to address Pierre in his own language . Le Brun was a good friend of Father Huve. The priest was so kind to the Indians. Chiaha thought of her childhood, when he had baptized her dying mother. She remembered herself, a little girl, standing and listening to the solemn prayers when death had entered the wigwam of Uchee.

Next morning was a busy time. Out under the trees Pierre was talking to the traders. They were Frenchmen and had traveled a long way down the Father of Waters. The Indians, too, were trading; giving bead-work and fine fur skins for rather indifferent wearing apparel. A pile of shawls lay heaped up, goods brought from Montreal. Pierre had not yet taken any of the traders' articles, preferring when he bought the skins to be paid for in money or seed corn. But when he saw the shawls, the muslins and the laces, his eyes lighted and he at once began bargaining for them. The head trader, a merry old Canadian, yellow as a gourd with much journeying through marshy lands under hot suns, smiled at Pierre's purchases.

"Why, lad, have you got a wife, since the spring?"

Pierre shook his head. The trader continued: "Ah, I see, you will get one soon. But who? An Indian girl? These things are only suitable for a white woman. You want shoes, too? An Indian wife wears always her moccasins. We brought these goods for the white women who are coming in the Pelican. Ah! that grand Sieur de Bienville. A ship-load of white women! Like a shower of roses! Ah, we will be back in a month at the Fort; and then all we can bring, the husbands will buy for the pretty young wives."

Pierre did not answer, but gathered his purchases together and walked away. Chiaha watched him closely. What did it mean? Why should he buy all those women's belongings? She could not hear all that the trader had said; but she knew that Pierre had not told for whom he had made his purchases.

All day Pierre spent at the Choctaw village, talking to the traders, sitting apart with Uchee, and once in a while, looking at Chiaha. The young girl never knew him to be so silent, so thoughtful. Towards evening the men sat in front of the wigwam, smoking. Chiaha was sewing within. Near her the old squaw dozed over her pipe. Chiaha was listening, as ever, for the sound of Pierre's voice, in the soft Choctaw accentuated with the crisp French intonation. A new voice attracted her, and looking out, she saw McLeod, whom she did not know, talking in English to Pierre, who rose excitedly. One of the traders, who understood English, was telling Uchee, in Choctaw, the news that McLeod had brought.

"The ship Pelican has been sighted in the Lower Bay, and will land at the Fort tomorrow morning. She brings, besides her cargo, twenty-six young girls from Quebec. They are orphans in charge of the Gray Nuns. Then the provisions! The good Sieur ordered that she stop in Havana and bring us plenty of food. So no more fast days every day at the Fort."

Pierre and McLeod hurriedly left the village. Within the wigwam, the Indian girl felt as if the glory of the July day had suddenly fallen into night; as if the warmth of the midsummer sun were a wintry breath. When darkness came, Chiaha crept out to the mound of Indian graves. Kneeling down she prayed to the spirit of her dead mother, and sadly confessed her love for the white man, who had gone to seek the women of his own race.

Since the advent of Father de la

Vente, and the elevation of Mobile to the position of a parish, the chapel within the walls of the Fort had been abandoned, and a small log church, with a similar building for the priest's residence, had been built. The following Sunday the whole colony attended Mass. An excitement, hardly controllable possessed the congregation. Father de la Vente had announced that after the service the eligible men might choose their wives from among the young colonists who formed the interesting crew of the Pelican. Can we imagine what emotions possessed those modest, white-capped maidens, as they knelt in the strange sanctuary? Fresh from the stately churches and the well-ordered domestic life of "New France," it is little wonder if they trembled and wept at what might be in store for them.

Sieur de Bienville, soldier and organizer, with Boisbriant, his Lieutenant and La Salle, his notary and scribe, had, in precise military fashion, arranged the selection. Seated under the trees, with Father de la Vente, they faced the line of maidens, who were escorted by the Gray Nuns. Groups of men stood around, waiting until the notary had taken his quill pen from the ink-horn and had written the date, and Bienville and Boisbriant had signed it and placed upon the parchment the royal seal of France. Then the notary announced, with a flourish, that the selection might begin.

The men hesitated. Truly it required more courage than they had foreseen. The French wife, the woman of their race, who seemed so attractive in theory, looked almost unattainable, when one must step out alone, and before the whole colony, choose, from the long line of maidens, blonde and brunette, long and short, amiable and quick-tempered, a partner for life.

But brave William McLeod was not to be frustrated in his dearest hope. All during the pause, while the notary was writing and the officials were signing, the Scotchman was noticing at one end of the line a tall brunette girl. Her dark hair lay smooth and glossy under her snowy cap. Her gray dress was worn with a special grace. So as they waited, one candidate stepped forward.

"Your name?" shouted the notary.

"William McLeod."

A great shout with cheers went up. One brave man had ventured.

"Your residence?"

"Lately of Pensacola. I have letters from the Spanish priest there. I am a bachelor."

"Your age?"

"Forty years."

Here the Sieur de Bienville rose. "I have given William McLeod a good grant of land. He is a carpenter and can take care of a wife. At present he remains with Pierre Le Brun. Advance, William, and select your wife."

Another great cheer followed. A brave man truly. These Scotch were ever good in love and war.

"Silence," commanded the Sieur de Bienville.

McLeod walked on until he came to the tall dark girl. Taking her hand, he led her out to the Governor.

"Louise Brunier," she told the Notary; and he so entered the name upon the parchment.

Then Bienville said:

"Stand aside; and presently Father de la Vente will marry you."

Again and again had a brave man ventured; but not of that valiant legion was Pierre Le Brun. A pretty, brown-haired girl, fair and blushing as a June rose had attracted his attention from the first. He wished he could follow the example of the courageous McLeod, but something held him back. The face of Chiaha was before him, making him hesitate; and the desire for a wife of his own race was urging him on to take the hand of the little brown-eyed girl from Que-

bec. So, weary and perplexed, he saw a few remaining young girls leaving, in charge of the nuns. The brown-eyed maiden had not been chosen yet, and Pierre's spirit rose. The Sieur de Bienville announced that on the following Sunday the selection would be resumed.

It was with a longing heart that Le Brun watched McLeod and his bride as Louise flitted about the little adobe house, and the brawny Scotchman tried, with devoted but awkward strength to help her.

McLeod had exclaimed in amazement at his host's failure to select a wife; but thought it merely a question of considering the candidates a little while longer. How perplexed and anxious Pierre was McLeod did not imagine. The two questions ever present in the young Canadian's mind were: "Should he follow his own desire and marry the brown-eyed maiden and settle down as a Frenchman among his own race and nation, or was there any silently woven obligation bidding him marry Chiaha, the daughter of the people who had been so helpful to him in the new land." Whom should he ask? He knew that the brave Sieur de Bienville and gallant Boisbriant would tell him to marry the white woman.

Father de la Vente's assistant, Father Huve, was a wise missionary, and was accounted a man of much experience. It was openly said at the Fort that Father Huve was Bienville's own choice for first parish priest, when the Archbishop of Quebec lifted Mobile above a mission and established a parish church. Father de la Vente had antagonized the Governor by his denunciation of the conduct of some of the officials; and had not spared even the Sieur himself. But Father de la Vente's services were too well known to be overlooked; and so, side by side, he and the Sieur remained, until the pressure grew so great that voluntarily the zealous old French priest went back to France. Bienville's preference for gentle Father Huve was shared by many of the colonists. To the friend of his brave Sieur would Pierre go in this crisis of his life.

Out under the magnolias that shaded the little log parsonage, Father Huve listened to the young Canadian.

"So you did not choose a wife, Pierre? I believe the Sieur will be disappointed. He thinks you one of his best colonists and he is anxious to have the good ones settled permanently. Nothing ties a man to a place like a home and a wife."

Pierre did not know how to answer. How could he tell even Father Huve that he believed Chiaha liked him? That she and the tribe, in their silent way, expected him to marry her; expected their chief's daughter to be the wife of Bienville's favorite, the white man they had so often befriended?

"I should like to take a wife from the Canadian girls, my Father. That is my dearest wish,—if—if—"

"If what, my son? Another woman? Impossible, here in the wilderness. But stay, did I not hear something of Chiaha, the daughter of Uchee?"

Father Huve's keen black eyes rested on Pierre. The young man looked down; and the priest read only the tale of perplexity.

Pierre spoke softly. "I am glad you said that, my Father. Chiaha is a good little girl. Her father is a powerful Chief. Her people have helped me. I would marry Chiaha before any other Indian woman; but"—his voice grew stronger, more emphatic—"I do not want to marry an Indian. I want a white wife, a French girl."

"I understand, my son." The priest seemed talking to himself. "The race instinct. It never dies. Far away as you are, the old cry is strong within you. You are right, my son. Race to race, always. It is better. It is safer. Better now. Better still for the future. Take your white wife. Bring her to

me tomorrow; and I will marry you. But stay. These French girls are strangers. You do not think the Choctaws will resent your leaving Chiaha?"

Pierre hung his head. "Chiaha herself is too good a Christian to harm any one. She is a good kind soul."

"Yes, I know the child well; a good girl. If any trouble threatens I will speak to her. Uchee will be guided by Chiaha."

Next morning, armed with a permit from Governor Bienville and signed by Father de la Vente, Pierre presented himself at the long Government building, where "the shower of roses," the young French girls were sheltered.

The Gray Nun gravely led the young man into the large room, where the candidates sat sewing. It was a picture that dwelt for many a day in Pierre's memory. The long low room, the hum of voices, the pretty white-capped girls bending over their work. Out through the window the climbing roses were waving in the midsummer breeze. Further on the yellow river went languidly on; while still further off, the blue waters of the bay rose and fell in shining billows.

At one of the windows, looking out over the river, as if she saw in a dream all the watery miles between strange new Mobile and familiar old Quebec, sat the brown-eyed girl of Le Brun's choice.

When the nun had read Pierre's order she bowed her head in assent, and the young man moved towards the window. The young girl started as the tall figure stood before her. She did not rise, as Pierre held out his hand, but turned away, white and tearful, to the river. Pierre hesitated and turned to the nun. Something he had never felt before in all his hardy life rose in his heart. Pity and reverence for the frail young life he was so suddenly taking into his charge moved him, and solemnly he vowed to himself to cherish this fair young wife; and if she would but turn and place her hand in his, he would strive that she might never regret.

With a half uttered prayer in French the young girl rose.

"Annette de Long," "Aged Eighteen," read the Gray Nun from her list. Then consulting the Governor's order, "Pierre Le Brun, a bachelor. Aged thirty. A good fur hunter. A good grant of land and a four-roomed house."

At length the young girl arose and placed a trembling hand in Pierre's. Then she disappeared for a few moments and presently returned, with two other young girls and two nuns, who were to accompany her. Annette was robed in white, with a snowy veil. Pierre had brought a bunch of white roses, and these he handed to Annette, keeping one small bud for the front of his blouse. Some memory of bridal processions he had seen in Montreal lingered in his mind.

Then the party started; and as they walked along, the import of their journey being evident, others joined them. So it was quite a number assembled in the little log church, that replaced the chapel inside the fort. Father Huve came out, and in a few moments Pierre and Annette were made one in the sacrament of marriage. Pierre was devoutly thanking the good God for helping him to his dearest hope. No fear of the future disturbed him. Annette, pale, silent, trembling, was sending humble, fervent prayers out of her anxious heart for help and guidance in this sudden, strange ordering of her life.

Pierre's happiness was fully shared by McLeod and his wife. Louise was delighted to have one of her comrades with her; and in all the colony there was no happier quartette than that sheltered under the adobe, palmetto-roofed cottage.

(To be continued).

A GOLDEN HARVEST.

BY ELIZABETH VORE.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER IX.

All things however hard have an end, and at last Ardilla's sorely tried endurance was rewarded. The last hill of potatoes was dug and disposed of, and her tender conscience permitted her to look for the explanation she hoped to find.

And she found it—just where foolish Miro had hidden it. It was a letter, in Miro's cramped hand, blotted and ill-spelled, but the most precious thing in the world just then to Ardilla. It told her all that Miro should have told her in the beginning, trusting to the love that could not fail him, absent or present. But then Miro had yet to learn that a woman's love is capable of such perfection of trust.

Ardilla wept in her relief and joy—when she read what Miro had written. How glad she was that she had never doubted him yet she found his reassuring words very comforting. Miro wrote that by the time the potatoes were harvested, the excitement would have died down and there would be nothing suspicious in her leaving that section of the country. With the gold, which was rightly her own, she could come north with their child, and they could sometimes see each other, if she still believed in him and loved him.

If she did! Why had not Miro told her all before he left? He had thought her only a weak woman—Ah! She would show him how strong a woman could be! She would go at once to the Governor, and on her knees tell him the story, and beg him for her husband's pardon. He must believe in his innocence after reading that tender, heart-broken letter. There was plenty of money for the trip. Ardilla laughed as she began to realize what it meant to have money. Had there been none, it would have been the same. Why, she would have walked every step of the way to Sacramento, and carried her baby in her arms, to have secured her husband's freedom—and she would secure it.

Call it intuition, presentiment, premonition, if you will—or only the faith born of perfect love, but the dark clouds that had enveloped her for months lifted and rolled back; and in that moment of sudden, great calm that swept into her soul with absolute conviction, Ardilla knew that the joy of life was returning; that her husband would soon stand beside her, a free man, and that into the darkness of what had seemed eternal night, the glad dawn had broken.

CHAPTER X.

When Ardilla reached the house she found Leondardo and Riena Ortiz waiting for her. There was a latent excitement in their faces and manner that Ardilla would have noticed at another time. Now she was too excited and happy to see it.

Riena Ortiz fell upon her at once and began hugging and kissing her in a most impetuous way, laughing and crying and talking all in a breath.

"Thou poor little lamb! There, sweet one, it is all over now! May the fiends take those officers who carried off thy husband, who was innocent as a newborn babe! They are beasts! I have always declared them to be beasts! And there were the letters lost all the time—thy father's and Padre Garcia's,

and such wickedness I never heard of—thou poor, abused one! But the letters are found—and also the thief—and at this moment he lieth at our house—and may the fiends—"

"Enough, carita!" put in Leondardo Ortiz, interrupting Riena's excited incoherence, "let him rest—if so be there is such a thing as rest for him; and rather pray for his soul, for he is likely to stand before a Court of Justice from which there is no appeal, and that very soon."

Then Ortiz explained to Ardilla how Juan Mateo had shot himself accidentally while out hunting in the hills with some friends, and his companions had brought him, dying, to their house, where he now lay with but little probability of lasting another twenty-four hours. Believing that he had but a short time to live he had made a confession to Leondardo Ortiz; a confession of having robbed the Overland stage in Paloma canyon—the crime for which an innocent man suffered. He had secreted the gold and gone to San Francisco with it about the time of Miro's arrest, and had remained there until after his conviction and sentence. Suspicion had never for a moment rested upon him. Mateo confessed also that he had been secreted in the canyon when Miro rode through it on his way home. He had seen him drop the letters, and after he had gone had stolen out and got them. He had immediately recognized the letter of Senor Calleo as the one Miro had received the day before, and his curiosity had prompted him to read it at once, although the fading daylight made it a difficult task. Its contents had made his own way clear; knowing what old friends the two families were, he was certain that Miro would not come to the canyon without stopping at the Ortiz ranch, and thus there would be those who would immediately associate him with the robbery. He kept the letters, and after his successful attempt at highway robbery struck off in the hills and by a roundabout route made his way to Stocton, where he took the first train for San Francisco with his ill-gotten booty. He delivered up the letters to Ortiz, who now gave them to Ardilla, and so it was that the letters which fate had ordained to be the objects of so much misfortune, came at last into the hands of their rightful owner.

Ardilla was deeply moved as she read them and realized their real import. Her eyes were full of tears as she read the tender words from the father she had never seen, and now she understood her beloved Padre's silence—he was unchanged and cared for her still. How much joy the knowledge brought to her, but she thought ruefully that her inheritance had cost her dear. She explained to the wandering Ortiz and his good wife how she had found her father's gold.

Miro's ingenuity filled them with astonished delight. Riena clapped her hands in her enthusiasm.

"Ah, he is a clever one—thy Miro! A good boy whom I love! Dost hear that—thou lumbering loon?" slapping her big husband affectionately upon the shoulder—"thou art lucky, carita, to have so clever a husband! How I shall mock those wise officers when they come to arrest yon poor wretch—fools! imbeciles! I spit upon them!"

Unable to carry out her threat literally, good Riena spat upon the ground instead, a proceeding which seemed to give her infinite satisfaction, for her face shone like the full moon.

But the officers when they arrived the next day found their journey a useless one. Mateo had gone to be tried before a higher tribunal. He had died at midnight.

Ardilla started immediately for Sacramento, leaving little Emillio with her kind friend Riena, and her newly acquired fortune with Leondardo Ortiz, who could not get over wondering at the strangeness of it all.

* * * * * * *

Number forty-nine sat in the gloom of his comfortless cell, his head bowed

upon his hands. Just so he had sat the greater part of the time for days. To this man it was a living death—twenty years entombed, and three months had seemed an eternity!

Steps were heard coming down the corridor. He lifted his head wearily. The faint light from the barred window fell upon his face, revealing its haggard outlines. His sombre eyes held a deep despair—and yet, in their gloom there was a hint of something—that might not yet be put into words—as if some faint, shadowy gleam of inner light had shone into his soul. Does not the Father teach us through sorrow?

The steps paused.

"This is the door, madam," said the warden's voice.

No. 49 looked up indifferently.

The great iron door swung back and there appeared on the threshold a vision from another world—a slight, graceful figure, strangely familiar to the man, who was dreaming and knew that he must awaken in a moment. He gazed at the apparition mute-lipped, breathless—still dreaming he knew—; that tender face with its scarlet lips—his head swam dizzily—those soft, compassionate eyes—Dios! Could it be? Was he asleep or awake? It was as if an angel had suddenly appeared on the threshold. An angel? All the angels in heaven were as nothing to this man compared to the woman who stood before him, her face flooded with love and joy, her radiant eyes soft with tears.

He drew in his breath gaspingly, his unbelieving eyes still upon her face.

"Ar—dilla!"

With a low cry of unutterable tenderness she flew to him, and kneeling down beside him drew his head to her bosom.

"Miro! My beloved one!" she murmured in a voice that trembled with love and compassion. "My husband—speak to me! It is all over; the letters are found, and thou art free!"

But Miro could not speak. He was sobbing—the deep, terrible sobs of a man who has borne a great sorrow bravely, but utterly succumbs, when in the midst of a living hell he unexpectedly finds himself in heaven.

They left them alone. Those first moments together were not for other eyes. Presently, when Miro had regained his composure, Ardilla told him of Mateo's confession, and many other things of interest.

"And the money, did you discover it?" he asked.

"Ah, Miro! Thou cans't never know what I felt—how bewildered and puzzled—when first I found it. I knew there was some explanation, dear one, but I could not conceive where thou hads't gotten it."

"But, amorita, thou blessed child!" cried Miro in astonishment, "why dids't thou not read the letter? It would have explained everything! Why torture thyself with that damning evidence of my guilt before thy eyes?"

Ardilla looked up in wonder. Her eyes held a gentle reproof.

"There is no evidence, Miro, that will stand against a woman's love. Hads't thou not said thou wert innocent? Besides, thou hast forgotten. 'When you have finished the potatoes,' thou dids't say, 'look under the pile of stones.' Should I disobey thee because thou wert gone?"

Miro was speechless.

He looked at her with something akin to solemnity in his eyes, but his lips were mute. The love, the sacrifice, the unselfish devotion her words disclosed moved him beyond the power of words.

Ardilla felt his arms tremble as they encircled her, and looking up, surprised at his silence, saw that his eyes were full of tears.

THE END.

TRIPPING THE ANCHOR.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

A small sloop-rigged yacht was lying at anchor near the north end of Prudence Island. Her sails were lowered, but not furled; and she had only a light-boat anchor out. Apparently she was "trying" the bass grounds and would be ready to sheer off into the wind again at a moment's notice. Several persons were leaning over her gunwale, eagerly watching the points where their lines entered the water. A small boy of nine or ten was playing with a rope near the forward end of the boat.

Although there were no signs of a storm, an already stiff breeze was freshening from down the river, and the yacht was rocked and tossed under the counter influences of the winds and currents which swept round the end of the island. Off in the channel the cats-paws were being combed into long ridges of curling foam, and around Rocky Point and Cowesett, and far up the river toward Nayatt, were miniature lines of breakers. Going down the east passage, near Perry Island, was a small fleet of cat-rigged fishing boats, evidently on the way to some favorite "ground" or bank.

It was still early, but occasional pleasure boats could be seen coming down the river, and creeping out from East Greenwich and Apponaug, and from around the point toward Bristol. Now and then excursion steamers appeared in the distance, and presently one came near enough to rock the yacht violently.

The persons leaning over the gunwales looked up hastily, but the steamer was too far away to occasion alarm, and they once more became intent on their sport. Their casts were being met freely now, and they were too excited to notice that the boy climbed out on the bowsprit, and that a sudden lurch of the vessel had sent him overboard. It was only when they heard a smothered cry, and saw a sudden commotion on the deck of the steamer, that they became aware of the accident. But they had little time for alarm. A lithe form shot from the steamer's rail, and almost before they realized the danger, it was past. A few powerful strokes, and the swimmer was beside the child; a moment later, and they were both on board the yacht.

The stranger proved to be a tall young man of six feet or more; with easy manner, and a frank, smiling face.

"I am afraid I shall have to intrude on your hospitality for a few hours," he said, with significant motion toward the vanishing steamer, "my boat doesn't seem to think it worth while to wait for me. Fishing good, I take it?" glancing at the bass lying in the cockpit.

"Yes, yes, excellent!—of course you must accept our hospitality! Why, God bless me, sir! everything on board is yours. Didn't you save Bobby?" and a portly, red faced man of sixty or more bustled forward and caught him effusively by the hand. "Dear, dear! to think of our being so careless! The boy might have been drowned! Of course you must stay with us—just as long as you possibly can. Here, let me introduce my daughter, Maud—our chief sailor and fisherman—and my daughters, May and Ellen and Louise—enthusiastic sailors and fishermen, every one of them. God bless me, sir! the boy might have been drowned!" and before the young man could separate the three last-named daughters from

one another he found himself shaking hands indiscriminately with all of them.

"You must excuse the apearance of our yacht," the old man continued, deprecatingly. "We expected to have a sailing master, but he failed us at the last moment. However, I know something about yachting, and my girls know even more, so we are managing the boat ourselves. We are getting along very well, even if we do not keep things quite as ship shape as a regular sailor would. Dear, dear! to think of our being so careless!"

"Hadn't you better take the gentleman below and give him a change of clothing?" suggested Maud.

"Of course! of course! I was just about to propose it!—and a glass of strong toddy as well. Come this way, sir."

"Thank you, but it isn't worth while," replied the young man, laughing. "I'm accustomed to the water, and a wetting is almost a daily occurrence. This suit is designed for just such accidents and will be dry in a short time. And I seldom drink anything stronger than water. However, I am just as much obliged."

"Well, if you think so," with evident disappointment, "but it don't seem quite the thing, after what you've done. Bobby, run below and change your clothes, that's a good boy. Dear, dear! to think he might have been drowned! Did you tell me your name, sir?"

"No, I think not. I belong to the great family of Smith, and my given name is John. Not very original, perhaps; but it is the best I have to offer. Hadn't I better clew up your sails, or else hoist them and ease off the jib a trifle to windward? Your boat will swing back and forth then, without paying off; and you will be in a better position for departure."

"Well, if you think best," doubtfully, "but isn't she all right now?"

"Oh, yes, but the sails are liable to dip into the water; and, besides, it is just as well to be careful in a stiff breeze like this."

"Of course! of course! Do just whatever you think best. We don't pretend to be sailors. Maud, isn't breakfast about ready?"

"I think so. Mamma is below directing our cook now. Let me help you, Mr. Smith." With quick discernment she went to the tiller, and when he hoisted the sails she luffed the vessel and trimmed in the mainsail perfectly flat. Then the jib was payed off a little, and in a moment the yacht was riding the waves evenly, with her head to the wind.

"There, that is better," said Mr. Smith, with an admiring glance at his assistant. "You eased her off splendidly, Miss——?"

"Gleeson. I noticed papa made the omission. His introductions are usually one sided affairs."

"Miss Gleeson—thank you. I never saw an old yachtsman perform that piece of work more skillfully. You are a natural sailor."

"Thank you, I am very fond of boating," she replied, quietly. "There is the bell now. Suppose you go below with papa and get breakfast. The girls and I will look after things until you return."

When the two came on deck again the wind had freshened considerably; but it needed no second glance to tell that the boat had been in good hands. She had veered round slightly with the wind, but was taking the waves gracefully under the firm grasp at her helm. Mr. Gleeson looked about complacently.

"You had better go down to breakfast now, girls," he said, "your mother is afraid it will get cold. Mr. Smith and I will run across toward Bristol, and after we have tried the fishing there we will tack down the bay. I expect we shall have a good run if this wind holds."

But the fishing did not prove satisfactory along the Bristol shore, so they

tacked across Mt. Hope Bay toward Tiverton and ran down as far as Common Fence Point. It was nearly noon before they found themselves back in the middle passage heading for Newport.

By this time Mr. Smith and his new friends were on cordial terms. He had proved himself to be a good talker and listener; and he had an easy, well-bred air which commended him to their favor. The girls listened to him with pleased attention, and Mr. Gleeson plainly showed his delight.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," he cried, explosively. "But Lord, Lord! to think the boy might have been drowned!"

On his part, the young man was congratulating himself on having fallen into such snug quarters. The girls were bright and cordial, and were evidently very ambitious. In the course of conversation it came out that Maud had just graduated from Vassar and was looking forward to a career. The other girls were still at the Friends' School in Providence, with Vassar somewhere in the future. All of them had read a great deal, and could talk intelligently on almost any subject. Occasionally Mr. Smith found it advisable to turn the conversation.

But he was their master in outdoor sports. He knew all about tennis courts and archery and boating and cycling, and could make sailors' knots and hitches by the hour, to the wonder and admiration of envious Bobby. He had also traveled quite extensively, and was a graphic portrayer of what he had seen. The girls listened eagerly and interrupted him with keen questions and comments. May and Ellen were especially frank in their criticisms, and he unconsciously modified some of his more elaborate descriptions. Maud did not say much. She listened with half open lips, and he found himself frequently glancing toward her, as though for inspiration.

As the yacht glided down the east shore of Providence, and round Dyer's Island toward Canonicut Point, they all felt that the young man was a decided acquisition to the party. He talked and laughed and told stories; he did most of the work, and even insisted on preparing the fish for dinner. He made knots and hitches for Bobby, baited hooks for the girls, and listened to Mr. Gleeson with exemplary deference. When one of the girls broke into a rollicking sea song, he joined in with a rich tenor which sent the music ringing out across the water, and presently evoked a hearty response from one of the passing yachts.

Mrs. Gleeson looked on complacently, and Mr. Gleeson openly expressed his approval of the ways of Providence.

"I couldn't have arranged it better myself," he declared, emphatically, "only it is strange we should have been so careless. Dear, dear! to think the boy might have been drowned! However," brightening, "it's all gone by now, and we've got you to keep us cheerful. Of course you'll stay with us a few days?"

"I am very sorry," replied Mr. Smith, regretfully, "but I shall have to beg you to put me on shore at Jamestown or Newport. All my baggage was on board the steamer."

"Oh, it's all right, then. We'll send for it."

"No, no; I really must refuse. You see, I have written to friends at Newport, and they are expecting me."

Mr. Gleeson looked annoyed.

"Well, anyhow, you'll spend a few weeks with us at our summer cottage, won't you?" he asked. "We'll be down there in a week or ten days, now."

"Oh, certainly; I shall be very glad," was the reply. "I expect to be in this part of the country several months and will have plenty of time at my disposal. Where is your cottage?"

"Newport—Newport, of course. Over near the rocks."

Mr. Smith looked interested.

"Why, the friends I am going to

visit are named Gleeson, and their cottage is at Newport," he exclaimed. "What a coincidence!"

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Gleeson, indifferently, "the name is common at Newport. Some are relatives, and some are not. Where do your friends live?"

A large English cutter crossed in front of them, and the question was forgotten in sudden admiration for her graceful lines. After she passed Mr. Gleeson was eager to discuss the relative merits of sloop and cutter.

It was late in the evening when they entered Newport harbor. As they approached the wharf Mr. Gleeson turned suddenly to his guest.

"I believe I haven't told you how we came to be out yachting just now," he said, with a whimsical glance at Maud, who sat beside him. "We don't usually go till September."

"Papa," she remonstrated.

"Oh, it's all right, my dear," he said, good naturedly, "Mr. Smith will understand. Anybody would have done the same under like circumstances; and, besides, it is something of a joke, although it reflects somewhat on our hospitality. You see, Mr. Smith," throwing his head comfortably back upon his hands and stretching his legs out to their full length, "I met an old college friend in Chicago last year, and he said he was going to send his boy East after awhile. I didn't prove very responsive, for I had heard something of that same boy—a wild, drunken desperado who rode wild horses and shot Indians on sight."

"Papa, we didn't hear that he drank."

"Just the same, my dear. We heard that he was the most reckless cowboy on the ranch, and that he used a bowie knife as a toothpick. If that doesn't mean whiskey and cards, then I'm no judge of human nature. Well, the upshot of it was I received a letter this spring stating that he was coming to Newport to spend the summer. Fancy! the summer; and he was going to make my house his home. A demoniac cowboy in shirt sleeves and top boots spending the summer in my house! Probably he would pick his initials in my front door and in the fence posts with his revolver. Very likely he would bring his lariat and lassoo my girls as they went in and out. Ugh! What could I do?"

"Nothing—except go yachting," laughed Mr. Smith.

"Exactly. That's what I thought. If it had been only the reprobate boy who was concerned it would have been all right; but there was the father. I didn't wish to offend him. However, if I was off yachting, and didn't know of the boy's arrival, nobody could take offence, could they?"

"No—unless perhaps the boy should happen to drop down on your yacht from a passing steamer and hear some such vivid description of himself as you have given me."

"What? what?"

"Oh, it's all right," laughed Mr. Smith, "you were only describing somebody you had never seen. Shall I go to your cottage or to a hotel?"

Mr. Gleeson rose and rubbed his hand thoughtfully across his forehead. "Dear, dear!" he ejaculated, dolefully, "to think of my being so careless! The boy might have been drowned." Then, with the customary broad smile returning to his face, "Of course you will go to my cottage! Haven't I invited you? But I really wish you would take just a thimbleful. No? Well, I'll make it up some way. Come, girls, let's go ashore. We've had yachting enough for the present."

WHERE WILL IT END?

BY A. GERALDINE.

Every year thousands of young women graduate from our educational institutions—grammar schools, high and normal schools, colleges and academies. What becomes of all these young women? What position in life are they fitted for?

In past generations girls were educated to preside over homes. To-day this is a secondary consideration. The so-called independent life of the money earner is most attractive, and the greater number look forward eagerly to the time when, class days over, they shall stand face to face with life in the great business world striving and clamoring for equal rights with men. This they claim is "woman's emancipation." Is it not rather slavery? Our young women aspire to be business women, professional women, club women, striving after gold just as men are doing.

And how are they equipped for the struggle? That our educational system is woefully deficient cannot be doubted. Six to eight years are required by our modern system to turn out a grammar school graduate, and the average age of the girl graduate is fifteen years.

Now what position in the working world is this young woman capable of filling? Domestic service is "positive drudgery" and much beneath the dignity of "young ladies." Trades require a certain length of time for serving apprenticeship, without pay, and many young people cannot give this time for nothing; many more consider dressmaking, millinery, or sewing of any kind anything but a genteel occupation. Office work and store work seem to have greater attractions. A grammar school graduate enters an office, at a salary of three dollars a week, and sometimes less. Truthfully speaking her education has not fitted her for this position. She cannot work on the books, cannot make out a bill correctly, knows little about letter writing, in fact has no practical knowledge of office work. She can address envelopes (under supervision) and run errands. There are few opportunities of advancement, and even if opportunities were many the wage-earner disqualified by defective education cannot avail herself of them. If our young girls must work why not educate them in a way that will fit them for business? In European countries graduates are prepared to step from the class room into good positions. Among other things they are taught good manners, respect for employers, and, to discharge their duties conscientiously.

Why should graduates of our schools have to enter business colleges to learn what their public school course should teach them?

Hundreds of young women graduate from our normal schools every year. There are not positions for all, yet our educational institutions continue to turn out so many pupils each year, counterparts of the graduates of the previous year. The labor market is filled with young girls awaiting positions. They will not enter domestic service, will not learn a trade, and are not fitted for such positions in store or office as will enable them to earn a salary ensuring a respectable living. The large dry goods houses employ hundreds of young people at salaries ranging from three to six dollars a week and these include many high school and business college graduates.

Business men claim that these employes are not competent to command a higher salary. Every business house has its own particular business methods and these must be learned before service becomes valuable. After ten or

twelve years of such instruction is a salary of six dollars a week fair or just compensation? Is it not an injustice to the parents who strive and toil that their children may receive the benefits of education and profit by them?

Many young women spend time and money preparing themselves for positions for which they have no natural qualifications. They see only the prospects of making money. To fill the position that pays the best salary for the least work is what they desire. To become perfect in any branch of service is never for a moment considered. Is this not due, in part at least, to the fact that modern education is superficial, a mere skimming of the surface of things? It conveys to young minds false ideas of life and does not impress upon them that every calling is honorable, that in whatever position we work we are servants, and that honest labor is glorious. It does not teach young girls the duty they owe to their homes for if it did many who have not the slightest need to earn a living would remain at home, and leave the working world to those who must work. It is not just or honest that such candidates should crowd out those who need employment, and they are rarely valuable employes.

Many modern teachers claim that educated women are more fitted to be companions to men and make better wives than their less educated sisters. This has yet to be proved.

If our young women cultivated a taste for all that is best in literature, art, science and music there would be some hope for culture in the future generations. If they contributed to the higher arts we might wish for a continuance of our present educational system.

What have American women given to literature, art, or music? Yet fabulous sums are spent annually on this so called education. Whatever talent American girls possess the teachers and masters of the old world are called upon to develop. Visit the numerous publishing houses and inquire what reading matter is desired by the reading public, and we are told novels, fiction, sensational reading of every description, and that women purchase the greater part of this trash.

Does this speak well for modern education? It is not the present alone that claims our attention. Where will all this end? What has the future in store for women?

American travelers abroad speak in no uncertain terms of the drudgery of the peasant women in Europe, working as they do all day in the fields, but where is the difference? Our American women work all day in factories, shops and offices, and many of them work all evening and late into the night for scarcely enough to keep soul and body together.

Women hold an important place in the world's history. They were the power behind the throne in ages past. Every era produced its heroines, and down through the ages history gives to us noble cultured women whose lives have been an inspiration to all. Their deeds are recorded with those of men. They wore their laurels and won renown by helping man not by usurping his place or claiming equal rights with him. Their first duty was their home, and around the hearth stone they inculcated into the minds of their children the duty they owed to God and to their country. What place in the world's history will the twentieth century women occupy? Where will posterity find the heroines of our day? Will it be among our so-called highly educated women? Will history record the "century runs," "golf games," "women's conferences" where stupid theories are discussed and homes neglected? Will it give a place to club women with their teas and gossip?

Men and women write history every day and would it not be well for women of today to look at the page they are writing for future posterity to read. Is it a brilliant and inspiring page?

Higher education and independence may have been denied the women of the past generations, but they nevertheless

bequeathed to posterity noble examples of womanhood.

If our educational system continues to grind out annually hundreds of young women and young men, superficially educated, fitting them for the same clerical and mercantile employment, what will the men of the next generation amount to? If man is no longer the bread winner, it is due in a great measure to woman robbing him of that privilege. There is no longer any necessity for men to be ambitious, chivalrous or the guardian or protector. Our young women tell us that they are very well able to take care of themselves and earn their living. They ask no favors on account of sex.

Let us hope that a reaction will soon set in; that our girls will learn first of all that home is the kingdom of every woman and only necessity should compel young women to seek employment in the business world.

It is the home and the home duties that are most neglected in our day, and the greatest blessing that could come to us would be the return of women to home and family duties.

A DREAM OF PEACE.

ROBT. G. BLAINE.

I toiled and toiled, and always through the round
Of labor and of pain there seemed to shine
Some softer radiance of a day to come
Some dreamy presage, that peace should be mine.

And still the wearing toil of days sped on,
With pain and sorrow ever sadly real
I know now, here, I cannot hope to reach
The mystic glory of our life's ideal.

The days that come and go and ever pass
Are slowly drinking deep of hope's despair,
And they that pass me by with smiling face
Nor know, nor if they knew, would greatly care.

And so the years have passed and gone away
With joys, alas! that fade like summer's breath,
And now I know, ah God, I know too well
That peace is but another name for death.

BOOK REVIEWS.

There is an indescribable charm about "The Miracles of Antichrist," a novel by the Swedish author, Selma Sagerlöf, translated by Pauline Bancroft Flach, which reveals a wonderful power on the part of the author and places her in the front rank of the world's novelists. The scene is laid in Sicily about the time of the Socialist riots some years ago, and the knowledge which she displays of the Italian character is nothing short of intuitive. Rarely have we seen a book which presents such a faithful portrayal of Italian life and brings out in such a truly admirable way the dominant traits of the Italian character. A keen observer, she has entered heartily into the spirit which animates the life of the southern Italian and presents the different phases of that life with such vividness and power as to surround us with an atmosphere distinctively Sicilian—the spontaneous creation of the surroundings in which the incidents of the story are happening. This singular power of portrayal, of making us live in an atmosphere so different from our own—constitutes the charm of the book. Her descriptions of Italian scenes are singularly beautiful and true. The book is full of action and stirring incidents abound which sustain the interest of the story, while there are many pretty pictures of Italian home life. The Antichrist, as the sequel of the story shows, is Socialism, which, promising to its followers heaven upon this earth, is thereby convicted of fraud and deception of the multitude. The translation is well done and preserves in a remarkable degree the coloring which the story takes from its surroundings. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., $1.50.

"Impressions and Opinions," by Walter Lecky, gives evidence of the author's gift of literary criticism. In this little book he makes us acquainted with some modern authors, discusses the style and character of their work, and analyzes some elements which have projected themselves into the works of some of the modern novelists. These essays are instructive and entertaining and their value is enhanced by the artistic touch which characterizes all that comes from the pen of the gifted reviewer. They display a cultivated taste, fine power of discrimination and a wide and varied range of reading. Angel Guardian Press, Boston: Paper cover, 50 cents.

The popularity of "Tributes of Protestant Writers to the Truth and Beauty of Catholicity," by James J. Treacy, is attested by the appearance of its third edition. This work is too well known to need extended notice. Here the reader will find abundant testimony from hostile sources in favor of the Catholic Church—a fact which proves that the majestic presence of the Church in the world is such as to wring from unwilling witnesses tributes of respect and admiration. New York, Cincinnati: Fr. Pustel & Co., 50 cents.

The need of salutary instruction for boys growing into manhood is recognized by thinking men. The setting before them of honest ideals is a matter of the utmost importance. The subject-matter is, however, one beset with difficulties and requires the utmost delicacy and prudence in presentation. To meet this difficulty Mr. Ennis Richmond has written his book, entitled "Through Boyhood to Manhood," in which he makes a strong plea for the higher ideals. He takes up the three elements which must enter into the formation of character—unselfishness, self-control and purity—and discusses them in a temperate, sensible way which should recommend his essays to those whose office compels them to undertake the instruction of youth. There is much sound advice in this book and many valuable suggestions regarding the way in which boys should be instructed as best to fit them for the realities of the life which is opening up before them. New York, London, Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co., $1.

An acting version of "Fortune by Land and Sea," a tragi-comedy by Thomas Heywood and William Rowley, arranged for the annual theatricals of the Harvard Chapter of Delta Upsilon for 1899, has been written by Janet Edmondson Walker and issued to the public. Thomas Heywood was an English playwright and actor, contemporary with Shakespeare, and this comedy is the most celebrated of his works. The original text of the play follows the version made for the occasion. Boston: W. B. Clarke Company.

A series of discussions, having a bearing upon the future of nations, especially of the United States in view of the changed conditions brought about by the late war, has appeared under the title of "World Politics." The author who has adopted the pseudonym "T," seeks to establish his conclusions by the application of principles,

which are well-known in treatises on international law, and argues with much skill concerning problems which confront nations in their mutual relations one with another. He takes a broad, comprehensive view of the outlook and his intelligent discussion of the questions involved should prove interesting and valuable to the general reader. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co., $1.

"The Rescue of Cuba," by Andrew S. Draper, President of the University of Illinois, is a short comprehensive history of the late war with Spain. It is the apology of a distinguished educator, upholding the justice of the late conflict, which he regards as an episode in the growth of free government. The book is well written and finely illustrated. New York, Boston, Chicago: Silver, Burdett & Co.

The story of the French pioneers who discovered the Mississippi and the great West is a deeply interesting one. It is well told by Mary Hartwell Catherwood in a volume, entitled, "Heroes of the Middle West." She writes in sympathy with her subject and gives us a beautiful picture of these sturdy pioneers, whose heroic deeds advanced the outposts of civilization and made the world their debtor. Beautifully illustrated. Boston: Ginn & Co., 60 cents.

"A Yankee Boy's Success," by H. S. Morrison, is an interesting description of the experience and adventures of a boy reporter, who goes through the principal countries of Europe, interviews celebrated men in each country, is present at many imposing celebrations, and finally returns to his native land. A good book for boys. New York, London: Frederick A. Stokes Co.; Boston: De Wolte, Fiske & Co., $1.25.

"Christian Education in the Dark Ages," by Rev. Eugene Mageoney, S. J., which originally appeared as an article in the American Catholic Quarterly, has been issued as a booklet. There is so much misrepresentation of the ages, which are called dark, that we are glad to see in permanent form, this valuable exposition of such an interesting period of the world's history. The author has a good grasp of his subject and is thoroughly conversant with the many volumes written upon this subject and knows how to lay bare the many erroneous judgments which even educated men have not hesitated to give concerning the state of learning before the intellectual revival of the middle ages. New York: The Cathedral Library Association, 5 cents.

The conflicting opinions which are permitted within the fold of the Episcopal Church are strikingly set forth by Rev. Henry G. Gaines in a booklet, entitled "A City of Confusion." He quotes one after another her divines and contemporary Protestant witnesses and the impression left upon the mind of the reader is certainly not very favorable to the claims of the Episcopal Church. This little essay displays great research and wide and varied reading. Ave Maria Press: Notre Dame, Ind., 15 cents.

A course of instruction in Christian doctrine and Scripture history, especially New testament history, has been written by Winifride Wray, under the title of "Catholic Teaching for Children." This little book admirably fulfils the design of its author. It is written in simple language and in a way to impress upon children's minds the main facts of the New Testament. An excellent handbook for children. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago. Benziger Bros., 40 cents.

A book of deep spiritual meaning is "Meditations on the Seven Words of the Cross," by Rev. Charles Perraud. An introduction by the brother of the author, Cardinal Perraud, informs us that these meditations are the substance of sermons delivered by the author during the Lenten season, in the principal churches of Paris. These meditations are distinguished by deep religious spirit, by an elevation of thought and sentiment and a felicity of expression which clearly show the refined taste and deep religious spirit of the author. A valuable book for those who wish to meditate on the sufferings of our Lord or for those whose duty it is to preach Christ crucified. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros., 50 cents.

"The Month of the Sacred Heart," is an admirable book of devotion for the month of June. It contains a meditation suitable to each day of the month and all the meditations are founded upon the life and words of Blessed Margaret Mary. The translation and adaptation of these simple and deep meditations has been made by Rev. F. X. McGowan, O. S. A. Philadelphia: John Jos. McVey.

The beautiful story of "Saint Odile," is now presented to the English reading public by Rev. Francis X. McGowan, O. S. A. There is a charm which lingers around the memory of the early saints, and this simple story is sure to please and edify. Philadelphia: John Jos. McVey.

The seventh revised edition of "May Blossoms," by Father L. B. Palladino, S. J., has appeared. This manual is filled with holy thoughts and practical suggestions and re-

solves—all tending to foster devotion to the Mother of God. Baltimore: John Murphy Co.

"Bringing Children to Jesus Christ," a treatise from the Latin of John Charles Gerson, by Rev. W. Whitty, gives many valuable and weighty reasons for the religious instruction and guidance of the young. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son.

"The Arch-confraternity of Christian Mothers," is the manual of a religious association. The rules and regulations of the society, the setting forth of its object and aim, furnish the subject-matter of this valuable little manual. New York: Joseph Schaefer, 10 cents.

The need of parental direction and sound home training for children is recognized more and more by those who are solicitous for the future of Church and State. Sound and prudent instruction for children is most necessary. Such a work has been accomplished by Very Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C. S. S. R., in a series of instructions or familiar talks to which he has given the title "Popular Instructions to Parents on the Bringing up of Their Children." New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros., 35 cents.

"The Most Holy Sacrament," "The Blessed Virgin," "The Sacred Heart" and "Saint Anthony," are four uniform duodecimo volumes translated from the German of Dr. Joseph Kellar, which contain short stories and examples to illustrate the devotion which Catholics give to the Blessed Sacrament, the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Virgin and Saint Anthony. Each volume is a very treasure-house of instances and all are deeply interesting. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Each 75 cents.

A volume of poems celebrating in verse the deeds of the heroes and saints of the middle ages, with some poems and sonnets on more modern subjects, has just been written by Clement William Barrand, S. J., under the title of "Lays of the Knights." In these poems high and noble thoughts are expressed in graceful, flowing verse and the higher ideals of life are set forth in forms of imagery and beauty. New York, London: Longmans, Green & Co., $1.

Another volume of beautiful verses, in which simple, holy thoughts are expressed in true poetic form, is "In Cloisters Dim," by Charles Curtz Hahn. Omaha: Burkley Printing Co.

THE INDIAN SCHOOLS.

The concise and convincing statement of facts recently made by Rt. Rev. John B. Brondel, Bishop of Helena, in regard to the Catholic Indian Missions, is strong evidence of gross injustice, and a powerful argument in favor of righting wrongs at home before attempting to readjust foreign difficulties. Bishop Brondel says:

A short time ago there were 300 children of Flatheads at school in St. Ignatius; 200 children of Gros Ventres and Assinniboines at school in St. Paul's; 200 children of different tribes at school in St. Peter's; 100 children of Crows at school in St. Xavier's; 100 children of Blackfeet at school in H. Family; 65 children of Cheyennes at school in St. Labre's.

First class buildings, mostly of stone and brick were erected in the wildest parts of Montana at a cost of $400,000 and furnished with all the necessary and convenient equipments for boarding, lodging and schooling the Indian children of the respective tribes. Let it be taken into consideration that said expensive structures, etc., were put up in compliance with suggestions, if not demands, of the government officials and inspectors, whose requirements for Indian school accommodations and equipments seemed to surpass what might have been considered more than sufficient in first class schools for white children. Under such circumstances the action on the part of Congress in discontinuing to make appropriation for the funds which alone can make the running of said schools possible, will hardly be considered as just and fair, more especially as it was at the urgent request of the administration that the Catholic Church entered upon the work to the extent that it did. As the cause of this unexpected and unfair treatment is traceable to the fact that religion is taught to the children, it may not be amiss to state what is well known to every one acquainted with the work in question, that in order to successfully civilize the Indian, it is necessary to christianize him.

I hope and pray that this simple and short statement of facts may make the situation clear and induce the legislators at Washington to promote the welfare of the natives by continuing to extend a helping hand to the devoted men and women engaged in bringing to christianity and civilization the American Indians.

QUESTION BOX.

"An Inquisitive Rose" writes:

1. Can any one buy relics?

2. If not, how can they be obtained, especially of St. Rose of Lima?

By relics, we mean the bodies of departed saints, fragments of these bodies, articles or portions of articles which they have used, such as clothes, vestments, rosaries and the like. The Church also venerates relics of Christ and His Blessed Mother. Such as the holy nails, lance, spear, or fragments of the True Cross, the veil, &c., of the Blessed Virgin. The veneration of relics is solemnly approved for Catholics by the Council of Trent. To prevent abuses, the Church has been obliged to make regulations regarding relics. In 1215, the Fourth Lateran Council forbade the sale of relics, and allowed them to be exposed before the faithful only in their cases or shrines. New relics could be publicly venerated only after their authenticity had been approved by the Pope. These regulations were renewed by the Council of Trent, and bishops were to decide on the authenticity of new relics after careful consultation with theologians.

You will find considerable difficulty in securing a well authenticated relic. Those who possess such treasures value them highly. And the churches or shrines that have a relic of our Divine Saviour, of His Blessed Mother, or of the very great saints glory therein. Relics are required to be inserted in the altar-stone which is of necessity wherever Mass is to be said, and the bishop of a diocese obtains the relics so needed for the altar-stones.

Considering that St. Rose of Lima died in 1617, it would seem a bit difficult to procure any new relic, (and such would have to be proved authentic,) while those holding the authenticated relics would be loath to part with them.

J. A. J. writes: Can a good Catholic derive any benefit from reading the works of Swedenborg?

Swedenborg was such a fantastic dreamer that one will not look to him for doctrine. He illustrates the vagaries of a mind tossed about by every wind of opinion. A Catholic is secure in his faith. It is this sense of security, of the possession of truth, that is his anchor. He is far from wise, when he dallies with the teachings of false religions. The Church in her wisdom forbids him to read the works of the founders of heresy, as well as works likely to cause serious injury to his faith or morals. And why should he endanger his faith? At the most he shall find but two grains of wheat hid in a measure of chaff. And shall that repay him for time and labor lost? And does he not owe to the Divine Teacher that he shall so respect that Master's teaching that he shall not mingle with it human judgments and human errors? Some there are whose duties require that they shall know what doctrines are set forth by founders of sects, or builders of new systems, in order to detect and show forth the contradiction to truth or the departure from its sure and safe way. And the deeper and more intimate their knowledge of truth, the more difficult is their unpleasant task of following out the tortuous and foolish windings of poor and wandering minds that have only the guidance of weak human reason.

T. B. writes: In what year was Mass first said in the Latin language, and in what year was it made compulsory, and by what Council?

In the time of the Apostles and in the first centuries, Mass was generally said in the language of the people or country. Throughout Palestine and Syria, Syriac was used, Greek in the provinces of Asia, and of Europe, where the people spoke Greek, and Latin in Italy and other western portions of the Empire. There is reason to believe that while Greek was the language in Alexandria, Coptic was the liturgical language in the other churches of Egypt.

Still, the language of the country was not always used in the liturgy. There is no trace of an Arabian liturgy, although St. Paul preached in Arabia, and Christianity existed there at least 400 years. Persia has no liturgy in that language, nor was the Punic language used in church services, although, even in the time of St. Augustine, it was still spoken by a large number of Christians in Africa.

When the Church entered into Gaul (France), Spain, England and other northern countries, Latin was not the language of the people. But in all these western lands the Church used Latin. The three languages which she used in the earliest days remained with her in her services.

As the mingling of the peoples multiplied languages and dialects, the Church did not follow after these variations. She kept to the languages in which she had celebrated the sacred mysteries from the beginning. And so Latin became the fixed language for the whole Western Church. But the

Church has never excluded any language, as she never interfered with the use of the other early languages of her services, Greek and Syrian. Moreover, where it has seemed necessary for the conversion of an entire people, she has even allowed the introduction of a new language into her service. We have already noted the use of the Coptic language. In the fourth century, when the Ethiopians and the Armenians were converted, the liturgy was translated into their languages. In the ninth and tenth centuries, it was translated into the Slav tongue for the Moravians and the Russians, and permission granted to celebrate in this tongue.

Historian writes: Will you set forth some proofs to show that the number of Christian martyrs was very great under the Roman emperors. The teacher in the school I attend ridicules the belief of the Catholic children in this matter.

Catholic historians and martyrologies assert that the number of Christian martyrs was very great. As an example they count 19,700 who suffered at Lyons with St. Irenaeus. Under the Emperor Severus, 6,666 soldiers of the Theban legion were massacred by order of Maximien.

In the first century, the martyrdom of St. Peter and St. Paul, of the two St. James, of St. Stephen and St. Simeon is proven by the Acts of the Apostles, as by the writings of the early Fathers. St. Clement of Rome ,after speaking of the death of Sts. Peter and Paul, says: "These godlike men have been followed by a great multitude of the elect, who have suffered outrages and torments, so as to give us an example."

Tacitus, a pagan, and a Roman historian, says that "Nero put to death by exquisite punishments men detested for their crimes and whom the people called Christians. . . .

At first, those were punished who avowed themselves Christians, and by their confession we have discovered a great multitude, against whom it was not so much proved that they had set Rome on fire, as that they were hated by the human race."

In the second century, Pliny writes to Trajan that if the punishment of Christians were to continue, a vast number of both sexes, of all ages and conditions would be in danger, since a great number had been brought to his knowledge, and since this superstition was spread through the city and country. Trajan answered that he need not seek out the Christians, but if accused and condemned, they should be punished.

The "Chronicle of the Samaritans" states that Adrian, Trajan's successor, put to death in Egypt a great number of Christians. Celsus, who wrote under Marcus Aurelius, tells that the persecution lasted throughout this emperor's reign.

The third century was the most dreadful. Septimius Severus, Caracalla, Heliogabulus, Maximinus are known as implacable persecutors. Other emperors less cruel still put many of the Christians to death. Eusebius in his "Ecclesiastical History," gives the testimony of eye witnesses regarding the facts which he narrates. From Egypt many Christians fled into Arabia; others, into the desert, where they perished. Besides those officially condemned to death by the judges, others were torn in pieces by the furious pagans. Eusebius speaks particularly of the edicts of Decius, which were not revoked by his immediate successors.

Closing the third, and beginning the fourth century, Diocletian waged for ten years a deadly war against the Christian name. He published three successive edicts. The first ordered the destruction of all Christian churches, the finding and burning of all Christian books; the second ordered the putting into prison of all ecclesiastics, against whom all manner of means should be employed to make them sacrifice to the gods; the third commanded that every Christian who refused to sacrifice should be tormented by the most cruel punishments. Eusebius and Lactantius mention a town in Phrygia where the inhabitants were all Christians, and which was so devastated by fire and sword, that all the people perished.

Diocletian and his colleague Maximien were so persuaded of the success of their proscriptions that they boasted by inscriptions and by medals of having "exterminated the Christian name," of "having everywhere destroyed the superstition of Christ." Rightly has the age of these emperors been called the era of martyrs.

But the noble example, the manifest action of God in favor of His servants, multiplied the followers of Christ. Other emperors after Diocletian learned how foolish had been that monarch's boast, and, in despair themselves of ever conquering the obstinacy of an ever-decreasing, yet ever-increasing host, they were forced to put an end to the persecutions and murders brought about by their own edicts.

RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED.

Excitement ran high among the exchanges. A chance remark had started an animated discussion, and every publication wanted to talk.

"The Philadelphia screech owl," began a dignified journal, that should have known better than to waste a leading editorial space in scolding, "has been heard from again, and his inharmonious notes have been reproduced in the secular papers. That they are scandalous—"

"Is a very good reason for not knowing anything more about them," interrupted a bright little paper. "Haven"t we got enough to do without fighting among ourselves? And is it the province of a Catholic paper to call attention to scandal-mongers? Our time would be much better employed in looking after the true interests of Catholics."

"Yes, and in promoting a kindlier spirit among ourselves,'" said a thoughtful publication. "There is altogether too much carping and witless criticism indulged in by some of our contemporaries, some here present I regret to say," with a sweeping glance over the exchange table. "If every Catholic editor would only try to realize that he is not the only Catholic editor who has much to contend against he would be more tolerant in thought, more charitable in expression. It grieves me to notice that some papers descend even to the vulgarity of personal abuse."

"Courtesy is passing away," deplored a magazine. "Every day we have evidences of it. Honesty, too, seems to be on the wane. A dreadful thing to say! But what do you think of taking not even excerpts, but sometimes a whole article, and never giving a line of credit? Let me give you an instance. As you are probably aware we published a beautifully illustrated article on the Battleship Maine, written by Father Chidwick. The daily life on the ship was so graphically described and the characteristics of the men were so skilfully portrayed that it made the reader feel as if he knew them personally. Well, since the dreadful disaster in Havana harbor that story has been coming back to us from every part of the country, and not one of the publications that used it gave us credit for having published it first. Quite recently a Calendar boldly appropriated the story word for word, and some conscientious journals in taking excerpts from it gave the Calendar full credit. Pleasant for us wasn't it? The description of 'Church Rigged' proved a general favorite, and many were the ingenious ways in which it was published without giving us the slightest notice. One editor, who has the reputation of furiously assailing (both in private and in print) any contemporary who dares touch his matter without the fullest acknowledgment, introduced the paragraph with 'Father Chidwick says,' but he didn't say where Father Chidwick said it. Is that honest?"

There was a murmur of dissent from the Exchanges, some vigorous denunciations, and one feeble attempt to call the magazine to order.

"You are keeping the floor too long," protested a monthly, that should have looked red, but couldn't on account of the color of its cover.

"There is no floor privilege about this meeting," said a flippant young paper. "It would be difficult to follow parliamentary forms when we began by being laid on the table."

The older papers smiled indulgently, and the Magazine resumed.

"We have suffered much and have been silent too long, an unwise concession to our love of peace. I do not know that I would speak now if that package of plates over there had not roused my just anger. These plates you may remember appeared in illustration of our article on 'The Diplomatic Corps in Washington.' They cost nearly one hundred dollars. Yielding to the request of a brother editor, they were loaned for reproduction in a Nebraska paper. Months passed, no word came about the cuts, and at last we wrote to ask if they had been used, and were told without further explanation that they would be returned the next week. They came with heavy express charges unpaid and not one line of apology from the borrower! Is that editorial etiquette? Then an Ohio paper helped itself to our pictures, poems and short stories for an Easter supplement—and again we got no credit. A courteous request for an explanation failed to bring a satisfactory reply, but a more peremptory letter elicited an apology and the statement that the editor did not know how our copy got to their composing room. He didn't send it down. But there, I am doing the very thing I cen-

sured others for doing. Who knows how hurried and overworked that editor may have been. And he apologized. I have known editors who did not do even that."

"I know one who doesn't know how to apologize,'" said an outspoken journal. "He thrives in an atmosphere of abuse and ill will. Having been born too late to grace the place for which he was eminently qualified—the ducking stool—he disgraces an editorial chair. Calls himself a Catholic, too!"

"God be between us and harm!" breathed a Celtic Exchange. "Sure, the devil has many a disguise."

Silence indicated assent to this pious opinion. Presently the Magazine spoke again.

"I want it to be distinctly understood that in making these things known I am actuated by no unkindly feeling. If we could get together oftener and talk things over in a frank, friendly manner we would learn to know one another better, and be of truer service one to another. There are so many trials common to us all that even talking them over helps. You all know what it means to have delinquent subscribers, and sometimes dishonest subscribers; to have correspondents who ask you to publish heavier articles, and other correspondents to complain that you are altogether too heavy; and then you all know—this is not to be repeated outside this meeting—what it means to have lofty ideas and limited means; and you have all felt the little sting of seeing too many Catholics fill their homes with vapid, trashy, so-called literature, while a clean, wholesome paper or magazine is un-noticed or pronounced 'too dear.' Too dear! That suggests a momentous question. Is anything too dear that helps to counteract the baneful forces moulding so many lives in the flexible state of development? Are Catholic parents growing away from high ideals in the conduct of their homes? Surely they must be if they allow the cheapness of pernicious reading to outweigh the lasting benefits derived from Catholic literature. And here we have a strong moral reason for making perfect the work we undertake. No petty jealousy, no element of strife, no covert act of dishonesty should mar the symmetry of our work, or weaken the influence of what should be a dominant force—a Catholic press."

To those of our readers who have not dealt with the Zeigler Electric Co. of Boston Mass., it will doubtless be to their interest to learn that this old established house manufactures a complete line of the special physical and chemical apparatus used in laboratory demonstration, in our schools and colleges. It enjoys the distinction of being the only authorized manufacturers of the special apparatus to accompany the text books of Gage, Avery and Williams and possessing the co-operation of these eminent educators, the best design is assured. A new and complete catalogue of 200 pages has just been issued which fully describes and illustrates these instruments and supplies.

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.

Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of 90 per cent permanently cured), and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address with stamp naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 920 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

SWORN ALLEGIANCE.

SEA-HARVESTERS.

Donahoe's Magazine.

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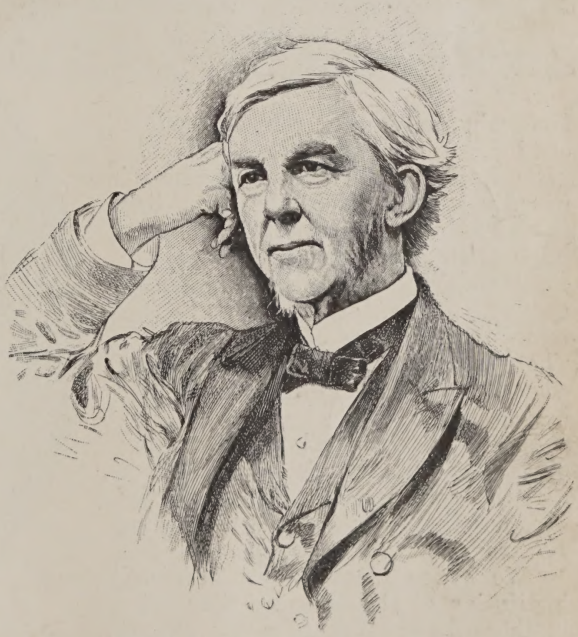
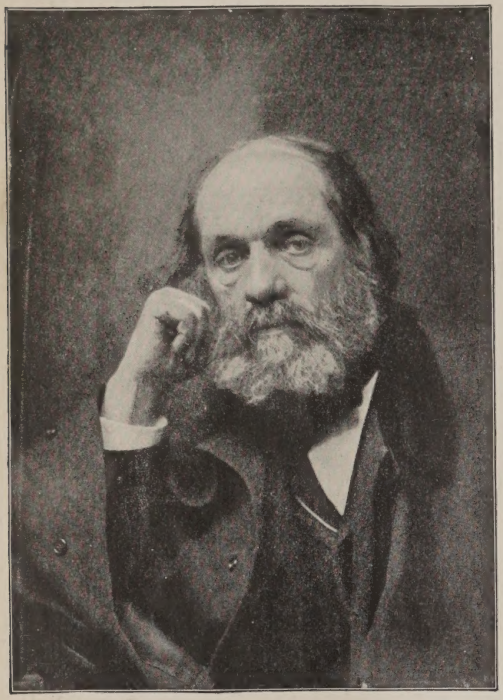
JUSTIN McCARTHY'S "CHEERFUL YESTERDAYS."

One night, in a Canadian city, more than a decade of years ago, a large audience assembled in the Mechanics Institute to hear a lecture on the British Parliament. The lecturer was Justin McCarthy. As he stepped upon the stage there was a moment's silence and then,—well then he must have been convinced that he was among Home Rule enthusiasts. Presently order was restored, and he began to speak, quietly, gently, with no attempt at dramatic effect, and yet ten minutes after he began present environment was forgotten, and stirring scenes in the British Parliament were being enacted over again. As he described a division in the House on the Home Rule question gestures came into play, and back of the slight figure on the stage one seemed to see the little band of Nationalists, alert, keenly intelligent, every nerve strained by the excitement of the moment. Mr. McCarthy did not merely talk of his colleagues. He presented them one by one, and with kindly compulsion insisted that the sterling traits of each be recognized. No touch of bitterness marked his censure of the tactics of political opponents. He judged them with fine impartiality, with broad charity, and told of the schemes and counter schemes in a quaintly humorous strain that charmed his listeners. When the lecture closed, all too soon, there was but one impression—that a delightful evening had been spent in goodly company brought together by the genial master spirit of the occasion, Justin



Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

Courtesy of Little, Brown & Company.

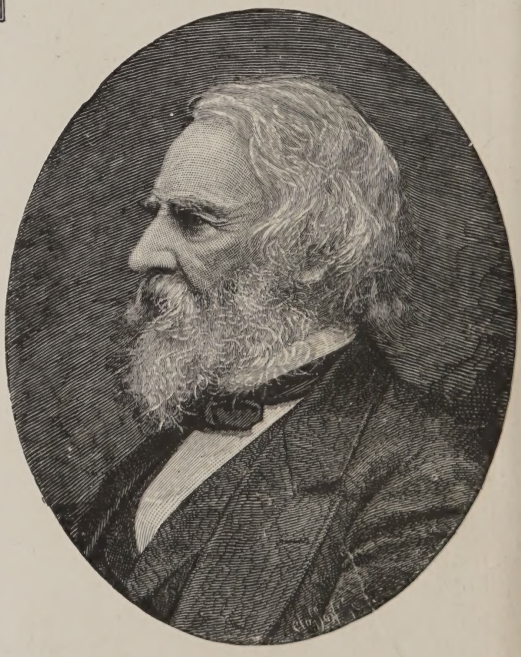
McCarthy, parliamentarian and prince of kindly critics.

So it is with his "Reminiscences," recently published. If the name had not already been appropriated they might well have appeared under the title "Cheerful Yesterdays." Cheery, gossipy, bright, always kindly, this record of fifty years of happy living is wholesome reading, replete with knowledge of the men and events of the past half century.

Here is a commendable innovation on established methods of conducting editorial conferences. Mr. McCarthy thus describes how the Morning Star was made up:

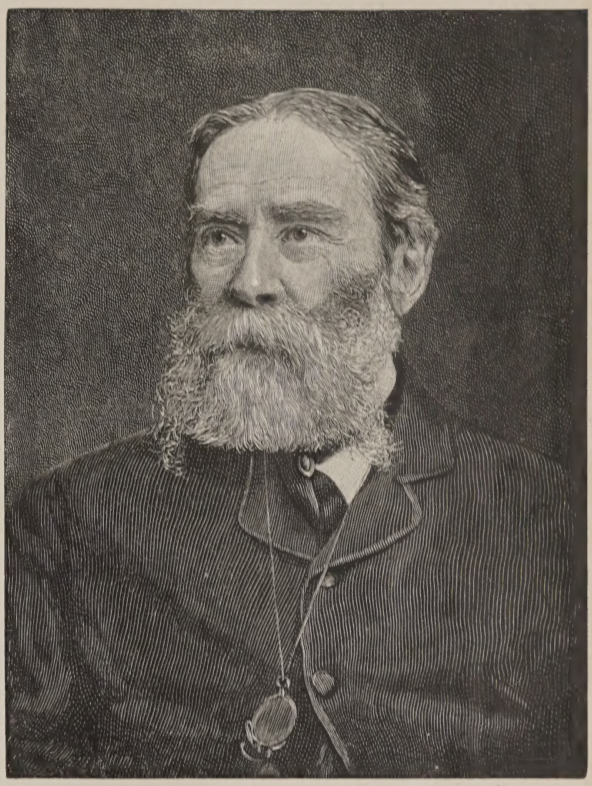
"We had a pleasant sort of social institution at the Morning Star office in those days. We had a five o'clock tea at which all the members of the editorial staff assembled every day; and at which we discussed the topics to be chosen for leading articles, and interchanged all manner of suggestions about new literary devices to instruct and to amuse the public. We ventured then on the publication of satirical and humorous poems, assailing, or at all events making fun of, our political opponents; and we indulged ourselves in fanciful parodies of Tory speeches in the House of Commons. John Bright sometimes came to tea with us and listened with great good humor to our outbursts of levity, doing us the credit to believe that we had a serious purpose under all our attempts at frivolity."

When little more than a lad his interest in politics led him to the House of Commons, and his first experience, a vexatious one for him, is a laughable episode for readers. From a friend he succeeded in getting an order for the



Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

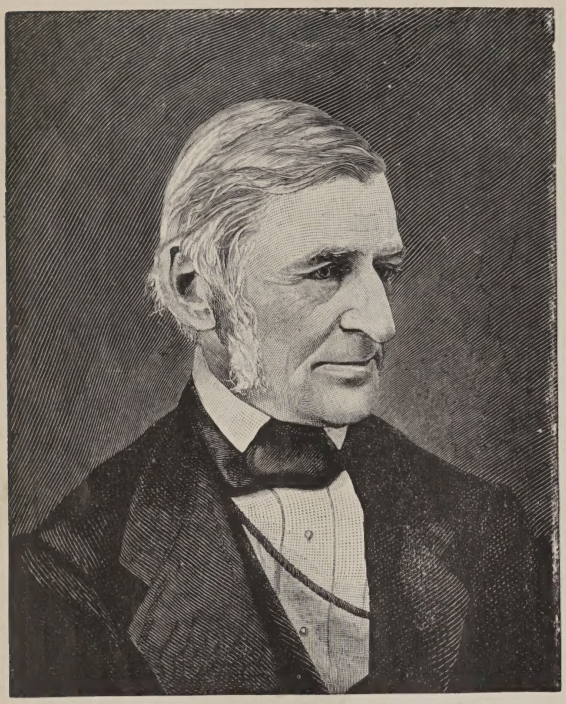
Strangers' Gallery. He entered breathless with emotion, in a very agony of expectation. Which of the great orators was it likely he would hear first—Palmerston, Gladstone, Disraeli, Cobden or Bright? For a while the beating of his own heart was the only sound he heard. At last he grew calm. He could listen, he could distinguish tones. By degrees it began to dawn upon him that these tones were strangely familiar. His eyes corroborated the awful suspicion of his ears. The speaker occupying the floor of the house was a representative from the South of Ireland, from McCarthy's own county, a dull and prosy gentleman, with whose powers of boredom the youth had been irately familiar for years. This gentleman talked on and on for an hour, until McCarthy, angry as well as disappointed, left the gallery in his wrath and thereby forfeited his place.



Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

From the House of Commons to Mr. McCarthy's meeting with Parnell is a natural transition. In his "Reminiscences," the writer recalls with evident pleasure, the early days of his acquaintance with the great leader, and the informal visits in the Bohemia of Fitzroy Square. He writes of the Parnell "who was a charming host," and who frankly avowed "I am nervous about being disliked: I hate to be hated."

"When I first knew Parnell," he says, "he was living in lodgings in Keppel street, Russell Square. I have lately read that Parnell at the time occupied a "squalid lodging." Now, Keppel street, Russell Square, is certainly not in a fashionable quarter of London; but it is a street of fine old-fashioned houses, with spacious and handsome apartments, which have nothing of squalor about them that I could see. I lived at the time and for some years after in Gower street, out of which Keppel street runs, and the whole region indeed is that I have already described in this book as the Bohemia of Fitzroy Square. The neighborhood suited Parnell as it suited me, because the houses were all large and roomy and comparatively cheap, and because it was near to the city and the Strand and the House of Commons. Anyhow Parnell and I were neighbors for a considerable time; and he used to often come from his "squalid lodging" in Keppel street to visit me in my



R. Waldo Emerson

Courtesy of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

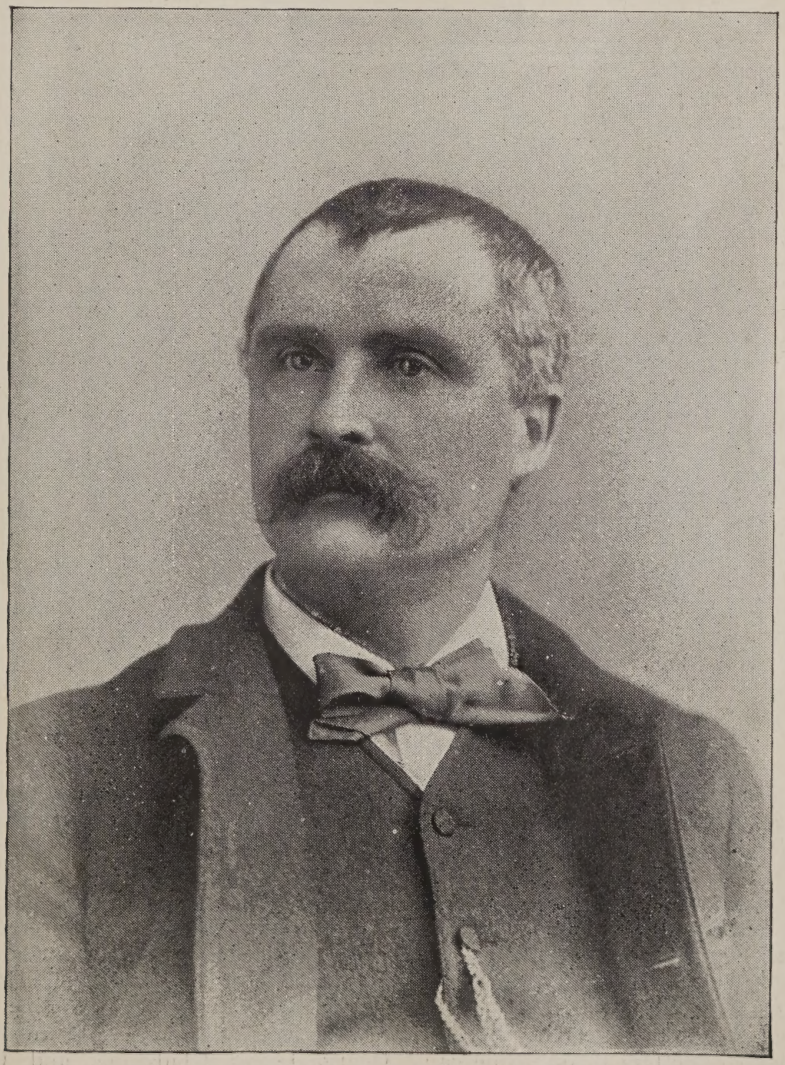
"squalid" Gower street home. We had some pleasant dinner parties in that home, now and then; and I remember that it was there Parnell first made the personal acquaintance of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, of Mr. Leonard Courteney, and of Charles Russell, as he was then, at present Lord Russell of Killowen. Parnell used to come to see me often quite informally in the early afternoons, and the casual visits had to be early because we both had to attend the sittings of the House of Commons, he as a Master of the House, and I as a writer of leading articles for the "Daily News." I am speaking of the days before I myself found a place on the green benches of the House. Parnell soon became a great favorite with all the members of my family, and his presence was always welcome. He was then a handsome man, still quite young, with a tall and stately figure, and a singularly sweet and winning smile. He had the easy manners of the perfect gentleman. Two mmbers of the family were very young persons when we first came to know Parnell, and he delighted them by his sympathetic way and by the genial ease with which he made himself interested in their occupations. I have never met in my life a better-bred man than Parnell."

A special interest attaches to his estimate of Lord Charles Russell, wherein he pays a high tribute to the integrity and lofty purpose that characterized every act of the Irish statesman.

"Every Irishman," Mr. McCarthy asserts, "whatever his political views must have felt proud of the success won by the splendid abilities of Lord Russell of Killowen. Thomas Moore lamented for Ireland at the time when the torch that must light an Irishman on dignity's way must be caught from the pile where his country expires. Charles Russell was born in happier days; but had he been born in the worst of times for an Irishman and a Catholic, he would have held sternly aloof from dignity's way, rather than be lighted on that course by a torch caught from the country's funeral pile. He never went one step out of the path of high-principled independence to conciliate any party or power, and Great Britain as well as Ireland rejoiced at his well-earned success and felt proud of him."

Of his literary contemporaries he speaks with loving appreciation, even Carlyle's savagery being softened by his charity. There is generous acknowledgment of worth where worth exists, and where there is little save genius to admire he contrives to shield

the offender by narrating some whimsical incident to divert one's attention, as when he makes Carlyle, after delivering a scorching torrent of invective, say to the quiet, peace-loving Allingham 'you're just about the most disputatious man I ever met. Eh! man, when you're in one of your humors, you'd just dispute about anything.' No wonder the guests were bewildered. None of them had ever heard Allingham dispute about anything, much less than to argue with Carlyle. For Black Mr. McCarthy entertained a warm regard: "I reckon Black among the happiest men I have known, and I reckon him also among the men who best deserved to be happy. He had an immense faculty for enjoyment, and his best joys were easily within reach of a man with such tastes as his. Where rose the mountains, especially the Scottish mountains, there to him were friends. Where rolled the



JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

ocean or the lake, or the river, especially the Highland lake or river, thereon was his home. He loved the reading of books, that is, of books that were literary and poetic, and that dealt with man who reopened Scotland to Southern readers after the death of Walter Scott had closed the volume for the time."

In 1865 Mr. McCarthy visited

GENERAL SHERIDAN.

the heart, and the emotions and the common life of ordinary men and women; and he loved to study life for itself, and could find subjects for mental pictures in a London street as well as in a ruined castle.

On the whole I do not think that the brotherhood of letters in our time can boast a purer fame than that of the America for the first time. His impressions of the country and its people are pleasant indeed. He seemed to have enjoyed contrasting prominent men here with men of note in Europe, and one of his conclusions is that three of the best talkers he ever met were George Lewes, Gladstone, and Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"Oliver Wendell Holmes seemed to have stepped into existence out of his own book, 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' or 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' seemed to have formed the very being and soul of Oliver Wendell Holmes. I never knew an author and a book so thoroughly identified with one another. To hear Wendell Holmes talking one might have thought that he was spinning new fanciful passages for his delightful book; and he could talk away upon any subject on the spur of the moment, and spin fancies about it and around it dreamily, as if he were an improvisatore playing with some congenial subject for the joy of an enraptured audience."

Following his comments on Oliver Wendell Holmes as an author, Mr. McCarthy narrates a pathetic incident that first made him realize that the kindly "autocrat" was growing old.

"I can well remember when and how it was first borne in upon me that Oliver Wendell Holmes was really growing to be an old man. It was during the last visit that I paid to Boston, some ten or eleven years ago. Up to that time I had always regarded Holmes as a sort of walking, moving immortality; a being endowed with eternal youth, a being at all events, who could never grow old. I had come to regard him much as we all of late years had come to regard Mr. Gladstone. One day, however, I was walking near the Boston postoffice when I heard a rapid footfall behind me. There was something in the sound of that footfall which filled me with an inexplicable and a melancholy interest. It was the sound of an uncertain tread; it might have been the tread of a child only beginning to walk, or it might have been the tread of some very old person. Then I heard a voice calling my name, and I turned round, and there was Wendell Holmes; and the truth was forced upon me that the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" had grown very old."

Desirous of acquiring personal knowledge of our country, its institutions and people, Mr. McCarthy traveled from city to city "somewhat as a traveling tinker," he says himself, "earning my expenses as I wandered along. I wrote in American newspapers and magazines, I published books in America; I delivered lectures in American halls and I spoke on American platforms." Boston impressed him as a miniature London, and the resemblance made him feel at home. Beacon street and the Common were to him Picadilly and Green Park. Even the streets, so commonly execrated, receive a tribute of praise. On the principle of always speaking a kind word when opportunity offers it becomes a duty to reprint so favorable an opinion of Boston's thoroughfares: "The streets were sometimes narrow and crooked (quite unlike the avenues of New York) and there were many dear delightful little lanes and courts and alleys with old-fashioned comfortable-looking hotels and restaurants which brought with them a sort of familiar air, as if one were wandering through certain quarters in the neighborhood of Fleet street and Ludgate Hill. Tremont street itself looked to him as if it might have been stolen somehow from the dear old city. At the time of which I am now speaking Boston had not got its new fashionable avenues with their double rows of patalial residences, and its modern Paris-like hotels, and the whole place had an air of old-world comfort and unpretentiousness about it. Then, of course, the name of Boston was loved by every traveler who had any concern with literature, because it was more or less associated up to that time with whatever of literature the American Republic had to show."

It is not difficult to imagine how readily the wanderer yielded to the spell of such associations. Letters of introduction opened to him homes that were centres of attraction for literary people from the States and from abroad, and there he made many congenial acquaintances. Of the home of

James T. Fields, the head of the great publishing house, he speaks with grateful recollection: "In his pleasant house I met most of his celebrated American friends, men and women. I have always felt in later years that Boston was a very different place to me when James Fields and so many of his friends and companions had passed away."

One of the first distinguished Americans Mr. McCarthy met in those literary gatherings was James Russell Lowell, "afterwards one of the most popular men in London society, of those who filled the office of American Minister to the Court of St. James. Lowell, at the time I speak of, had little idea of ever being sent to fill such a post, and seemed to have no inclination or ambition tending that way. He was a professor at the University of Harvard, and had his home in the town of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and was not a very frequent visitor to Boston itself. His name was familiar to every lover of literature in England, and, indeed, all over the world where books written in English were read. I think he was best known to what I will call the outer public in England by his immortal "Bigelow Papers." His essays and his poems were read and appreciated only by a select few."

At this period Howells was coming into public view as a young man of whom great things were expected. Lowell thought highly of him, and predicted for him a brilliant future. His relations with the visiting litterateur were evidently pleasant; witness this genial kindly letter of invitation sent, many years after, on the occasion of a later visit to America:

302 Beacon Street, Boston,
September 21, 1886.

Dear Mr. McCarthy:—

I hope you have not forgotten me, who vividly remember the pleasure of meeting you at Mr. Lowell's when you were in the country before, for I have boasted to the members of the Tavern Club, of which I am unworthily president, that I knew you personally, and that I could use the influence of an old acquaintance in getting you to accept a dinner from them. The Tavern Club is made up of the best and nicest young lawyers, doctors, artists, and litterateurs here, and we have entertained Lowell, Salvini, Irving and others, at the simple dinners which our Italian artist makes for us; and now we want you, whom we love for yourself and your cause. You are to be in Boston early in October; won't you name some evening—not Friday, Saturday or Sunday—when you will dine with us? Speeches brief, and no reporters. Yours sincerely,

W. D. Howells.

"The dinner party came off, and was not by any means the only pleasant gathering to which I was introduced by the courteous attentions of Mr. Howells. I have a grateful recollection of that Tavern Club dinner. The fare was good, the wines were good, the speeches were short, crisp, sparkling, and there was an air of friendly comradeship throughout the whole evening which reminded me of some of the dead, unforgotten days of that better and artistic Bohemia which we once used to have in London."

Another opportunity for the enjoyment of social and intellectual pleasures was afforded by Emerson's invitation to dine with the Saturday Club. Not content with this evidence of kindly feeling the Concord philosopher called at the Parker House on the morning of the day appointed for the dinner, and offered his services as a guide through Boston's literary and artistic institutions, which, as a mere stranger, I might have failed to discover so soon. We went through picture galleries and sculpture galleries and libraries, and into old book shops, and we talked of all manner of subjects by the way. What first struck and charmed me in Emerson's conversation was the absence of any of that sort of air which we are apt to associate with the professor of a cer-

tain school of thought who always seems to be discoursing to his disciples. He spoke with great regret of the course Carlyle had taken as regarded the American War; but he spoke kindly, tenderly, and lovingly, in the manner of one who could not bring himself to judge harshly the intellectual error of a friend."

Longfellow extended the hospitality of his home, and Mr. McCarthy, it is needless to say, was charmed by the personality and kindly attentions of his host.

"The poet was then in the very prime, if I may use such an expression, of a hale old age. He carried his years well; there was nothing of the aging man in his looks or his manner or his talk, or seemingly in his nature. His was, indeed, the youth of old age. He showed me all sorts of drawings and paintings and curiosities which he had gathered around him during his travels in Europe, and on which he expatiated with genuine artistic zest. . . . I told him that in my boyish days and in my Irish home the translations which he had given in "Hyperion" first taught us Uhland and Salis and Chamisso, and many another German poet whom we might never have thought out for ourselves. . . . I had many meetings with Longfellow during the time of my first stay in America and the general impression I derived from my intercourse with him was that the man, on the whole, was greater than his books." There is a note of sadness in the author's reminiscence of his last visit to the Cambridge home. The literary and artistic environment remained, but the gentle poet, the children's friend, was no more.

Those who have read the "Man Without a Country," and those who have met its author, the man who has so many claims on his country's esteem, will read with deep satisfaction what Justin McCarthy has to say of Doctor Edward Everett Hale. "Another American whom I came to know for the first time in Boston, during this latest tour of mine, was Edward Everett Hale, an author whose books have given many an hour of genuine delight to Englishmen as well as Americans. I remember that when I reached Boston on this Home Rule mission of mine I received a characteristic letter from Mr. Hale. He wrote to remind me of some letter or speech of Matthew Arnold's, in which, after his lecturing season in the States, Arnold had said that he had not met any educated American who was in favor of Home Rule for Ireland. 'Now,' Hale wrote to me, 'I think I am entitled to say that I can read and write, and I am entirely in favor of Home Rule for Ireland, and most of my reading and writing friends are of the same opinion.' I need hardly say that I was delighted by this genial, humorous and characteristic way of giving me some encouragement on the part of himself and his friends. I met Mr. Hale shortly after at the house of Mrs. James T. Fields. We left the house together, Mr. Hale, my daughter and I, and we wandered through many Boston streets. Mr. Hale showed me over the Free Public Library, which was even then an institution almost unique in its way. . . . There are probably some of my readers who have not yet read Mr. Hale's marvelous piece of work, imagination and realism combined and compressed together, the story of "The Man Without a Country." To anyone who has not yet read the book, I can only offer the recommendation that he should get it and study it as soon as possible; he will find in it something not to be surpassed, even in the most thrilling pages of Hawthorne."

The description of the author's meeting with Walt Whitman in his poverty-stricken room is a strong bit of pen drawing. We feel that we are in the presence of this man whose personality and work formed the subject of frequent and varied discussion. Mr. McCarthy depicts him standing among his poor belongings, and by the dignity of his bearing commanding the

respect that might have been denied to one so wretchedly clad, and, evidently, in so utterly careless a way of life. "If ever sincerity and candor shone from the face of a man, these qualities shone from the face of Walt Whitman. He had a fine presence with his broad rugged forehead and his iron grey hair, giving the idea of premature old age. There was a simple dignity in his manner which marked him as one of Nature's noblemen."

Poor Greeley! The immortal part of his work seems to be his atrocious penmanship. Why will people remember such a trifle as faulty writing! Not so long ago an eminent artist said that he often thought skill in drawing was God's compensation to the stupid, and a litt'e observation will teach that a great many numbskulls are pretty writers. Greeley's "hand" was therefore a proof of genius, and, as Mr. McCarthy proves, what he wrote had the merit of being open to different interpretations. "Many famous public men have written a bad hand; but Horace Greeley's was the worst writing I ever saw from the hand of any public man. New York state, at the time I speak of, was full of stories real or imagined, about the odd effects produced now and then by Greeley's penmanship. According to one legend, Greeley happened to be for a time the chairman of a local railway company, and he had occasion to send to a clerk in one of the offices a written notice of dismissal. Greeley wrote this brief document with his own hand; and it was duly delivered to the clerk, who used it for months after as a free pass along the line of railway. He had only to go to any station, present the document, mention that it was a free pass from Mr. Greeley, and wait for its perusal. The official who saw it was able to make out the familiar signature, but could not hope to decipher the two or three lines of writing in the body of the document, and naturally assumed that it must be all right, and allowed the bearer to pass along to his seat in the railway cars."

Singularly fortunate in opportunities, as well as possessed of the happy gift of making the most of them, Mr. McCarthy seems to have entered with equal ease and enjoyment into the occupations and interests of many different classes of men. His reminiscences have introduced him to us in the newspaper office; in the House; as the guest of American litterateurs; and, realizing his adaptibility, we are not surprised to find him taking part in one of the festival gatherings of the Army of the Potomac, enjoying the social hour while mentally recording impressions of the men he met. "Another of the soldiers of the war whom I had the good fortune to meet was General Sheridan. I was especially interested in Sheridan, partly no doubt because he was a countryman of my own, and partly, too, because of the warmth of admiration with which I had heard General Grant speak of him. Sheridan was full of dash, and energy and talk, he had all the vivacity and the humor which belonged to his Celtic parentage, and one could understand, almost in a moment, the enthusiasm with which he was regarded by his comrades. I met Sheridan for the first time at one of the festival gatherings of the Army of the Potomac—great periodical assemblages of the officers and soldiers of that army in one or other of the American cities. We have not, so far as I know, anything corresponding to those reunions on this side of the Atlantic, and I was delighted to have the opportunity of being present on more than one such occasion.

The charm of those "Reminiscences" is irresistible. It leads on from chapter to chapter till the end of the second volume is reached, and then one is tempted to open here and there and enjoy anew the impressions, anecdotes and clever sketches. Perhaps the most amusing part is where the writer with delightful humor tells of the hopes and ambitions of his youth, and makes gentle sport of disappointments and disillusions that might have worked

serious injury in a less happily-constituted character. But the passages that make the most lasting impression are those telling of men whose lofty purposes have taken permanent form in noble achievements.

One more "Reminiscence" of such men. It is fitting that it should mark the end, to linger in the memory of all who read. It is of the patriot, man of letters, and Christian gentleman, John Boyle O'Reilly.

"At a literary gathering in Boston I met the late Lord Playfair, whom I had known well in London, especially during the years when he and I were members of the House of Commons together. Lord Playfair had married a Boston lady, and used to visit Boston with her every autumn. When I met him at the literary gathering of which I speak, he suddenly said to me, after some friendly talk: 'I wonder if you have yet made the acquaintance of the most charming man on the American continent.' Of course I promptly replied 'You mean John Boyle O'Reilly?' 'Of course I do,' was the ready rejoinder; and then I told him that I had already made the acquaintance of that most charming man. . . . I came to know John Boyle O'Reilly well, and found him a true friend. The very soul of chivalry was in him. In some of our conversations he told me that the one thing in his political life he regretted was that he had worked for the Fenian organization while still wearing the uniform and taking the pay of the queen. If it were to do again, he said that he would have got out of the army in some way in the first instance, and then joined the insurrectionary movement; but that he would not have become a Fenian while actually serving as a soldier in the British ranks. The scruple of conscience so frankly acknowledged was in keeping with all that I had ever known of Boyle O'Reilly's noble character. . . . Not very long after my last visit to America, my daughter and I were in Paris, in August, 1890, and somewhere near the Eiffel Tower there came on a heavy shower of rain which obliged us to take refuge under the portico of a doorway. As we stood there a newspaper boy passed selling copies of 'Galignani.' I bought one, and opening it read an Atlantic telegram announcing the death of my friend John Boyle O'Reilly."

GRACE.

BY MARY F. NIXON.

I know a maid of gentle mien,
With artist's dreamy face;
Her slender fingers striking chords
Of most seductive grace.

She wears amidst the world's harsh cares
Of fret and jar no trace;
A soul uplifted to the clouds,
All this and more hath Grace.

A liquid voice whose sweet, low notes
True music do embrace,
For Grace is full of music and
Her music's full of Grace.

A DAUGHTER OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

On the hill overlooking the Ville d'Eu is a little chapel. There died St. Laurence O'Toole. The country about is a land of smooth roads, cider, and traditions. It is but natural that the good people around the Chateau d'Eu should be, at heart, in favor of the Duc d'Orleans; because, in the first place, the Duc's castle is near them; and, in the second, a good many of them are of Irish descent, and therefore, aristocrats at heart, even when they are loyal to the Republic. If you have ever seen the little town of Freport, you know that it is near the Ville d'Eu, and the Ville d'Eu is not far from several other little towns by the sea, which all seem to be under the patronage of the famous Irish saint, who, with his countrymen's love for France, asked that he might die in this most beautiful place.

It happened that among the Americans who came to Freport in the summer were Mrs. Thompson Wesnett of a remote Western town, her daughter, Lillian, and Mrs. Danver, who had been Mrs. Thompson Wesnett's sister-in-law. It was Mrs. Wesnett and Lillian's first trip abroad. Mrs. Danver had met her present husband,—at that time she was the wife of a congressman from Pennsylvania,—in Washington. She was rich in her own right, as were Mrs. Wesnett and Lillian. The money had come through petroleum wells. Mr. Thompson Wesnett was in Russia, on a mission connected with petroleum.

The two elder women were well-dressed by the same modiste in the Rue de la Paix. They were tastefully pearl-powdered; they were good-natured when things went right; and much puffed up with their respective pedigrees which had gained them admission to the Daughters of the Revolution. Mrs. Danver, whose husband was consul somewhere on the Congo Coast, took precedence of Mrs. Thompson in all things. She was a stout brunette with curling eye-lashes. Mrs. Thompson was slight, blonde, and she always wore blue, because, when she was a girl, somebody told her that she resembled Helen of Troy and the Empress Eugenie. But, in spite of this and her money, she insisted that she was most thankful that she was "a Daughter." Mrs. Danver had "done" Europe before, in six weeks. As a woman who had been married twice, as the wife of a government official, as both a Colonial Dame and a "Daughter,"—Mrs. Thompson was only a "Daughter,"—it will be seen that Mrs. Danver had the right of precedence, although she was not so rich as Mrs. Thompson Wesnett.

Lillian was just twenty, blonde, with dark violet eyes like her father and eyelashes so black that she seemed to be Irish. She had been out of school for two years; as it had been a convent school she had not been allowed to go much into the society of the remote Western town, there was yet much of the "little girl" in her nature and manner. She was easily pleased, simple in her tastes, and entirely unaffected. She had been sent to the convent because her father, who said he knew life, insisted upon it. Her mother was against it in a mild way; but, when she discovered that Lillian liked the Sisters, she gave way at once. She could have resisted her husband's commands, but never her daughter's wishes. Lillian was graceful and with an air of thorough breeding not unusual in America, where it takes only one generation to make a lady. She loved her mother, but she loved and respected her father. She looked at her aunt impartially, and liked her very much when she was good. She was reverent in matters of religion, and she had made up her mind that, whenever she could obtain a serious talk with her father, she would tell

him that she wanted to be a Catholic. Her sojourn in France had confirmed this intention. The party had got to Freport by mistake, having bought the wrong tickets and gone beyond Dieppe. Lillian liked the place; Mers with its Falaise, and the Ville d'Eu, with its traditions, were delightful to her,—and she revelled in the collegiate church where the tomb of that Duc de Guise called "le balafre" and the pew of the Grand Mademoiselle are. Lillian had never been in love, and she was not sentimental. She and the *cure* struck up a friendship,—he, having spent the beginning of his life at Stonyhurst, spoke English. Her mother had not yet made his acquaintance, as she distrusted priests moderately. But, as she was arranging her pedigree, it occurred to her that she might gain some information from him. In her researches among old tombstones, she had discovered enough to admit her to the "Daughters," but she burned to be a Colonial Dame. She had dimly heard that a Frenchman had married a Newport woman of Pocahontas pedigree. And there was a hint that he had been *aide de camp* to Lafayette. Likewise a dim rumor that the Newport woman had been a collateral grandaunt. "Narlen" was the name,—whether it was the name of the collateral grandmother or the man she married, Mrs. Thompson Wesnett was unable to discover from the tomb stones. However, she saw a chance of becoming a Colonial Dame by reviving the Pocahontas pedigree and adding a nobleman to the family tree.

It happened that the Viscomte O'Donnell and the Marquise de Marlonne, who also came every summer to Freport, had borrowed for the season the house of their friend, the old General 'Dual. It was an octagon house with three chimneys decorated with golden pomegranates and with queer gilded railings around its red roof. If it were not for these gilded railings what happened might not have happened.

One day when the *cure* had called to bring Lillian a "*La Foi de Nos Peres*," a French translation of Cardinal Gibbons' book, Mrs. Danver happened to ask him whether he knew who lived in the house with the golden pomegranates and railings.

'The Viscomte O'Donnell and his aunt," Pere Bertrand said.

"O'Donnell,—queer name for a Vicomte," said Mrs. Danver.

"Why?" asked Pere Bertrand, "many of our best names in this part of the country are Irish. Though the Irish were not a feudal people, and you do not see the descendant of the Celts bearing coat armor or using personal crests, yet those in France, many of whose ancestors were in the armies of our kings, have French titles and the right to bear feudal arms."

'Of course," Mrs. Danver said, with a giggle, "but I didn't know the Irish were well-born, you know. It seems strange,—I think there are very few in the Daughters."

"It would not be well to tell the Marquise O'Donnell de Narlonne that," said Pere Bertrand, smiling. "Her Irish blood is to her the most precious of her possessions."

"Narlonne," exclaimed Mrs. Thompson Wesnett. "Could it be that this Narlonne became corrupted to 'Narlen?' It may be that my great grandmother, or great grand-aunt—I am not sure which—was related by marriage to the Marquise de Narlonne."

Pere Bertrand preserved a polite silence. He tolerated the elder bodies; they had given alms to his poor; Lillian was his friend; she understood things without explanation; besides, she was about to enter the Church; and, he thought, with a sigh, perhaps to marry an unbeliever. The old priest had become very fond of Lillian, and she was the only grown-up person whom Renee, his housekeeper of fifty-five, treated with even ordinary respect.

"She gives no trouble," Renee had said, "she is like a real aristocrat,—she will help you to beat your eggs and

pick your salad. I can not believe that she was born among the American savages. And her mother and her aunt!—if I were not a Christian I would poison them."

The mother and the aunt were much in Pere Bertrand's way, too. Lillian was so gentle and so self-reliant, so distinguished in manner and yet so simple, so innocent, so sincere, and yet so full of reason, that the priest began to believe that St. Francis de Sales and St. Joseph both intended her for his own dear pupil and friend, Guy O'Donnell, of the family of Narlonne. Guy was thirty years of age,—grave, silent, tall, brown and wiry. Early ill health had kept him out of the army. Later, his health had begun to improve; he had lost his fortune in the Panama failure, but he still held a very small estate and a stone hunting lodge in Picardy. He was steadfast and reverential,—almost mystical. His book of essays, "Neiges d'Antan," had brought him some fame,—(he was acknowledged as among the strongest in the New-Catholic movement),—and some money. He was to be his widowed aunt's heir, his elder brother being a priest in Algiers, but the Marquise evidently had the intention of living until 1950. Her chateau, "Les Arbres," was one of the finest in Picardy. She was born in sixteen, and she remembered the Marquis de Lafayette, and also that many of her relatives had been guillotined in the Terror. The Vicomte was devoted to her; he would not have given her pain for the world; and he was careful to indulge her in every way. And she rewarded him, because in her intimate talk she took him back to the old days, in which her mother had lived to dwell, and his one novel, "Les Roses de Chloe," had imbibed from her the very atmosphere of that *regime* which was so charming and yet so hollow.

Guy had not married. He could not afford to marry in his own circle and he would not marry out of it. Besides, he had never been in love.

The Americans had seen him, with his aunt on his arm, on their way to the quays to enjoy the air of the sea.

"Awfully poor,—that old Marquise, I suspect," Mrs. Danver had said. "It must be the Marquise, as I saw her coming out of the gilded house."

"Badly dressed,—old-fashioned silk; good lace, but what a bonnet;—made before the war," Mrs. Thompson Wesnett had added.

"She has a sweet, clear-cut face," said Lillian, "too proud, perhaps, but lovely for all that. And her nephew looks like an interesting man. Pere Bertrand says that he once saved him from a mad dog, with all the coolness imaginable."

"Too bad they're so poor," Mrs. Danver said, as Lillian went off to romp with a group of children.

"De Narlonne! Grace, I do believe that the Marquise is related to my ancestor De Narlen."

Mrs. Danver did not reply. She had no respect for any American pedigree but her own.

"I asked Pere Bertrand to present me," Mrs. Thompson Wesnett continued, "but he said they did not receive strangers."

"They don't know who we are," said Mrs. Danver, tartly. "They think that we are ordinary Americans. Poor and proud! If they knew that we are well-born and rich! Let us call tomorrow and perhaps the old lady might sell us an old cabinet or something."

"Or help me to find out more about De Narlen, who, I am sure, was related to Lafayette,—that would make me a distant cousin of Lafayette's,—wouldn't it? If I could only prove that, I'd make some people squirm at the next meeting of the Dames!"

Mrs. Danver smiled indulgently.

"Oh, my dear," she said, "why bother your head about your pedigree? When one is well-born, one is well-born."

"But you know, Grace, you spent—" Mrs. Thompson-Wesnett paused. When one has to live with a sister-in-law, the truth must be at times suppressed.

In the meantime, Lillian had gone, with her group of French children, to the quays. The wind was higher than usual. And the Marquise, who liked a high wind and did not object to a little rain, had gone in that direction, too. Guy and she had entered the stone bridge, or promenade, when they caught sight of Lillian, who was a short distance ahead. She had forgotten everything, except the game. There were few persons near the sea, and, for this reason, the Marquise allowed her wrinkles to relax in a smile, as she heard the children sing:

"Sure le pont d' Avignon
On y dansera, on y dansera!"

"Ah," said the Marquise, who hated all art since the year 1793, "what a face for Greuze!"

"What a picture for Boutet de Monval!" exclaimed Guy.

The sun had burst through a light cloud and it touched the dancing group of children with a thousand points of light. Lillian, her face all smiles, raised it to the Marquise and Guy without seeing them. If Guy had been Orlando and Lillian Rosalind, the mischief could have been done no more quickly. Lillian saw only the black figures in the sunshine, and Guy beheld the *one* radiant creature. The Marquise saw a sweet, young girl *a la mode de Greuze.*

"Who is she?" she demanded.

"I don't know,—I wish I did," Guy said. His aunt rested against the stone coping, the better to view the brilliant group.

"I am afraid that she is an American," the Marquise said. "I saw two dreadful creatures with her the other day,—of a horribly common sort,—over-dressed. That kind of people are always divorced. I have met such at the Princesse de Sagan's. One American woman married the husband of the Marquise de Talleyrand-Perigord, who was also an American, but not savage like the rest. Ah, that is a beautiful face! I have seen her with Pere Bertrand."

Guy did not hear this, for, before his aunt finished, a gust of wind took the hat of a boy belonging to the group, and cast it into his face. He caught it, with a laugh; and, advancing, restored it to Lillian.

"You are very kind," she said with a bright, quick smile.

Guy, like nearly all modern Frenchmen of his class, spoke English.

"It is a pleasure." He paused, while all the children opened their eyes and waited. Why did this Monsieur spoil their game? He repeated, by way of prolonging the conversation, 'It is a great pleasure."

Lillian smiled again. This young Frenchman was certainly kind-looking.

"Come! Present Mademoiselle to me," called the Marquise, who loved pretty faces.

"My name is Lillian Wesnett." She never used the "Thompson" if she could help it.

"Mademoiselle Wesnett;—my aunt, Madame de Narlonne." Lillian made her best convent courtesy; the Marquise beamed.

Lillian presented the children, and the game began,—Guy and the Marquise, in her low, cracked voice, joining in,—

"Nous n' irons pas au bois,
Les lauriers sont coupés!"

When Lillian saw her relations on the quay, she left, taking the children with her, in a shower of "Bon jour, Madame! Bon jour, Monsieur!"

"She is gone!" sighed Guy, as if wakening from a dream.

"She has a good manner; she respects age,—she did not merely nod her head!"

The next day, Pere Bertrand, on his way back from a call on the oldest inhabitant saw Guy, Lillian and the children on the quay. He noticed that the children were playing by themselves, and he smiled. He did not call attention to himself. On the third day, Guy was presented to Mrs. Thompson-Wesnett and Mrs. Danver.

"We are much interested in France,

—because we are Daughters, you know, Vicomte," said Mrs. Thompson-Wesnett.

"It is beautiful to be a daughter," Guy said. "It is a privilege to have one's parents living,—I am not so fortunate. Your parents were French?"

'Oh, no," said Mrs. Thompson-Wesnett, "but I am closely related to De Narlonne, who was prominent in the Revolution."

"Ah, he was not of our family. Our branch was all for the king. My great-grandfather was the O'Donnell who was killed at Fontenoy,—he was Irish,—and my grandfather died on the steps of the Tuileries."

"Our De Narlonne was at Yorktown. I am sorry to hear that any of the French took the side of the Tories. I trust that you do not sympathize with the enemies of Old Glory."

Lillian tried to interpose, but her mother metaphorically strode over her prostrate body.

"It is a glorious thing to be a Daughter."

Guy bowed, and smiled at Lillian.

"With such a mother, I am sure Mademoiselle finds it so. May I conduct Mademoiselle to the Falaise at Mers?" he asked.

"Certainly, Vicomte," Mrs. Thompson-Wesnett said, wondering why she was consulted.

Several days of clear weather passed. Lillian forgot the children, and Guy neglected his aunt in the mornings. Pere Bertrand, good and discerning Levite that he was, passed by, looking the other way. One afternoon, Guy disturbed the priest's hard-earned siesta.

"*Mon pere*," he said, "I must go away. I must not stay here. If I do, I shall ask Mademoiselle Wesnett to be my wife."

"Why not, my son?"

"I heard today that she is rich."

"So much the better, my son."

"Impossible! She is a Protestant."

"No; her father has consented; I shall receive her into the Church at the Assumption."

"But she is rich!"

"I said,—so much the better. You are poor."

"But there is the difficulty. How could she endure my simple house, my old servant, our plain ways of Picardy!"

"The Comte d'Estrees married a rich woman,—and he was poor. The Duc de la Ferrise did likewise. Their wives——"

"Pay. My wife would have to live as I live," said Guy, tightening his lips. "My aunt would leave all her money to my brother, if I married an American."

"No, she likes this one. And she will like to know that your wife is rich."

"It is impossible!"

"I know the young lady; her tastes are simple; she loves sweet, kindly simple things. She is not capricious, like the rich Americans. And I am sure that she will not refuse you."

"She must live as I live. But will she? You know what a life Madame de la Ferrise leads poor Constant. She, too, is nice and pretty, but she will not live with his parents; she despises the country; she says that a Duchesse should always be splendid. She asks for one thing one day, an opposite thing the next. She says 'I will rule,—I will not have the Duc say No to me, if I want to go to Constantinople; he shall not be the head of the family.' Now you know, *mon pere*, a man must be the head of the family. But, if one's wife is rich and American!—do you think she would accept my simple life?"

"She has been well brought up by the nuns. I tell you, my son, I know."

Guy's face brightened.

"She is like nobody on earth! If you are sure——"

"If you do not ask her, you will not be sure," said the astute priest. "I undertake to make things right with the Marquise. My brother, the Bishop of Tiers-Monts will assist me; he will come on Sunday."

Guy kissed the cure on both cheeks, and went off, to find Lillian. She was alone, near the coping of the promenade. He found the way clear. Lillian was not unwilling to go to his hunting lodge, and to endure Louise, his cook, and Richard, his valet and man-of-all-work. It did not take long to come to this understanding.

"And I," she said, gently, "must tell mama;—and when she knows she will help us to put some rooms to the lodge. And I may buy a carriage, may I not?"

Guy was astonished to find the ethereal convent girl so matter-of-fact; but he was happy. Treading on golden light and rose leaves and pink clouds, he went back to talk everything over with Pere Bertrand, who assured him that there would be no trouble with the Marquise. He was certain of that.

Mrs. Thompson-Wesnett was in raptures when Lillian told her the news.

"You will be the Vicomtesse de Narlonne!"

"O'Donnell de Narlonne," corrected Lillian.

"We shall have to explain the O'Donnell when we get home," said her mother, a slight gloom on her face. "I wish these French were not so proud of their Irish name. I hear that Madame de Mac Mahon prefers to be called by that name rather than the Duchess of Magenta; but it's something to be the mother of a Vicomtesse!"

"It is almost as good as being a Colonial Dame," said Mrs. Danver, kissing Lillian, "but he's awfully poor!"

"Oh, he won't marry, if the Marquise cuts him off;—he can't; he'll have no future;—we've talked it all over," said Lillian, with a smile of confidence. "I hope she will consent."

"You have more than enough for both," Mrs. Thompson-Wesnett said, haughtily. "And I shall let that stuck-up Marquise know it. She ought to know, too, that a Daughter of the Revolution is more than the equal of any Irish-French person. I have, too, the blood of the De Narlonnes in my veins, mixed with that of Pocahontas. I shall call on her."

Lillian had heard this twice before. She was not critical; and, in her happiness, she ran off to play with the children.

Guy dressed for dinner and was waiting for his aunt, when she entered the salon with an unusually stately tread. She held out two cards, and he read:—

"Mrs. Thompson Wesnett." Underneath this was pencilled: "Fille de la Revolution." On the other card was the legend: "Mrs. Danver. Dame Coloniale, Fille de la Revolution."

"To me!" said the old lady, her eyes flashing. "An insult! At first I read only the names, and I came down. Those two American savages, pearl-powdered and over-dressed were here. 'We love the great Lafayette,' they said in bad French. 'I hate him,' I answered, 'for he was a wicked man, though he married the good Mademoiselle de Noailles,—poor woman! He was a Free Mason and a traitor to his king!' Then I looked at their cards. And I almost shrieked: 'Pardon me, ladies,' I said, 'I cannot receive Daughters of the Revolution in my house. I may remind you that Robespierre guillotined the noblest of my name. Revolution is a term not to be proud of.' And I faced them. 'You should not come to my house to remind me of the blood your fathers of the Revolution have shed. Why do you not at once call yourselves *petroleuses*?' They said something about petroleum, and that money made by petroleum did not tarnish great names. I did not understand. They left. Oh, my sweet boy, you can not,—you will not—break my heart by marrying the granddaughter of the Revolution. They spoke of marriage. Think of the guillotine!"

Guy groaned and looked again at the cards.

"It is an American secret society for women," he said in desperation. "A bagatelle!"

"So much the worse! It is more horrible!"

"The Princesse de Lamballe and nearly all the ladies of the Court of Marie Antoinette belonged to a Masonic Lodge and had Masses said for the dead," Guy pleaded, crushing the unfortunate cards.

"The Church had not spoken so strongly against those frightful societies. And the poor Princesse paid for her sins at the hands of the atrocious Revolution of which those American women are daughters. Shameless!"

"It is of the American Revolution they speak——"

"More horrible! Your ancestor cut off the Comte de Conway without a *sou* because he joined the abominable Lafayette!"

"My dear aunt——"

"No more! My heart will break, if you ally your name with such creatures!" And the two went in to dinner. To Guy, the stately candles shining on the mahogany table spoke of death and all gruesome things. The gods fight in vain against ignorance, he thought. And in the morning, all had been fair! He cursed the Daughters.

On the next day Lillian was closely guarded; and Guy's aunt stuck to his side. He was wretched; Lillian was wretched. Her people had forbidden her to speak to him; but she smiled."

"Remember who you are," whispered her aunt, "that woman has insulted every 'Daughter' in America,—and your father could buy all her property a hundred times and not feel the loss!"

But Lillian continued to smile. The Vicomte smiled miserably in return; and the Marquise clung to his arm. He must respect the age of his aunt.

"I will have a family council and prevent such a marriage!" she threatened. "You cannot marry in face of a legal decree! I must save you!"

There was an unusual crowd on the promenade this fine morning. The Marquise was jostled close to the Thompson-Wesnett group; she raised her eyes in disdain. She forgot them, however, as she recognized a friend.

"Monseigneur!" she cried.

In front of her, with his brother, Pere Bertrand, was the Bishop of Tiers-Monts. She courtesied and kissed his ring.

'And you?" he said, to Lillian, smiling.

"My fiancee," spoke Guy, bravely.

The Bishop held out one hand to each.

"The Church speaks!" whispered Pere Bertrand.

"She has a sweet face!" said the Marquise, who loved handsome people. "A real Greuze, Monseigneur, but——"

"And these distinguished ladies?" asked the amiable prelate.

"My mother and aunt," said Lillian, with her convent courtesy.

"Both Daughters of the Revolution," spoke up Mrs. Thompson-Wesnett, mollified by the epithet "distinguished," "your Eminence, both 'Daughters!"

"Ah," said the good Bishop, somewhat puzzled, "God is merciful to all!"

"And," cut in Guy, "Monseigneur will do us the honor——"

"On the Feast of the Assumption," said Pere Bertrand.

"With pleasure," Monseigneur replied, smiling; and Pere Bertrand promptly invited them all to a frugal breakfast. It was observed that the air, during luncheon, between the Daughters of the Revolution and the Marquise, kept the wine very cool.

"Guy," said the Marquise, in the evening, "she has a sweet face, and she will make thee a good wife;—but her people who are 'Daughters'! It appals me! But," she added, resignedly, "I suppose we must bear all since the Holy Father has blessed the Republic."

THE PLAYTHING OF FATE.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

The Artists' Association was holding its annual exhibition, and the elite of Cincinnati, and all Bohemia, were out at the Art Museum this Sunday afternoon.

"Quite clever!" said a fashionable dame, whose father had made a fortune by boiling soap, as with her little group of parasites she paused before a picture that was the envy of one half of the artistic world and the delight of the other half, "Quite clever! and that is all that the best-disposed critic can say of it. There is nothing in it to call for that column of flattery in yesterday's paper; nothing at all; and you know if there is any one in Cincinnati able to pronounce judgment on a work of art, it is I. It was only last year while in Paris a celebrated art critic confessed he found me the most remarkable American woman he had ever met. And so all I have to say of Miss ah!——" consulting her catalogue, "Hale's picture is that it is clever, and then all has been said." And having uttered the verdict that decided the merit of the artist's work, in her world, the critic passed on, without having seen the two gentlemen standing near, one convulsed with laughter, the other pale with just indignation.

'That's what an exhibit's for!" said the older of the men, between his teeth. "We use all the diplomacy and influence at our command to secure a good place from the committee for our work, to have it stared at and criticized by a set of fools and ignoramuses. Last year I said I'd never again make such a confounded ass of myself as to appear in this exhibition, but old Bentley again persuaded me; but I'll be doomed to utter oblivion before it will ever happen again!"

"You're a precious fellow!" said his companion, laughing. "Shows what sense you have to get rattled about what Mrs. Harris has to say on any subject from art to salad-making. All that she knows about art an ant could carry in his brain—if he has one —and still not be accused of any particular brilliancy by his brethren."

"Oh! I am not disturbed by her criticism as an artist; but——"

"But what?" pressed the other, eyeing him keenly.

"Hang it, Jack!" laughing, "you are as merciless in asking questions as a prosecuting attorney. But that girl wants to sell her pictures; she's got an opportunity to go to Paris next year, and I know that one of her expected patrons was in that crowd. Now that the oracle of his circle has spoken so adversely on the picture, it is not likely that he will buy. Don't you see we get nothing by this display? The artist ought to be content with his studio so long as he is forced to remain among such barbarians!" and he gave a vicious kick to the rug lying on the floor.

His companion shrugged his shoulders and laughed, as he said: "We're young, Clifford. The Gauls were older when they were pulverizing Grecian statuary. Mrs. Harris evidently doesn't appreciate the genius of her city's artists; still, give her credit for not using her father's soap knives on our work," and again he laughed, while his companion smiled grimly. "But," he went on, "this unusual interest of yours in Miss Hale is giving me some concern. 'What am I to Hecuba, etc.'? What matter is it to you, old

cynic, content with your pipe and dog and studio, whether Mrs. Harris' friend buys or buys not this bit of landscape, that is so true I've caught myself waiting for the song of the birds from those tall trees? What to you whether she gets to Paris next year or not? Have you decided to become the patron of struggling young artists?"

"Not I indeed!" he growled. "If I were the President and both Houses of these United States, I'd pass a law making it a criminal offense with the death penalty attached, to encourage by word, written or spoken, deed, contemplated or done, that particular form of lunacy known as artistic aspiration. But——"

"Ah, yes! 'But,'" said his companion, with an affected sigh. "But I warn you that your devotion is entirely wasted when poured at the altar of yon divinity," and he waved his hand toward where Miriam Hale was standing. "Have you lived your forty-nine years and yet are not able to class a woman the second time you meet her?"

"I have not studied Woman but Art," snapped his hearer.

"And I have studied Woman and Art," said the other, serenely. "Studied her at home and abroad, in cultured and uncultured communities, and I find——"

"That you are about as wise now as when you began!" put in his friend.

"I find," he went on, not heeding the interruption, "that woman in her social relations with man may be divided into three classes. First: Woman the hunter, (or should I say huntress? I once heard a man of high office, which always presupposes for its occupant equally high attainments, introduce a newspaper woman as Miss So-and-So, reportress for the Evening Cyclone!) and all men are her game, the preacher in the pulpit, the beau in the drawing-room, the clerk at the counter, the farmer at the plow. It doesn't matter who or what he is, once he comes within the range of her eyes he begins to afford her the infinite amusement of bringing him, by slow or swift degrees according to her temperament, into the attitude of the lover. Once he has declared himself he ceases to be entertaining, like the summer novel when the days at the seaside are over. Such a woman never had a man friend in her life, and after a man knows several of her class—and she is plentiful, my dear Clifford, a thousand of her to one of the second class and ten thousand to one of the third!—after, I say, a man gets to know several of this class, he not unfrequently becomes a misogynist. The second class is narrower, more select, always a higher type of the sex. She has the spirit of comradeship, an honest liking for men as friends and too much respect for those she admits to her friendship to send them down to the level of the rejected lover, not to mention the fine delicacy which makes promiscuous love-making exceedingly distasteful to her. Of course, there is always the dolt to be found who hasn't enough intellect to comprehend woman in other attitude than as his worshipper, and then takes ordinary expressions of civility as an unconscious declaration of her affectionate regard. As an example of this utter idiocy of man's, Willie Barlow is convinced that Miss Hale is in love with him, because——. But that's another story, to quote Kipling. Then there's the third class. Its number is still smaller; they are the great women, the fine ladies. They are gracious to all, familiar to none. They never receive but one declaration of love and marry the man who makes it. Other men sometimes call them proud and cold; their husbands know them to be the ideal of womanhood."

The speaker paused to let his eyes wander around the crowded room, then, as they came back, his listener asked:

"Have you finished? If so, suppose we go to Miss Hale and pitch that booby, Willie Barlow, out of the window?"

"I have not finished," he replied. "I want to tell you that Miss Hale——"

"You can tell me nothing about Miss Hale that I do not know already," said the other, "unless it is that she has had that one proposal you say the great women, the fine ladies, receive, and that something prevented her accepting it."

"Poor Clifford!" exclaimed his friend with mock sympathy.

They went to where Miriam stood, a small specimen of manhood beside her. His picture, hanging on the wall opposite, proclaimed him to be a poor artist. She reached out a hand to each of the men, smiling gayly, as she said:

"You have been standing before my picture for the past twenty minutes, so absorbed in conversation that I would be much flattered only I observed that not once did either of you look at it. You were not talking of it?" and her fine brown eyes were lifted to Clifford, who made a poor attempt to tell a lie.

"No," put in the younger man, "we were not talking of the picture, but of the artist."

"That is," began Clifford, who had now found his voice, "I began to talk about you and your work, but Jack, as usual, succeeded in leading the conversation from the particular to the general, always keeping the floor, as a matter of course. It's a marvel to me how he ever came to paint pictures, when Nature plainly shows she meant him for a preacher, whether of philosophy, politics or religion I shall not attempt to say. But," he added, "it is not necessary for us to discuss your picture. We think it the best of the new ones in the collection, and are glad to see that it is recognized as such."

"Oh! thank you!" she said, her eyes filled with beautiful light. "After all there is no praise like the praise of friends; it always rings golden; the world's comes to us in silver, brass or iron tones. I saw," she went on, "Mrs. Harris and her friends here a while ago. One of those gentlemen with her was the prospective purchaser I mentioned," looking at Clifford. "She said yesterday that she is doing all she can to make the sale for me."

"You know Mrs. Harris, then?" asked Jack.

"She was in the studio several times. She wanted a set of menu cards—she saw the ones I made for our club dinner, you know—and while I don't go in for that sort of work, still——"

"There was something in it," remarked Jack.

"No, not a cent!" said Miriam, with a suggestion of a laugh in her voice.

"Miss Hale! do you mean to say that she took your work without making you any remuneration?" he exclaimed.

"Yes," replied the girl.

"Well," he broke forth, "she's a thief, and if you were a man you know what I would call you!"

"Oh, but don't you see, she will make it up to me in other ways. She will speak to her friends of my pictures, and then! Don't you remember the adage about a closed hand never catching a bird?"

Jack looked at her half in pity, half in amusement; then his glance passed to his friend, who asked, with his harsh laugh, although his eyes were small and glittering, as he recalled the words they had heard uttered a few minutes before by the woman who had promised to aid their young friend:

"Where do you place this one?"

"In the first class, of course!" replied he, easily. "Hunters still, you perceive."

(To be continued.)

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

St. George is usually painted on horseback, and tilting at a dragon, under his feet; but this representation is no more than an emblematical figure, purporting, that, by his faith and Christian fortitude, he conquered the devil, called the dragon in the Apocalypse. The reason why he has been regarded as the patron of military men, is partly upon the score of his profession, and partly upon the credit of a relation of his appearing to the Christian army in the holy war, before the battle of Antioch. The success of the battle proving fortunate to the Christians, under Godfrey of Bouillon, made the name of St. George more famous in Europe, and disposed the military men to implore more particularly his intercession. This devotion was confirmed, as it is said, by an apparition of St. George to Richard I, in his expedition against the Saracens which vision, being declared to the troops, was to them a great encouragement, and they soon after defeated the enemy.

He is said to have been himself a great soldier. He is at this day the tutelar saint of the republic of Genoa; and was chosen in the same quality under the first Norman kings. The great national council, held at Oxford in 1222, commanded his feast to be kept a holiday of the lesser rank throughout all England. Under his name and ensign was instituted, in 1330, the most noble Order of knighthood in Europe, consisting of twenty-five knights, besides the sovereign. Its establishment is dated fifty years before the knights of St. Michael were instituted in France, by Louis XI; eighty years before the Order of the Golden Fleece, established by Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy; and one hundred and ninety before the Order of St. Andrew was set up in Scotland by James V. The Emperor Frederick IV instituted, in 1470, an Order of knights in honor of St. George; and an honorable military Order in Venice bears his name.

He was born in Cappadocia, of noble Christian parents. After the death of his father, he went with his mother into Palestine, she being a native of that country, and having there a considerable estate, which fell to her son George. He was strong and robust in body, and having embraced the profession of soldier, was made a tribune, or colonel in the army. By his courage and conduct, he was soon preferred to higher stations by the emperor Diocles-ian. When that prince waged war against the Christian religion, St. George laid aside the marks of his dignity, threw up his commission and posts, and complained to the emperor himself of his severities and bloody edicts. He was immediately cast into prison, and tried, first by promises, and afterwards put to the question, and tortured with great cruelty; but nothing could shake his constancy. The next day he was led through the city and beheaded. Some think him to have been the same illustrious young man who tore down the edicts when they were first fixed up at Nicomedia, as Lactantius relates in his book, and Eusebius in his history.

St. George is honored in the Catholic Church as one of the most illustrious martyrs of Christ. The Greeks have long distinguished him by the title of the Great Martyr, and keep his festival a holiday of obligation. There stood formerly in Constantinople five or six churches dedicated to his honor; the oldest of which was always said to have been built by Constantine the Great, who seems also to have been the founder of the church of St. George which stood over his tomb in Palestine.

St. George and the Dragon,

CHATTANOOGA, FROM CAMERON HILL.

A CITY OF REMINISCENCES.

BY CATHERINE STONEMAN LONG.

To the end-of-the-century traveler alighting in the busy railroad station of Chattanooga the heading of this paper may appear to be a misnomer. There is nothing about a railroad station to suggest reminiscences, and when he emerges upon the noisy street which passes the entrance he will be equally at a loss to find anything in the outward appearance of his surroundings to indicate that this city has had a history differing in any wise from that of other prosperous and busy ones which he has known. If our traveler be simply upon business or pleasure bent, it is possible that he may carry away with him no unusual or stirring memories; but if he is a thoughtful man, it will be strange if he does not receive impressions here which will last him a life time.

Today the north and south have met again in Chattanooga valleys. Thirty-five years ago thousands of men answered here to the last roll call, and the earth shook with the thunder of one of the most deadly battles of modern times.

Since then time has worked many changes. The desolation of war has been repaired, and the fields, once slippery with blood, are again covered with nature's carpet of living green. The forest trees, their trunks scarred with flying bullets, their foliage blackened and destroyed by smoke and fire, again lift up their leafy crowns. Beneath their branches have gathered the sons of those iron-handed veterans who fought fiercely and died bravely to save the flag which today waves over Chickamauga battle field.

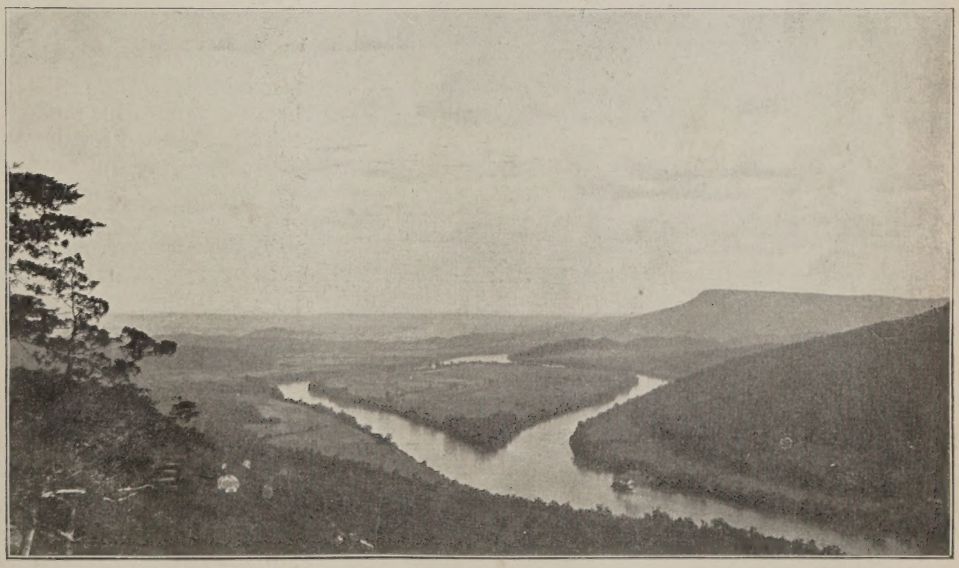
The old soldier who has again been here under arms to serve his country has found but little in the architectural features of Chattanooga to remind him of the war-time village on the banks of the Tennessee. The city would today be considered a fair fac-simile of any of our northern cities of equal size and importance. It has broad, well paved streets, bordered with substantial buildings, and many lines of electric cars which run far into the outlying suburbs, while along the crest of Missionary Ridge and on East Terrace are the

elegant homes of people of wealth and culture.

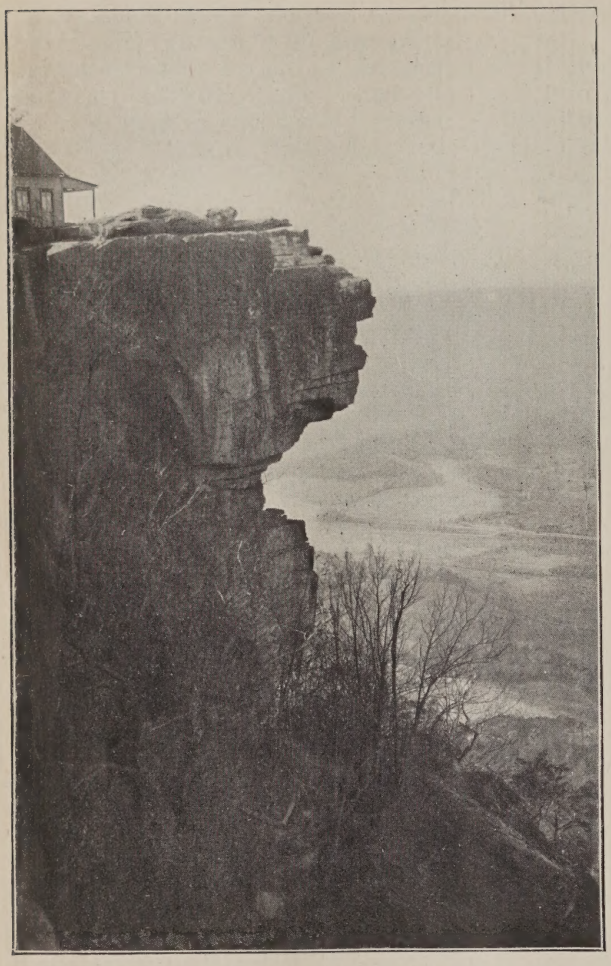
The population is 50,000, and is one of the most cosmopolitan in the country, inasmuch as it is drawn almost equally from north and south. This sectional blending has produced a most delightful type, and the Chattanoogan is endowed with all the business push and energy of the north combined in a happy degree with the glad hand and the open heart of the sunny south. A large per cent of the population is colored, and one need not go any farther south to study the traits of character, habits of life and dialect of the negro. He is quite as natural a product of the soil of Tennessee as of that of Louisiana. A stroll through the parts of the city monopolized by him will disclose cabins and interiors as curious and picturesque as any that may be found in New Orleans.

The finest view of Chattanooga is to be obtained from the handsome golden dome of the Times building, which is visible from many miles around. A general view of the city is not particularly attractive. This is due to the natural location, which is flat, to the smoke and dust arising from many factories, and to the almost entire lack of foliage. The Northerner who is accustomed to see long avenues of stately elms and maples is surprised at their absence here in a valley which should be thickly wooded. No city could boast of finer shade trees than could this one previous to the battle of Chickamauga. Unfortunately they were nearly all felled by the Union soldiers when the northern army retreated to the city, and apparently little effort has been made to replace them.

The industrial aspect in Chattanooga is extremely interesting, and would require a separate paper as well as a peculiar information to set it forth. The city is situated on the borders of that great and newly-developed industrial region of the south including Georgia, Tennessee and Alabama. The neighboring mountains furnish large quantities of timber, coal and various other raw materials. This together with unexcelled facilities for shipping ensures steady growth and prosperity for years to come. The development



LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN AND TENNESSEE RIVER, FROM SIGNAL POINT.



SUNSET ROCK, LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

of all business enterprises here has been accomplished since the Civil war, and almost entirely with northern capital.

The location of the city is not only commercially convenient, but naturally picturesque. To the south stands Lookout Mountain, pushing its huge bulk out of the Cumberlands into a bowl formed by low outlying ridges, in the bottom of which Chattanooga lies. It will be remembered that in 1878 yellow fever raged in Tennessee. It is the highest point at which the disease has existed as an epidemic in this country, and during the panic the top of this mountain was crowded with refugees. If the climate of the city leaves anything to be desired, not enough can be said in praise of the bracing air and health-giving breezes on this beautiful table land. There are homes here occupied throughout the year by their owners who are unable to live in the valley, but here enjoy perfect health. Often when the valley is enveloped in mists, the head of the mountain is bathed in brightest sunlight.

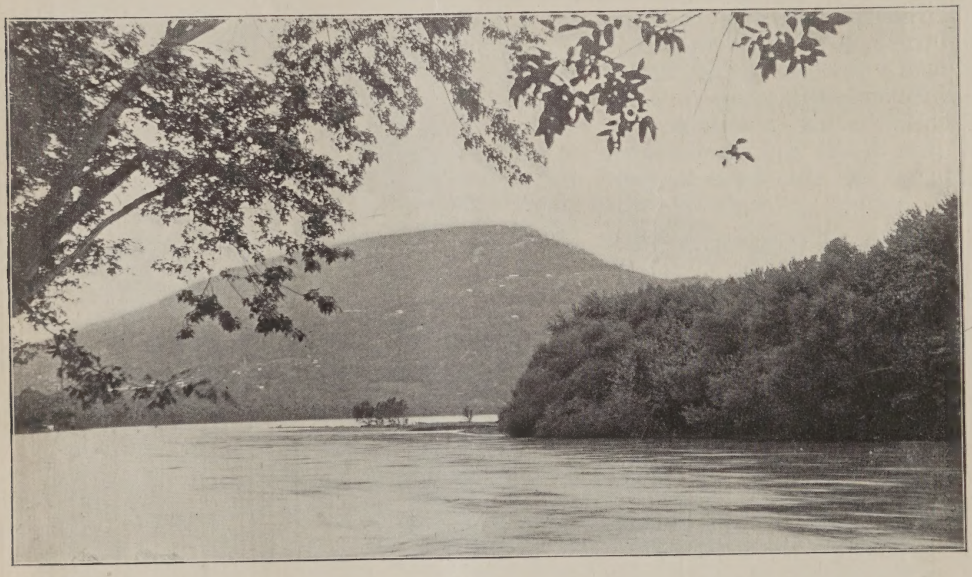
The early history of Chattanooga is not unlike that of many of our New World cities. It lies in the old stamping grounds of the Cherokees and Chickamaugas. Here the savage fought and hunted until the explorer came and stood upon the mountain top. When he gazed down into the valley, he pronounced it good, and straightway proceeded to oust his red-skinned friend, and claim it as his own. But he did so not without a struggle. For many years the crack of rifle and the twang of bow were heard in the valley and on the mountain, dire suggestions of a time when the earth should tremble with the shock of mightier battles. At first the site of the present city was called Ross' Landing from John Ross, a trader and a descendant of the Cherokees, whose primitive home on the edge of Missionary Ridge is still carefully preserved as an historic landmark In 1836 it became a military post, and two years later the town of the present name had its beginning. Years passed away, and the little village grew but slowly. Presently the north discovered

that this was the natural gateway to the south through the mountains. Her envious eye peeped within and saw beyond the fields white with cotton balls; and thus the railroads came as they had come to other little towns to make or mar their fortunes. At the beginning of the Civil war Chattanooga had grown to be a straggling town of 6000 inhabitants, but with muddy unpaved streets, and unpretentious buildings. When the first thunders of the conflict had died away, as a mother of many children, she began to ask herself if she were north or south. The diversity of answers which her sons returned implied all the tragedies of a family divided against itself. Not infrequently were there to be found house holds having representatives in both sides of this unfortunate struggle, and many are the romantic tales told of this borderland during that thrilling period of our nation's history.

The story of the part that this little town played in the war will not be repeated. "Johnnie" who has come marching home, after having been able to study the art of war upon a modern battle-field while helping to furnish the inspiring spectacle of a nation under arms, can doubtless tell it in detail. Yet to write of the Chattanooga of today without allowing reminiscences of the past to creep in, would be well nigh impossible. Even if the traveler would forget that he stands on soil once wet with the blood of his kinsman, he cannot do so, for the material reminders are close at hand, and though he only go to market or to worship in the house of prayer he is perpetually confronted by iron tablets on the walls of buildings and in the outlying grounds of

CABIN OF UNCLE KINCHIN TREAT, AN EX-SLAVE, ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

houses, commemorating events and indicating landmarks. They notify him of the one-time use of various old fashioned mansions as the headquarters of different army officers, describe an odd little circular building as the old pay station of each army in turn, and point out a three story brick building, the army prison, whose dingy walls looked down first upon the blue, and then upon the grey. At every turn of the city and suburbs, these metal pages are spread out upon the landscape, and he who runs may read a chapter of the history of his country without the care to turn a single leaf.

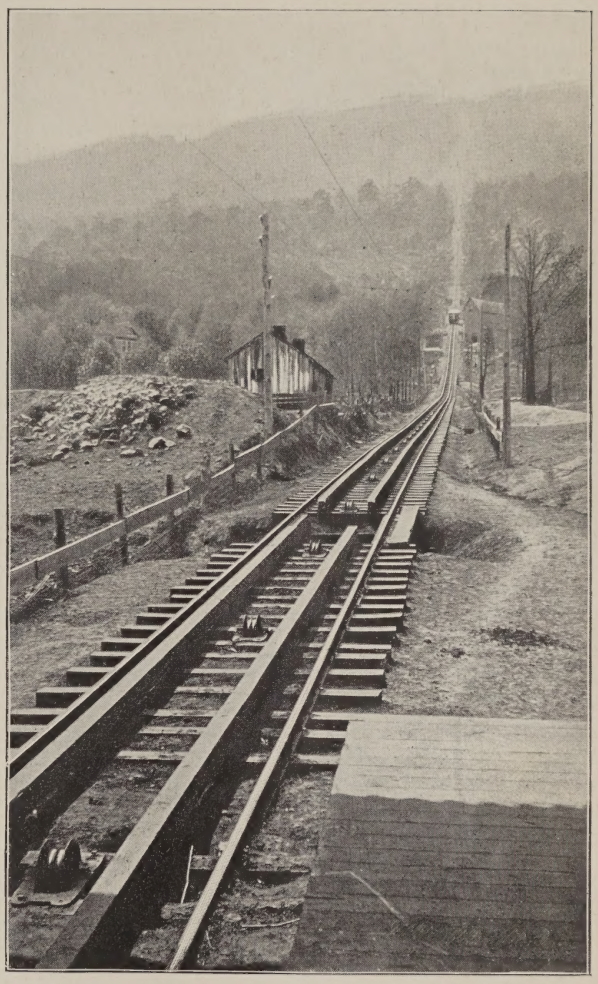


LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

When the city is left behind new forms of memorial become the companions of the tablets. Turn where we will, shafts of granite, the sculptured soldier and the pile of cannon balls confront us at every step. Chickamauga Park would seem like one vast cemetery did we not know that no dead are buried here. It must be explained that Chickamauga Park is not a park as we understand it, with close-trimmed turf, well-kept drives and geometrical flower beds. It is the entire territory upon which took place the most fatal and stubborn fight of the Civil War, restored as nearly as possible to the condition it was in at the time of the battle. It is an extent of over ten square miles of meadow land and wooded slope with roads improved, old breastworks replaced, and movements of troops marked by tablets. This was accomplished by an appropriation of Congress, and the fine boulevard by which the Park is reached and which extends the entire length of Missionary Ridge was also built by the government. When this work was completed the states took up the task, and began to erect their monuments. All the northern states which had a part in the Chickamauga campaign are represented over and over again, but when the traveler has inspected avenue after avenue of handsome monuments, he begins to ask what the southerner has done to perpetuate the memory of his fallen kinsman.

The Park is a national affair, and is supposed to represent the thought of a united people. The promoters came from north and south as well. The

Union and Confederate forces in the battle of Chickamauga were nearly equal in numbers, and it ended practically in a victory for neither side. Yet this memorial has to the casual observer the appearance of being wholly northern in its sentiment. On every side we see repeated the name of Ohio, New York, Indiana, Pennsylvania. Wherever the south figures it would seem to be in the official record of defeat. To the northerner the place is a unique object lesson in history, a magnificent monument to all soldiers who died here fighting for their honest convictions, no matter under what flag. Sometimes, however, a doubt is suggested as to whether it has helped to wipe out sectional strife, or has kept alive memories of defeat and humiliation which ought to perish as peace returns.



UP THE INCLINE.

In the National Cemetery, just outside of Chattanooga, 13,000 of our brave boys in blue lie sleeping. When we have admired the symmetrical rows of headstones, the well-kept sward and fine macadam driveways, we ask another question. Where lie the Confederate dead?

In the northern part of the city is an old-fashioned cemetery. The gate creaks on rusty hinges, the keeper dozes outside in his lodge in the sunshine and the sear grass lies in tangles under the matted shrubbery. In a remote corner is a cluster of headstones overlooked by a tall granite shaft. In the battle of Chickamauga alone the Confederate dead numbered 17,801. The guide-book tells us that 2500 are lying here, but there are scarce two hundred headstones, and the space so limited that one wonders where they all lie. Gossip says, however, that bones are still sometimes found about Chattanooga, and it is even whispered that in the reinterment in the National Cemetery it was not always certain which wore blue and which wore grey.

The granite shaft above the graves bears on its face "TO THE CONFEDERATE DEAD," and was erected by the Daughters of the Confederacy. There are many monuments to the Confederate Dead in the south; nearly all of

THE NATIONAL CEMETERY.

them were erected by the southern women. The northern mother sent forth her sons with sighs and tears; perhaps they returned to her with bodies maimed and wrecked, perhaps not at all. But through it all her home remained intact. She knew not a ruined fireside, smoking fields, and the shock of armies fighting all around her. The north forgets the war, and is engrossed in affairs of a more recent growth. The south has not ceased to sit amongst her ashes; a talk with a southern woman who experienced the war of the rebellion will convince one of this. She still has the thoughts that breathe, and often finds the words that burn in which to tell them.

The visitor in Chattanooga may pay but scant attention to the city, he may even fail to visit Orchard Knob or Chickamauga Park; but there is one excursion which he never fails to take, be he northern veteran or southern summer tourist, and that is to the top of Lookout Mountain. A pilgrimage to this sentinel of the Tennessee valleys is begun on an electric car which starts from Market street, the main business thoroughfare of the city. It is more than likely that the traveler will find himself in the midst of a Grand Army crowd of some sort. It is a dull month which does not furnish at least one reunion of old soldiers here. Arriving at the foot of the mountain, some three miles distant from the city, a transfer is made to one of the two Incline railways which furnish transportation to the top, and the tourist is swept easily and gently up the precipices over which the veteran scrambled more than thirty-five years ago to plant our flag upon the summit. Here it is worthy of remark that thirty-seven men have so far been found, each claiming to be that one who first reached the edge of Point Lookout, and planted there the stars and stripes!

The ascent on both Inclines is over 4500 feet, and is accomplished in five or six minutes. The elevator is a car built with an inclined plane as a floor, and broad windows to facilitate the view as one rises. The sensation of being drawn up a perpendicular, backwards, with one's feet dangling over the whole world is thrilling, but is not enjoyed by those afflicted with vertigo or timidity. One of the planes conducts to the Lookout Inn, the other to the Point Hotel, hanging like a bird's nest

under the eaves, where another transfer is made to the narrow guage dummy, and the modern mountain climber is borne swiftly around the corner—where? It would seem that the train goes straight off into empty space and clouds, but as a matter of fact it creeps along the edge of sheer precipices,under jutting rocks, and over bridges where one can look down hundreds of feet into the valley below. In spite of the grand views at every stage of the journey, he to whom this modern method of progression is a novelty is glad to alight at Natural Bridge.

When one has stood on the famous Point Lookout, and looked down upon the wonderful panorama spread out below him, he will readily concede that the prospect defies language, and had better be seen than read about. A dry description would only explain that, below, the valleys on either side of the mountain converge to form a plain traversed by the Tennessee river which flows with many a devious turn and curve, looking like a silver ribbon tossed carelessly from the mountain to lie in twists and folds in the valleys. In one of these folds lies the city of Chattanooga, its symmetrically placed streets and houses giving it the appearance of a toy village set down by some child at play.

There are various types of travelers to be met on Lookout Mountain. There is the serious student, who carefully and correctly notes the outlying historic ridges, and the sites of various battle-fields close at hand, notably that of Craven's Field which lies just below the Point, and is the spot upon which took place the famous "Battle above the Clouds." He also receives respectfully, but with a mental reservation, the information that from here can be seen seven different states, a fact vouched for many times a day by the loquacious guides.

The typical American tourist also frequents the spot, and buys souvenir spoons, souvenir bullets and other relics of doubtful taste and authenticity. He also pops pleasantly and harmlessly away at the magnificent stretches of landscape about him with his little 3¼x-4¼ camera, and never fails to visit the "Garden of the Gods" where grow such strange rocky exotics as the Devil's Fireplace, Mohamet's Tomb and Noah's Ark. As for the veteran, he stands apart looking down into the valley, and the voice that speaks in his ear is not heard by his neighbor.

For all these Lookout Mountain has its charm. They come, stay a little while, look about, then go away to pastures new, lest the grazing here become too short. But there is yet another visitor who comes with all the rest. He is that one who "in the love of Nature holds communion with her visible forms," and he understands her "various language." For him there is another message which is withheld from all the busy crowd which constantly surges up and down. If he will walk apart upon the flower-starred carpets and beneath the tall fragrance-breathing pines he will hear it in the voice of rippling brook and rustling leaf and sweetly-singing bird. When he has listened to this message a week, a month or more, he will find that he has become another man, with a stronger body, a brighter eye, a steadier hand, and a heart filled with a peace that passeth understanding. The mountain has secrets and hidden beauties which disclose themselves only to those who seek them. There are crystal lakes like jewels, set in rocky rims; marvelous caves which suggest the romances of hunted fugitives; cool glens into whose fern and flower-decked depths wind narrow mountain roads; strange, gray boulders, worn by primeval waters into grotesque and semi-human shapes, tossed and tumbled here and there as if the sport of giants; fantastic cascades of sweet, cool water and quiet nooks where he who will may dream the peaceful hours away. And here will come to him most vividly the reminiscences of an historic past, and once more will these martial valleys be peopled with a shadowy host, armed for the fray.

CHIAHA OF THE CHOCTAWS.

BY M. E. HENRY-RUFFIN.

(Concluded.)

Uchee was smoking in his wigwam. Silent and dark as he always was, he seemed more silent and darker now. Every few moments, he glanced at Chiaha who was preparing his supper. All day he had spent at the Fort and had only returned to the village a few moments before. At last he took his pipe out of his mouth. "Pierre comes no more to the Choctaws. He is no more the friend of the tribe. He marries the white woman and stays with his own people. Very well, the Choctaw no more friend of Pierre."

Chiaha lifted the corn cake carefully out of the ashes.

"It is but right," she said. "Pierre to his race. The Choctaws to their race." She looked proudly up at her father. "The Choctaw forgets not his friend. We have kept the fire of our ancestors, the Tensas, always burning, Before we were Christians, we never let it die. Now we do not worship fire, we must be as true to our God, to our Christ, to our friends." In her own heart, she meant, "True to our love, never dying, like the fire of the Tensas and the Choctaws."

Uchee looked sharply at his daughter. No sign of sorrow; no sign of disappointment; only the pride of her race. Then she did not regret Pierre's marriage. She did not grieve because Pierre had taken a white wife. It was well. There were many powerful men of her own race would gladly marry her. But Uchee had not seen Chiaha, the evening of Pierre's marriage, when some Indians from the Fort had told her the news. It was another girl who sat sobbing on the Indian mound, begging the help of her mother's happy spirit, to forget the white man. The girl who held her crucifix so tightly under the pines of the Indian burying ground, and the girl who now lifted her head so proudly, and upheld the dignity of her race, could not be the same. But Uchee saw only the calm, dignified Chiaha; and believing that she was unmoved at Pierre's desertion, the proud old chief was satisfied.

Louise McLeod was not slow in taking advantage of her new position. Energetic and practical, she delighted McLeod with her industry. The energetic Scotchman even rejoiced at his own complete surrender to her strong will. It seemed as if he had never been so well managed before. Annette was gentler and more reserved. Pierre's devotion had won her unclaimed affection; and she silently thanked the good God and the Holy Mother for her happy fate. Pierre's comfort was her daily study; and when he was absent on his hunting trip, she counted the hours by the wooden dial that McLeod had fashioned, until she might expect him home. Often when she looked down the long, sandy road and saw Pierre in the far arches of the pines, she longed to go out and meet him, but shyly held back and kept to her sewing until the tall form entered the cottage, when she rose and busied herself serving him. The cottage was now full of new beauties. White dimity curtains shaded the windows, or the openings that served for light and ventilation. Little, flowering plants that Pierre found in the woods bloomed around the door. In one corner of the front room a precious statuette of the Holy Mother stood in a lace-draped shrine. So gentle, so devoted, so absorbed in her home life was Annette that she did not know she was the object of any unusual interest. Little

did she dream, in those Autumn evenings, when she and Pierre sat around the bright, pine fire, that a woman's face sometimes peered in the window, just looked in, and then, with sad steps, crept back to the Choctaw Village. Nor that when she and Pierre knelt at Mass, an Indian girl in the group of the baptized tribe, watched her wistfully; and then prayed, sad, earnest prayers, that Pierre might be happy with the white wife.

The winter, the beautiful winter of Alabama, bright, crisp and bracing passed away. Louise and Annette marveled at the Christmas without snow; and exclaimed with delight, when the hoar frost, glistened for a few hours in the pursuing sun. A merry group of young French matrons met to decorate the little church at Christmas, with red Yupon berries and winter roses. Then spring came. The fishing was plentiful; the crops were promising, and the land of the Alabamas was at its liveliest. McLeod had finished his house; and Louise had now her own home to manage. Often over their pipes Pierre and William spoke of their good fortune: resolving to identify themselves with the new country and to devote all their energies towards its progress.

Spring passed into summer. The June days, bright and glorious, brought new thankfulness, to Le Brun and McLeod, for, in each household, a young son had made his appearance. Pierre must go himself and tell the good Sieur de Bienville. The young Governor was greatly pleased. Truly the colony would now prosper. The native, white, French "citizens" were beginning to arrive.

There was a solemn baptizing of the two babies; and all the colony attended. Louise was very proud of her son. Besides McLeod's position, now, as head of a family, would be so much better. Annette was deeply and solemnly happy. The crosses and spires of Quebec almost faded from her thoughts. Her hopes and her plans were now outlined by the pines and the prospects of her Pierre; and the future of her son, whom the new land claimed. Her future would be his.

One still July evening, Annette sat at her door, singing a low French lullaby as she sewed. The child lay sleeping in a hammock near her. A woman's figure clad in Indian dress, stepped out of the woods and stood before the young mother. The French girl started. Often as Pierre had told her that the Choctaws and the other Indian tribes around the Fort were friendly, she could not feel safe. How she wished Pierre was at home. Even the old woman, who helped her to nurse the baby, had gone out.

Not speaking any Choctaw, Annette rose gravely and offered her strange visitor a chair. She was a beautiful Indian girl, almost as frail in appearance as the daughters of civilization. She looked curiously, sadly, at Annette; then went to the hammock. Annette was in terror. Oh, if Pierre would only come! Should she scream out? Would the Indian woman harm the child? Annette's terror was most acute. The Indian girl, unconscious of creating such fear, only bent over the tiny sleeper and caressed its rosy face. Then she lifted the little hand, that lay closed like a folded rose bud, and placed it in her own smooth brown palm.

"So white, so white," she murmured in Choctaw, "the white man's child, the white woman's child. So white, so white! Like the frost on the red Yupon berry. Like the Cherokee rose and the pond lily. So white, so white." Then in very good French she asked Annette if she might kiss the baby. Fearful of saying "yes," and not daring to say "no," the terrified mother gave her consent.

Laying a bunch of dried leaves in Annette's hand, the Indian girl said, "To keep away the fever. The little one must not have the fever. It would die." Then she added: "Make a tea. Give it to drink every day."

Annette looked up. The face before her was so gentle that she forgot her fears, and held out her hand to her unknown guest. And as Pierre turned at the bend of the road, he saw through the arches of the pines, Annette and Chiaha holding each other's hands over his sleeping child. But when he reached his door, Annette was alone with the baby. His wife flew to him; and almost in sobs, told him of her fright at Chiaha's appearance, and her fear that the Indian girl might harm the child.

"But Pierre, she just wanted to kiss the baby. I believe she never saw a white baby before. But oh; my Pierre I cannot get accustomed to these savages. They make me tremble all the time."

"The Choctaws are not savages, Annette. The tribe has been Christian more than a hundred years. And that young girl—she is Chiaha, the daughter of the great chief, Uchee. He and his people have been my friends ever since I came here. I am glad you let her kiss the baby. What a beauty he is! My fair French boy!"

"He is fairer than Louise' boy," said Annette with maternal partiality. "But oh, Pierre, the Indian girl left these leaves for the baby. To make a tea to keep off fever."

Pierre was silent a moment. Then he tasted the leaves. "O, yes. Elder leaves. Chiaha is a splendid sick nurse. Her mother was famous as an herb doctor. I suppose the talent is given to Chiaha." Pierre did not utter a word of the sudden dread that filled him, when Annette spoke of Chiaha's visit. He was ashamed of his suspicion; and could hardly have given it a definite expression. Tales he had heard of the silent, deadly jealousy of Indian women, dwelt uncomfortably in his mind. Then he was so happy that he began to be uneasy. Something might come—something that might mar it all—but—then he looked at his lovely boy and at gentle, devoted Annette, and, thanking the good God, took new courage.

When Chiaha returned to the Choctaw village there was a grave debate in the tribe. The season was a critical one at the South. The days that were hot and stifling fell into nights that were ruled by a clammy, north wind and followed by mornings, pale and shivering. The Indians knew what all these signs meant. They shook their heads as they sat under the poles. One thing was certain, the squaws and the children must be moved up the river.

The chiefs looked ominously at the moon. The squaws cooking out under the trees shook their heads as they brushed away the great green flies that brought such bad tidings. A little whisper went round the Fort. No one ventured to tell the Sieur de Bienville. Father de la Vente had heard more than a whisper, and remembered the poor colonists in his prayers. "So new to this land. It would be terrible. Then those poor women and the babies. Oh, it would be such desolation!" and he clasped his crucifix in a fervent appeal.

"Shall we warn the white people?" was the question the Indians debated.

Uchee said nothing.

"My father," pleaded Chiaha, "we know by the wind, by the moon, by the great green flies that the pestilence is coming."

"There is no fever at the Fort." Uchee turned his head away.

"Not yet. We go—the squaws and the children—far up the River soon. The yellow fever—the black death—comes. The white people know not what to do—what herb to take. The women and children have not time to go. They are cut down—they fall like the leaves. The babies go from sad mothers and sad mothers from helpless babies."

Uchee looked at her darkly. "Why did the white men bring them here—the white women? If they cannot live in this land, then the Great Spirit did not mean this land for the white women."

Chiaha was silent a few moments. When she spoke again, it was not of the

dreaded fever. She knew her father and the tribe resented the coming of the white women. She did not like him to dwell upon this grievance. How should she tell him of her intention to remain at the Fort when the fever came and to use her skill in caring for the sick? She was accounted the best fever nurse in the settlement, a sort of intuitive knowledge, taking the place of age. She knew her father's admiration for the Governor. To the Sieur de Bienville then she would go, and telling him of the signs of the fever, ask him to give her a position to attend the women and children during the reign of the fever.

So the young Governor sitting with La Salle was told that an Indian girl wished to see him. He knew Chiaha at once, and treated her with great courtesy, as well on account of her father's power and his friendship for the French, as for her own virtues. She would not sit down. She stood with one brown hand resting on the table.

"Excellency, I tell you what only the Choctaws know now. It is August. The days are hot. The night wind is cold. The dawn is chilly. The great green fly falls on the floor. The moon looks angry and says: 'Beware.'"

Bienville was troubled. What new disaster was coming to his poor colonists? He knew how correctly the Indians read the signs of nature, when she threatened evil. Had not the Fort suffered flood and famine already? Had they not been almost swept away last year, when the river rose in anger? Had not the supplies on the "Pelican" kept away the starvation that was at their very doors? And now? Chiaha was looking at him with grave, dark eyes. Bienville shifted his sword, as if he wished he could meet every enemy of his colony with that sort of weapon.

"I know not the signs of wind and moon and I beseech you O, daughter of the great chief to read them for me." Bienville bowed graciously. A thought flashed through his mind. This was the girl, whom report said Pierre Le Brun would have married if the white women had not come. Bienville, in spite of his scarcely three-and-twenty years was a wise man, and had fostered the friendship between his colonists and the Indians. The Choctaws particularly, he had always insisted, should be well treated. The Governor waited anxiously, therefore, for Chiaha's revelation, anticipating a break in the good-will of her tribe. Only to-day La Salle told him a silly rumor, to which he gave no heed, that the yellow fever was coming. Some said it was a sickly year, others that the vessels coming from Havana brought the germs of the disease. Perhaps he would ask this girl, the Chief's daughter, learned in the lore of her tribe, and wise beyond her years in medicine and skill for the sick. She would know. And if that rumor were right? Bienville shuddered. He had an intuitive dread of yellow fever, as if he foresaw, what it would cost him a few years later, in the death of his brilliant brother, Iberville, in Havana. Now it was of his colonists he was thinking. The poor, struggling settlers, the young women, whose fresh lives would be fuel for the pestilence, the helpless children.

But Chiaha was speaking: "The signs are all saying to the tribe, Excellency, that the fever is coming. The squaws and the little children go up the river. When the fever comes who will care for the white women, for the white babies? Who will give them the herb tea?"

Jean Baptiste Le Moyne, Sieur de Bienville, brave and resourceful as he was, looked helplessly at the young girl.

Chiaha smiled a grave smile. "*I* will stay; and if I stay some of the wise women of the tribe will stay also. We will care for the sick. But, Excellency, it must be that you say to Uchee: 'Great Chief, you are a brave man.'"

La Salle was busy writing down the words at Bienville's silent command. Chiaha continued: "Say to him: 'When the fever comes we cannot fight it. Chiaha, your daughter, is wise in healing, as her mother was. Grant that

Chiaha stay with us. She can tell us how to meet this enemy. We will speak again our bond of friendship and never will Bienville forget his debt to Uchee.' "

"I will. I will." The Sieur's voice was tremulous. "But you, Chiaha. Have you no fear? You are so young."

"Fear, Excellency?" Chiaha looked up with wide-opened eyes. "Wherefore should I have fear? To those to whom it is given to heal, the disease brings no fear. Those were born to fight the pestilence. Chiaha fears only God and His saints and the spirit of her mother. She—my mother—feared no disease, so that she might heal."

"Well, well, Chiaha, I shall see Uchee. If the fever comes and we need your skill, be sure we will never forget your care. You shall never ask anything of Bienville or his colonists that will not be granted."

The Indian girl looked proudly at the Governor. "Chiaha wants nothing."

"I know. I know. You are a Chief's daughter. You have all that you need and more. Sometime, you might want a favor, some time—and then remember, Bienville never forgets his word." He rose as Chiaha moved to leave. La Salle too stood up, laying down his quill and both bowed with all respect as the Indian girl passed out.

"What think you, La Salle?" Bienville asked the scribe, who had silently resumed his writing. La Salle shook his head. The Sieur burst out: "I had rather we had the Spaniards, the English and the Indians, all at once in a fight, than this fever. But it may not come after all." Bienville had the hopefulness of youth and the spirit of a brave man.

"True," answered La Salle, "but I never knew the Indians to give a warning without need. They seem to know every disaster that is coming."

Chiaha had one more visit to pay before she returned to the Choctaw village. She stopped at the little log house adjoining the church.

"Yes, Father Huve' would see her," the old Indian attendant said.

"What is it, my child?" the priest asked, as he entered the bare room framed in with logs, and whose only ornaments were a few holy pictures and the books piled up on the pine shelves.

Father Huve's quick eye noted the change that the past year had made in Chiaha. The rounded outline of her face had grown sharp, the high cheekbone was prominent. The dark eyes seemed deeper and further back than ever, as if they held a secret the lips were too proud to reveal. The likeness to her dying mother, as Father Huve recalled the wife of Uchee, startled the priest. His keen eyes had long ago read the history of Chiaha's heart, but neither by word nor sign would he suggest that he knew. The struggles of her soul were sacramental secrets, the conquest over self and the trampling down of human love, where divine law forbade, had been confided to the altar. Chiaha's face, as she stood before Father Huve, her deep set eyes, were all that told the sufferings of the past twelve months. Her head was high; her walk erect; her words steadied with a grave dignity.

Chiaha briefly told her mission. Father Huve listened anxiously. Then indeed the fever was coming. The tribes were preparing to move. And this girl had come to warn him that he might prepare the white people. Prepare? How could they prepare? All that they had in the world was at the Fort. Below them were the river and the bay, above them no human habitation for many a weary mile, too many for the women and children. Father Huve sighed. 'And you came, Chiaha, to offer to help the sick when the fever comes? It is a noble work, my child. God will bless you." In his unspoken thought he gave her a greater crown because her charity would be done for the race, who had only given her the wound that never fully heals in a woman's heart, be she savage or civilized. Father Huve was accustomed to heroic

deeds. Those were days that bred and fostered lofty heroism. But as he sat and looked up at this girl of the forest, so calm, so unimpassioned, and silently read the history of her heart, he knew of no greater height than that on which she stood to-dav; giving her care, maybe her life—to those who had scorned her; to the women who had come to her own land and taken from her the treasure of life. He knew too that there would be no second affection to recompense Chiaha. As the people of her tribe inherited from the Tensas, the perpetual fire that might never be consumed, so Chiaha would be faithful, silent and true to the end. A noble use for her sorrow—to help those who had planted the sorrow.

Chiaha was speaking: "I have just spoken to the Sieur de Bienville. He will ask my father to let me remain at the Fort, with a few wise women, when the tribe go up the river."

"It is a grand work, my child; but have you considered the danger?"

"I am not afraid, my Father. Nothing brings the fever quicker than fear. No medicine keeps it away like courage." She smiled gently. What dread should she have of losing a life, that had lost so much?

Blessing her, once in words, and many times, in his thoughts, Father Huve bade Chiaha adieu. She walked thoughtfully out beyond the Fort and through the miles of pines to the village. Never before had the way seemed so long to her. The August air was hot and breathless. Weary with a weariness that was almost unconquerable, she sat down beside her mother's grave. Did that spirit in the great happy land know how weary she was? Did her mother know what pain it had been for her to see Pierre and his white wife? She had conquered the pain. She would give her best skill to the white women if the fever came. But she was very, very tired. The silent, constant struggle had worn into the strong, young life, all unknown to herself. Chiaha only knew that the days were heavy and long; that she was tired. But there was much to do; and when she had knelt and prayed and put her hot forehead on the cool, moist grave, she was strengthened and refreshed.

"I think I will speak to Pierre Le Brun," Father Huve decided a few days later. As he stood before the cottage, he noted its cheerful, happy, aspect. When Annette came forward to greet him, and showed him her beautiful boy, Father Huve sighed. He wiped the mist from his eyes. Oh, the pity of it! The terrible presence, waiting to crush out this humble, happy home! He looked at Annette. Her rosy youth would be a sure and shining mark for the fell destroyer.

Pierre came in and greeted the priest cordially. Father Huve was thinking of some way to bring about the dreaded topic, when Pierre himself asked: "My Father, why are the Choctaws preparing to move? As I passed through the village yesterday, I saw all the preparations. The tribe is going up the river. I do not like it. When they move it always means some trouble to the Fort."

Father Huve looked anxiously at Pierre. Did no suspicion disturb him?

But Pierre kept on. "The tribe has not warned us this time. They always do."

"One of them went to tell the Sieur de Bienville. One of them came to me."

"To you, my Father? Then some danger is near. It cannot be a flood. There are no signs on the river. As for famine, the Sieur had a taste of that last year; and he keeps us well supplied. May be the crops may fail; but there is always the fish and game." Pierre was looking an earnest inquiry at the priest.

"It is none of these, my son. It is—my poor children, may the good God have pity on us—it is the fever. So the Indian girl, Chiaha, told the Sieur de Bienville. So she told me. It is why the tribe are preparing to go up the river."

The fever! Annette rose and

clasped the baby in her arms, as if the visitor were already at the door. All the color had left her face.

Pierre's voice shook. "So, Chiaha warned you for us, my Father? She is the only one who would do it now. The Indians are not so friendly."

"The Sieur de Bienville, at Chiaha's suggestion, will ask Uchee to let his daughter remain at the Fort when the tribe goes; and some of the wise women of the Choctaws, who know how to treat the fever, will remain with her."

"She is a noble woman."

"She is, my son. A blessed child of Christ and His Mother. We care for our own by nature. We care for the stranger of another race by God's holy love."

Annette was still holding the baby. She was white and trembling. Father Huve looked at her anxiously. "You must not disturb yourself, my little one," he said in gentle, fatherly French. "Nothing attracts the fever like fear."

Pierre, too, looked at his wife in great anxiety. "It is as Father Huve says, my love. You must not be afraid. That will surely draw the fever."

"O, but my Pierre, how can I help fearing for my baby—for myself? Oh, the dreadful, dreadful pestilence to come to us here, where we know not what to do!" and she shivered in nervous terror.

Father Huve said: "Now my children, we must all lead very strict lives. We must try to keep off the fever. Very plain eating; no drinking. Pierre no wine; no cognac at the Fort. Keep out of the sun, Annette. Keep out of the night air. No excitement, no fear, if you can help it. All quiet, smooth; and pray, pray to the good God, and His Holy Mother, and the great St. Louis, for whom we name the Fort, that we may escape this danger."

Then the priest left, and Pierre and Annette sat looking at the baby; and wondering at this new disaster that threatened them.

Never in his brilliant career had Jean Baptiste Le Moyne, Sieur de Bienville, more need of that tact and wisdom, that marked him so young in life, as when he interviewed the proud, old Chief Uchee, to ask him that Chiaha might remain to help the sick if fever came. Bienville spoke of the friendship of the French for the Choctaws; his own great admiration for Uchee and of Chiaha's skill. He spoke of her as being a sort of Chief among the women; that they would look to her as their guide in this disaster, and it was but reasonable that she should lead them—she the daughter of so brave a tribe, so brave a father. The exquisite, French courtesy at last won over the stern Choctaw. His pride and his reserve melted before the winning words of Bienville, which were just flavored a little, with that air of authority the Governor never forgot, when seeking terms. Uchee filled a pipe and passed it to the Sieur. They smoked a few moments in silence. Then Uchee rose to leave.

"It shall be as your Excellency desires. Chiaha will take care of your sick. She will be the leader among your women. It will make another bond between us." In a moment the Chief was gone.

Sieur de Bienville sat alone, moodily thinking. His poor colony! Driven here and there, devasted by flood and famine; they were just now beginning to prosper, when this gaunt presence, fearful and threatening, stood before them. But there was no time for vain complaining. He must see that his people were warned and that they avoided everything that might tempt the disaster. The wine drinking must stop. So Bienville busied himself dictating orders to La Salle, and trying to look bravely at the future.

Chiaha preparing the evening meal, heard her father enter the wigwam. No word of his visit to the Fort. No word of the Sieur de Bienville. Only the short command as she bent over the fire. He was still the Chief even if giving orders against his own wishes.

"When the tribe moves you can remain at the Fort. Take with you the wise women who can heal. When the

fever comes, you can take care of the sick." And without another word, Uchee sat to his supper; and without any word but: "I will obey you, my Father," Chiaha served him.

The dread that hung over the colony became a fatal reality. Weeks passed. The September days came, dry and hot. The Choctaws had left their village; and Chiaha with some Indian women remained at the Fort. The white people began to hope and even to believe that the Indians were mistaken.

One morning, the young wife of a colonist fell ill. Her two months infant was ailing too. Chiaha was sent for. When she laid her slim brown hand on the burning heads of the suffering woman and child she said only three dreaded words: "The yellow fever."

Other cases followed. One by one the victims fell. Then the daily number grew greater; until all the horror and desolation of an epidemic hovered over the struggling little Fort.

Coming home, late one afternoon, Pierre was surprised not to see Annette waiting as usual at the doorway. He had seen her standing there smiling, when he left in the morning. Silence surrounded the little cottage. Pierre entered.

"Annette! Annette, my love!"

Silence called back to him. He looked about, and then walked to the rear room. In its rough cradle the baby lay sleeping. On the bed lay Annette, her rich, brown hair disheveled, her face hot and flushed, her eyes wide-open, and staring vacantly at the ceiling. Pierre laid his hand on her brow. Then he dropped on his knees beside the bed, groaning aloud: "O! my God! It has come. The fever!" and wept till his sobs shook the silent little house.

But there was no time even for grief. Annette must be saved. He thought of Chiaha. He would go at once to Father Huve to find her.

Pierre lived a little removed from the thickly settled portion of the Fort, and it required a walk of nearly a mile to bring him to the priest's house. The Fort was full of mourning. Father Huve, worn out with vigils of the dying, burials of the dead, listened with aching heart to Pierre's half-sobbed story.

"Yes, my son we must find Chiaha. Ah, that poor child has worked over the sick like a saint. I wonder at her strength, her endurance. They are God-given for our need. I pray she may not give too much labor, and then we will lose her."

In a little while they had located Chiaha; and she willingly offered to go and take care of Annette. She had her work so planned, that she gave a general superintendence over the other nurses; but she resolved that none but herself should care for Pierre's wife, that she should have the entire charge of this special case. As she walked beside Pierre, to his cottage, she lifted her head and spoke the first words she had uttered, since Father Huve bade her go, in God's name, to Annette.

"Down in the pasture, by the village you will see a herd of goats. Bring me one."

"A goat?" asked Pierre, puzzled at the request.

"For the child," answered Chiaha. "It must be the baby's mother till your wife is well."

Pierre tried to thank her but his voice failed him. He had not thought of the baby, and Chiaha was thinking of both the mother and the child. When they reached the cottage, Pierre followed Chiaha's every movement, with hungry eyes. Was Annette going to die? Was her fever the bad type? These were the questions that trembled on his lips. Chiaha turned to him at last. "She is young and strong, and I will do my best. Now bring me the shears. See how hot her head is; and all this long hair is a torture."

Pierre brought the shears and waited for Chiaha.

"Cut it off yourself," the Indian girl said quietly, and went to prepare the herb tea. Sadly Pierre cut the long brown curls. The old Indian woman, coming in, exclaimed at the sight of

her mistress, but poor, shorn Annette who tossed wildly delirious, was all unconscious of being robbed of her tresses.

Then the battle began. Chiaha, with all the spirit of her race, fought death as bravely for Pierre's wife as ever the braves of her tribe met their enemies. She seemed to know no fatigue. Calm, gentle, ceaselessly watchful, she noted every change in the fever.

When Pierre had brought the goat the docile creature ran to Chiaha to be petted. It was but a little while before she had taught the quadruped mother to nourish Annette's almost motherless baby. The battle reached its height. There were days when all the skill of the Indian girl seemed to be given in vain. Pierre sat beside the bed, a great anguish in his eyes. His boy lay, crowing and laughing beside the gentle goat on the floor. Annette was wandering back in dreams of delirium to dear old Quebec. She was again an orphan, lonely and sad, going to the good Gray Nuns. She was listening in fear and trembling as the Prefect read her name as one of the twenty-six maidens, who would go out to the new colony of Louisiana. She was going over the terrors of that long sea voyage on the "Pelican." Then the sight of strange faces; and her dread of the savages.

"Oh! I fear, I fear, the dark faces! I fear, I fear the Indians! Oh, my Pierre! let not the Indian girl harm my baby."

Chiaha smiled gravely into Pierre's distressed face.

Then Annette burst out again: "Will I ever learn not to fear the savages. Not to dread the terrible dark faces."

Pierre bent down and soothed her. Thinking that her words might wound Chiaha, he tried to turn the current of her troubled dreams. Then Annette went back to the day that Pierre had come for her. She was so sad, so lonely. She was so frightened when Pierre came. But she looked again; and his eyes were kind so she took his hand and went with him; for she was all alone in this strange land of savages.

So it went on. Weary days and nights so still and hopeless that Pierre longed to go forth in the woods and cry aloud. One morning came, just an hour before the dawn, that most depressing of all hours by the bedside of the suffering. The old Indian woman had dozed at the foot of the bed. The room was very still. Annette had ceased her wanderings and was lying very quiet. Chiaha rose and laid the cloth, wet from the cool spring, on the fevered head. So still it seemed after Annette's tossing and raving that Pierre rose up suddenly. His face was white and drawn. He looked at Chiaha; and huskily asked: "Is she dying?"

"No. No. The fever is leaving. She will rest easy for some hours. When she wakes—if she wakes at all—it will be life. If she wakes not—but God is merciful. He will remember you and the child. But be very quiet, very careful. No noise. When the daylight comes, take the child out to the spring and bathe it. Stay out in the woods till I call you. The old woman will bring you your breakfast. Keep the child with you. Everything, very, very quiet. I will stay here by the bed till she wakes."

Pierre waited for the first streak of dawn. Then taking the child he went down to the spring. In a little while the Indian woman came with his breakfast. He swallowed the strong coffee; but vainly tried to eat.

"Eat, eat," said the old squaw, "your wife will live. I saw a good star last night."

And Pierre, half ashamed to believe in such signs, took heart at the old Indian's words, and ate his breakfast.

The morning hours passed. The sun was climbing to the zenith, and sending sharp arrows down through the pines. Pierre was waiting—waiting—thinking—thinking. The child was sleeping under a china tree in the fragrant shade. Still no message from Chiaha. Still no word from Annette. Weary with many sleepless nights and rocked into drowsiness by the noonday heat that swayed through the woodland, Pierre

leaned against a sheltering oak and slept. The hours passed and the sun was marking the western descent. Suddenly he became aware of some one standing in front of him. So soft the tread he had not heard it; only his sense of sight became conscious of some one standing before him. He sprang up.

"Annette, my wife!"

Chiaha smiled faintly. Pierre's heart gave a great leap.

"She slept until past the noon mark on the dial. She awoke free from fever. Then a little broth, then a long, quiet resting. She will get well now, but slowly, slowly. Great care, great quiet."

Pierre could scarcely speak.

"Oh, Chiaha, may the good God and all his Saints bless you. I can never forget you. You have given me more than my life."

Chiaha answered, putting aside his gratitude. "Come back to the cottage in a little while; but very quiet." Then she turned and went to Annette.

In answer to the sick woman's first wish Chiaha laid the child by its mother's side. Then Pierre crept up to the bed, fearful of disturbing his wife. His great joy and thankfulness must be suppressed; and only the quiet little announcement made: "You have been very ill, my dear, and now you must be very still and quiet, so that we can get you well."

"Oh! I remember my Pierre, I was so ill, so frightened. Then I fell on the bed, and it all seemed like an awful dream. What was it?"

"The yellow fever, my love; and Chiaha, the best nurse in the colony, has never left you, day nor night. She fought death for you and conquered. Now be very good and quiet."

"But my baby. He is so fat and laughing. How did he live? Why did he not starve? It was the goat? Where did you find one so good and gentle?"

Pierre answered: "Chiaha has a flock and she feeds all the sick people and the starving babies with goat's milk."

Annette was thinking in her poor, tired head: "And I was afraid of her. And she nursed me and took good care of my baby. What can I ever do for her?"

Pierre was very firm, and Chiaha's calm tone kept repeating: "Very still. Very quiet. Too much talk and the fever comes back." So Annette sank on her pillows with the silent gratitude that stills us like a soothing draught, when we have wrestled with pain and disease, and have conquered.

Annette was spared. Very slowly she won back her health. The frost had touched the red Yupon, before she could venture forth. The fever died out at the Fort even before the welcome, white messenger of safety came. And before the first frost Chiaha had gone back to the Choctaw Village. The Fort was full of her valiant deeds during the scourge. In every household there was some dear life that they owed to the Indian girl's skill. Chiaha accepted no presents for herself; but she let the Sieur de Bienville give generously to her father and the tribe. She sat far back in the church, when all the congregation with the French officers in full uniform gathered to sing the 'Te Deum" for the end of the epidemic.

Among the few who escaped the fever were McLeod and his wife. Louise had come to Pierre's cottage at the first news of Annette's illness, to offer her assistance. At the door, Chiaha appeared. She shook her head.

"I am not afraid," Mrs. McLeod said. Then she thoughtlessly added: "O, it is too sad for her not to have some of her own people with her now."

Chiaha turned her grave, dark eyes on Louise. "Her own people! Do they know the fever? Can they prepare the herb? If you fall yourself with the fever, do you want your own people, who know nothing, or the poor savage women, who can heal you? "

"Oh, forgive me!" Louise cried. "I was so unkind and you are so good!"

She moved closer, holding out her hand to Chiaha. The Indian girl moved back into the house. "No, no," she cried, "do not come so near. I touch the fever with my hand. Do you not understand? Forgive you? Of course. But go. You have your husband, your child. Keep from the fever house. Keep quiet. If you need me, I will come. But go now." Chiaha shut the door and Louise went back weeping, to her home. When the frost came and the danger was over, she often sat with Annette and helped her in her household. One day they spoke of Chiaha, and Louise told Annette of some of the Indian's wonderful cures. "But you, Annette, she gave you the best care of all. She never left you."

Annette nodded her head, where the short brown curls were growing.

"I wish, Louise, I could give her something. When I tried to thank her, to offer her some gift, she looked so indifferent. I did not know what to say. I thought an Indian girl would be pleased with bright pretty things; but she laid them aside as if she did not care for them in the least."

"McLeod told me," said Louise, "that when the Sieur de Bienville sent for Chiaha and publicly thanked her, she told him that if she had done anything worth repaying, he could repay her father and the tribe. She did not care how much he did for them. For herself, she wanted nothing. So the Sieur has sent for seed corn and tobacco for all the Choctaws, in the name of Chiaha."

"I have not seen her since I got well. I grew to love her. She was so kind, even if so reserved. My baby wept all day after she left. I once thought I could never bear to see him nursed by a brown savage; but he was always so happy with Chiaha. I wonder why she never comes to the Fort. The tribe is back again."

One bright November day, Pierre prepared to go out hunting, for the first time since Annette's illness. Kissing her good-bye, he walked rapidly down the sandy road, and his wife returned to her household duties. A couple of hours later, she was surprised to see Pierre returning, his face very anxious.

"What is it, my Pierre?" the young wife cried.

"I have bad news. As I passed through the Choctaw village, I heard great lamentation. I inquired and they told me that Chiaha is dying. I came back for Father Huve. A few days ago Chiaha was taken with a chill. No medicine of the tribe seems to help her. To-day she is dying. Now I go for the priest."

"O my Pierre, if we could only help her! She nursed so many of us. Why cannot we help her?"

And so Chiaha passed away as swiftly as the dews of the morning. Uchee fled into the forest, speaking to no one, for days after her death. Of what did she die? they asked at the Fort; she so skilful to heal others.

"Too much work for the sick," Father Huve said aloud. "She gave her life for us." To himself, he said: "I fear it was a broken heart. She gave her heart to the white man and her life to the white woman."

A grand military funeral Bienville ordered for the little Indian girl, giving her all the honors of a soldier who had fallen on the field of battle. The small church could not hold all the colonists and all the tribes who came to Chiaha's funeral. A grave, marked by a modest white stone, reminded them of the heroic daughter of the Choctaws. Mothers told their children and their grandchildren, in after years, of the great fever nurse, the Indian girl, Chiaha.

Le Brun and McLeod prospered. Tall sons and handsome daughters rose up around them. They were trusted and often honored citizens. Annette and Louise grew into revered matrons, carrying into age those domestic virtues, that have made the French households synonyms of quiet

happiness. Pierre does not hunt any longer. More profitable business has come to him and he is a substantial citizen. Sometimes he walks alone to the Indian burying ground. There, with bared head, he kneels beside a grave with a white cross. Remembering the old days, he thanks the good God for all the blessings of life; and asks for all heavenly rewards for the noble self-sacrificing soul of Chiaha.

RESIGNATION.

BY TERESA BEATRICE O'HARE.

I watched her dance, and the spirit of air
Flitted never more light or fair.
Her rippling laugh seemed to lend a spell
Of sweet assurance that all was well.

I heard her voice in a gay sweet strain
That thrilled my heart with its glad refrain.
And the sunshine lingered, when she was there
To add a glint to her golden hair.

I said one night "Will you tell me dear,
Have you ever a care or sorrow here?"
She looked at me with a wondering smile
And I thought there were tears in her eyes the while.

I remember well. It was New Year's night
And she took me out in the soft moonlight
And holding my hand she whispered low—
"I buried my hopes, dear, long ago."

"I buried them deep and the weight of the sod
Nobody knew but myself and God.
Don't ask me, dear, who dealt the blow,
God and myself can only know."

"And now I laugh and the days glide by,
With never a tear, or pain, or sigh,
Except of pity for those who must
Awaken yet, from their dream of trust."

"And so I try. For God was kind,
I did not search but He let me find.
I try to be brave for He leads me on.
When all that I thought was life is gone."

SOME QUAINT CANADIAN SUPERSTITIONS AND CUSTOMS.

BY J. GERTRUDE MENARD.

The mythical lore of Canada is extremely scanty. Fays, will-o-the-wisps, goblins, little good people—all the sprightlier, more airy denizens of the fairy world so familiar to the superstitious of almost every land, find as little place in the mind of the Canadian as they would in the stern and frost-bound country he inhabits.

The fierce struggle with Nature and Indian foes, which the pioneer found necessary in order to maintain even the barest existence, left him little time for the creation of idle fancies, while the strong, religious influence by which he was surrounded turned his imagination, if at all active, toward the purely pious alone, in the line of supernatural manifestation. Miracles he saw on every hand; the intervention of Divine Power in his affairs was a matter of every day occurrence. The strange, the weird, the marvelous,—everything in fact that passed his comprehension, seemed to him to emanate directly from the two great forces of good and evil in which he believed, and to correspond directly with his own good or evil actions. The miraculous escape from shipwreck experienced by the handful of St. Lawrence boatmen in answer to their petitions to Sainte Anne led to the founding of a shrine which has become famous throughout the continent, and the early history of the country is replete with chronicles of incidents of a similar character.

Two superstitions the Canadian treasures, however, which have little to do with the devotional side of his nature. Grim, stern, terrifying, a menace alike to young and old, to godly and ungodly, the fierce *loup-garou* and the wild *chasse-galerie* hold a place as impressive as is their own individuality.

The *loup-garou,* that hideous creature, part man, part wolf, but more than all devil, is perhaps the more frequent of these uncanny visitors. He is seen only after dark, or in the chill and ghostly hours of twilight, when his long, lean body, lolling tongue, and gleaming, ferocious eyes appear for a horrible moment at the edge of field or road, only to vanish with a stealth born not of earth, into still deeper regions of the dusk. As his character implies he is always a presager of evil. The mother, watching at midnight by the cradle of her sick child, hears suddenly across the silence a long, low, shuddering howl, and hurrying to the window she sees, crouched in the shadow of the house, a dark and sinuous shape. It is the dreaded *loup-garou,* and she knows that now her child must die. In the days of Iroquois massacre and onslaught, the *loup-garou* was almost always a forerunner of foes believed to bear a not remote kinship to him. Blights upon crops, scourges of disease, violent convulsions of nature were also often traceable to his presence in a community, and it is not to be doubted that the glimpse of his red eyes shining wickedly through hedge or thicket on the eve of battle, has convinced more than one sturdy soldier of the futility of fighting for poor New France.

Most terrible of all, however, is the relation that the *loup-garou* is supposed to bear to sinful humanity. There are still living Canadians who have known among their neighbors some unfortunate individual who, in punishment for grevious sin, was condemned for a portion of the year to assume the personality of the gruesome man-wolf. This poor creature, marked as Cain among his fellows, was allowed to perform the duties of his calling during

the day, but with the coming of night, he was compelled to take on the shape of the *loup-garou* to travel hunted and hunting, through the breadth of the country-side. It was asserted that in order to prove this fact, one had only to visit his home at early morning, when he would be found pale, fagged, and panting from his night's exertions.

Somewhat less formidable but yet intimately associated with the spirits of darkness is the *chasse-galerie*. This myth is almost identical with those of the *Wild Huntsman* of Germany, and *Le Grand Vigneur* of France which portray a fierce and wicked lord who in punishment for sacriligiously enjoying the chase on Sunday was condemned to expiate his sin by hunting till the day of doom.

The *chasse-galerie* is supposed to go abroad for twelve nights after Christmas. It consists of a huge and horrible huntsman followed by hounds, various animals of the chase, unbaptised children, witches, and other gaunt and unhallowed creatures. The motly crew rush with fearful speed through the air which resounds with the cracking of whips, neighing of horses, barking of dogs, and shouting of the riders.

The *chasse-galerie* naturally frequents the neighborhood of thick woods and forests and is the especial dread of that rollicking, fearless, but superstitious brotherhood that roam the vast reaches of the Canadian wilderness. The wood-chopper sitting in the flickering light of his lonely camp fire, the trapper toiling wearily over miles of snowy wastes, the lumberman guiding his logs through swollen stream and dangerous rapids—each of these on wild nights, when scudding clouds obscured the moon and shrill winds moaned and whistled through the air, has heard suddenly above the voice of the blast a wild clamor and commotion born not of the elements but of those diabolical visitants which song and story had early taught him to shun and to fear. Then was it, hardened woodsman though he might be, that he fell upon his knees and with gasping prayer and invocation awaited the dreadful moment when the ungodly *cortege* should sweep over his head on its mad course down the sky. If there lurked, too, within his mind the memory of some dark sin unrepented and unconfessed, without doubt he prayed with still greater fervor lest he, too, should be snatched up and made to ride the air until the judgment day. It is said that the hunt may be observed safely from cross-roads, which it invariably shuns; but as the poor *voyageur* is usually far enough from this desired combination of highways, he has no recourse but to shut his eyes and let the strange cavalcade pass unseen.

Another form of the *chasse-galerie* is that in which the *voyageurs* themselves act the principal parts, although voluntarily and as the result of a carefully considered bargain with his Satanic Majesty. It is firmly believed by the people in the French settlements bordering the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers, that any one putting himself in the protection of Beelzebub during the twelve nights succeeding Christmas, may be transported in his canoe through the air at a rate of speed estimated at not less than one hundred and fifty miles an hour. The compact is not necessarily a dangerous one if faithfully complied with. If care is taken not to pronounce the name of *le bon Dieu,* not to approach the crosses on the church steeples, and not to drink liquor, the trip may be made again and again in perfect safety. Should any of these conditions remain unfulfilled, however, the soul of the unfortunate delinquent must be given up as a forfeit for his carelessness.

With this easy means of transportation at hand it is not to be wondered at that the not-too-religious lumbermen, isolated for months in the bleak cabins of their winter quarters, are often tempted to take a ride home on New Year's Eve and dance a *cotillon* or two with the pretty girls they left behind. The time allowed for the excursion is only six hours, so that al-

though they may be seen roistering and chaffing in the kitchen of some good friend near the big city of Montreal on New Year's Eve, they will be found safe back in the shanty on the Gatineau in time for the early breakfast the next morning. As for the less adventurous settlers, the sight of flying canoes, full of men paddling and singing away, under the powerful protection of *le diable,* has long since become too familiar to admit of any disbelief on the subject.

A quaint and curious custom, now fallen somewhat into disuse, but formerly much in vogue in the various provinces of Canada is that known as *"La Ignolee."*

The word *Ignolee,* or *Guignolee* as it is pronounced in some districts, indicates the song which accompanies this unique ceremony as well as the ceremony itself, and is of interest because of the clue it gives to the great antiquity of the origin of both. *"Au gui l'an neuf"* was the cry of rejoicing uttered by the ancient Druids of Gaul when a branch of mistletoe fell beneath the blades of their golden sickles, and it is this cry, corrupted through time and circumstances, which gives meaning to the present refrain; the journeying of the priests from tree to tree through their sacred forests in search of the plant undoubtedly finds imitation in the door-to-door pilgrimage which is the principal feature of the modern function.

The *Ignolee* of today is conducted in the name of charity and is a source of much enjoyment to the promoters, as well as of substantial benefit to the individual for whom it is undertaken.

It occurs always on New Year's Eve —that time of all others given over to frolic and good cheer—and as soon as the evening has well set in the half dozen men and boys forming the nucleus of the party gather hilariously at the appointed meeting-place, alert and eager for the novel expedition. They are well hooded and mittened against the biting cold of the night, and each one carries a long staff and a stout canvas bag for the transportation of the good things to be collected on the way. Occasionally, if the journey is to be a long one, a horse and sledge take the place of the more cumbersome bags.

When all is ready the little company forms into line, and with much stamping of feet and brandishing of sticks, sets gaily upon its road, the men singing with full lung power the stirring strains of the *Ignolee,* while the boys run on ahead shouting; *"La Ignolee qui vient"*—The Ignolee is coming.

The voices of the singers ring out clearly on the crisp winter air, and long before the out-runners have reached the first house selected for a tax, the farmer and his wife have caught the echo of the familiar melody and know whom to expect. Immediately the table is brought out and set with their New Year's delicacies. Then the pork barrel is visited and a generous portion of its contents made ready for the big bags, for the traditional gift on this occasion is a chine of pork, or as the song puts it *"la chignee."*

By this time the *Ignoleux* have reached the house and beating with their staves upon the door, they chant onec more the well-known measures:

"Bonjour le maitre et la maitresse
Et tous les gens de la maison.
Nous avons fait une promesse
De' v'nir vous une fois l'an,
Une fois l'an— Ce n 'est pas grand 'chose
Qu'un petit morceau de chignee."

When the song is ended the master of the house throws open the door, and with much ceremony invites the mendicants to enter and partake of such refreshments as he is able to offer them. The invitation is, of course, accepted, and there follows a half hour or so of feasting and general merriment, at the close of which the *chignee* and other good things are dropped into the bags, and the party proceeds on its way, taking to swell its ranks, a couple of the sons of the house or even the father himself if he feel inclined for a little diversion.

In this manner perhaps half the

La Chasse-Galerie.

houses in the village are visited, and at last when the voices of the singers begin to grow hoarse and weary, and the bags to gain an unpleasant weight and bulk, the *Ignoleux* turn their steps toward the home of their needy townsman, bestowing upon him the fruits of their night's labor, together with many hearty wishes for an increase of prosperity during the coming year. It is needless to say that he does not lack for pork, at least, for a good twelvemonth.

Some years ago the Mayor of Montreal gave permission to a number of young men—students and others—to "run the Ignolee," as it is phrased, in that city on the approaching New Year's Eve. The privilege was accepted with great enthusiasm but the results were somewhat disastrous, for two lively companies meeting suddenly in a narrow turn of the street, a battle ensued during which the victors seized the goods of the vanquished, and made off with them in a thoroughly natural but quite uncharitable manner. This was undoubtedly the last revival of the ancient rite in any large city of the Dominion, although the country people still occasionally find in it an amusing and praiseworthy celebration of the principal holiday of the year.

The practice of the unwritten law of *"cache,"* which obtains in the Canadian Northwest, illustrates very clearly the high sense of honor regarding the sacredness of the possessions of others which is cultivated by the inhabitants of that ungoverned region.

A man traveling through the country, heavily laden, decides to leave a portion of his burden by the way and return for it at his convenience. He stacks his goods near a tree, in a manner to indicate that they are of value, and proceeds calmly on his journey. Should he not revisit the spot for a week or more he will find his deposit unmolested and unharmed, although without doubt many a needy traveler has chanced upon the unprotected treasure during the interval.

A *"cache"* of provisions is subject to a slight modification in respect to the rule of inviolability. An Indian, perhaps, or a hunter, coming upon such when sorely in need of food, does not hesitate to satisfy his hunger from the opportunely discovered store. He takes however, only enough for his immediate needs, and after his meal he builds a little fire near by to make it apparent that neither secrecy nor theft was intended by his act.

Thus the dangers and vicissitudes of forest life have built up among its sturdy followers a code of morals that might well be imitated by the citizens of more highly civilized communities.

LE LOUP-GAROU.

WASHINGTON IRVING'S ROOM IN THE RED HORSE HOTEL.

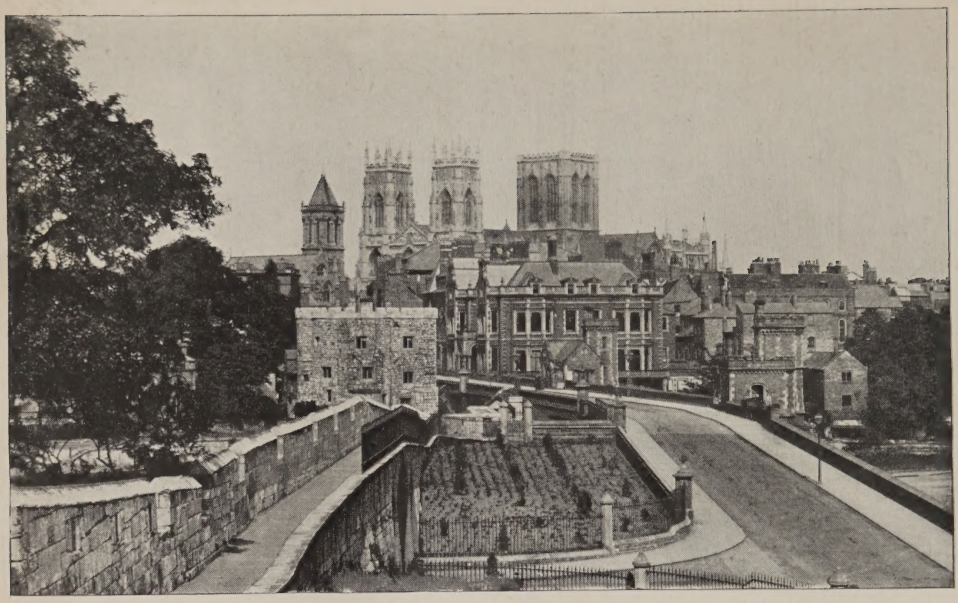
HISTORIC PLACES OF THE NOVELIST.

BY CAROLINE S. DOMETT.

One chilly night in March more than half a century ago, a traveler sat by the fire in the snug little parlor of the Red Horse Inn at Stratford-on-Avon, With curtains drawn and world shut out, he is alone in front of the cheerful hearth. The right of sole possession, and the creature comforts of a well-ordered hostelry have made him feel, that, for the time, "The chair is his throne, the poker his sceptre." Tomorrow he is to be a pilgrim to the tomb of the Immortal Bard; tonight he is a king.

The sounds of footsteps echo less frequently in the courtyard outside, and the voices of the maids in the bar across the passage have ceased. The king leans from his throne to poke the fire with his sceptre, and the clock strikes twelve. Alas! for the airy fancies awakened by that bell sounding the hour of midnight from the tower of the church under which Shakespeare lies buried! The door opens, but no sleep-walking Lady Macbeth, no flower-laden figure of sad Ophelia crosses the threshold. The chambermaid enters, and the king, rightly interpreting her remarks, meekly abdicates the arm-chair, lays down the poker, and goes to bed.

Since the days when Washington Irving crossed the ocean to visit Stratford-on-Avon, the place has been described by many writers. No more delightful account of the land of Shakespeare's birth can be found, however, than the one written by Irving in that parlor made historic through his pen. Little did the modest writer think as he sketched with quaint conceit this interior as a background to his picture, that in time yet to come much of the charm of a journey to Stratford would be lost, if the traveler failed to pay a visit to the Red Horse Inn, there to dream a while between the four walls

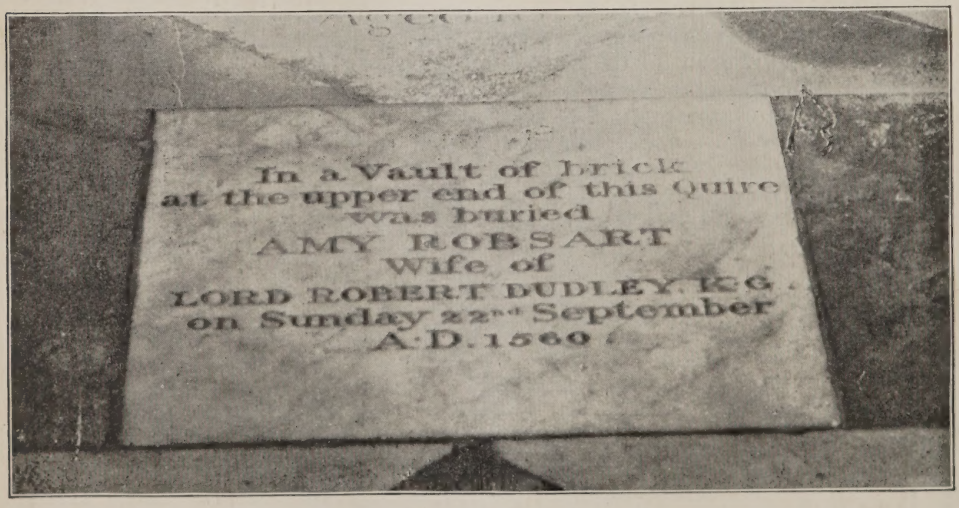


TOWERS OF YORK CATHEDRAL FROM THE BRIDGE.

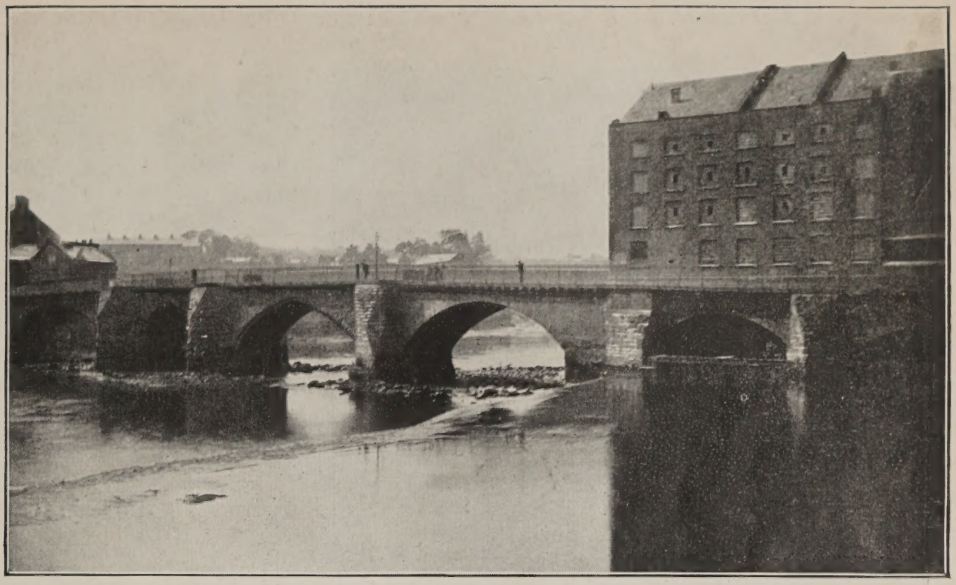
that once enclosed the kingdom of our own "Geoffry Crayon."

On the ground floor at the left of the entrance is the Washington Irving parlor, a small, cosy room facing the street. Its walls are hung with the photographs of many who have delighted to honor the American writer. Among them, Salvini, Edwin Booth, Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Ada Rehan, and, most appropriately, the face of the actor who has interpreted so well one of the legends found within the covers of the Sketch Book, as to make the names of Joseph Jefferson and Rip Van Winkle synonymous terms.

Near a picture of Sunnyside, the author's home, is the old clock that once



STONE MARKING AMY ROBSART'S GRAVE IN THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY THE VIRGIN.



"Across the Sands o' Dee." Dee Bridge, Chester.

stood in the sexton's kitchen, "with a bright warming pan hanging on one side of it, and the old man's horn-handled Sunday cane on the other." In front of the clock is the throne—the old arm-chair—taken temporarily from the chimney corner where it is usually kept, behind glass doors. Between the chair and the fire-place is a well-burnished poker with the inscription, "Goeffry Crayon's sceptre," engraved upon it. This is a highly prized treasure, and when it is brought forward to be shown to the visitor from the new world, his heart beats quicker, for the Washington Irving memento is encased in the red white and blue. The insignia of reality wraps the sceptre of romance.

In the literary "Treasure Island" called England, where one can pick up history or romance at will, truth and poetry run usually side by side. Occasionally they meet and mingle; nowhere with more delightful charm than in the story woven about the tragic fate of Amy Robsart.

Kenilworth has a long and varied history. From the time of Simon di Montfort to the period of the Commonwealth, when castle and lands fell into the hands of Oliver Cromwell, it was the abode of kings, the place of sieges, the ground for combats and tournaments. Yet, strange to say, so strong is the power of tradition, running like a silver line through the dark realities of the past that visitors to Kenilworth forget its history under the spell of the

Crowland Abbey, Where Hereward and Torfrida are Buried.

FIVE SISTERS' WINDOW.

"Magician of the North." They remember only the beautiful Amy and her fancied visit to the castle as they climb to the turret chamber where the young wife lodged, or trace out the pleasaunce where she met the queen. It speaks volumes for the genius of Sir Walter Scott that tourists to Kenilworth, day after day, will seek carefully amid ruins for scenes they know never existed.

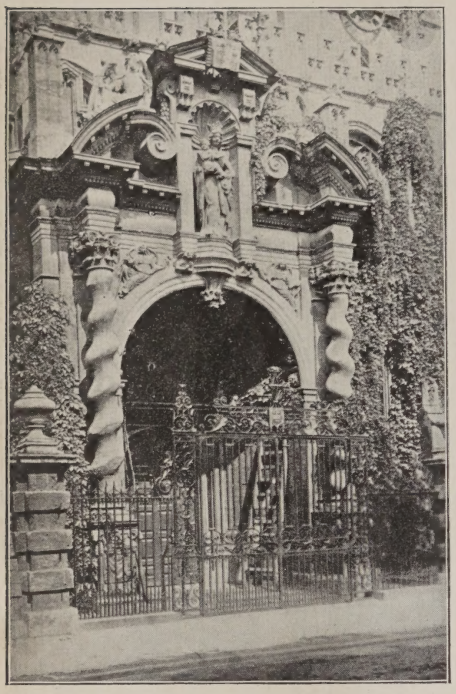
Realism at the present time has an unfortunate tendency to prune too closely those dainty flowers of fancy that have their roots planted in a foundation of truth. But in the case of Amy Robsart it is a comfort for many to learn that, in early life, she was a more important person than Robert Dudley. As heiress to the wealth of her father, it is quite probable that her husband was dependent upon her property for support, he being the younger son of a man whose estates had been forfeited to the crown. Their marriage was not a secret one, as it was celebrated on June 4, 1550, with great splendor, in the presence of Edward Sixth, king of England. The unfortunate lady was murdered, at the instigation of her husband, Lord Robert Dudley, who became the favorite of Queen Elizabeth after her accession. The revels at Kenilworth, so graphically described by the novelist, were not attended by Amy Robsart, for she had been dead thirteen years when they took place.

In the midst of time-honored old university buildings at Oxford is the church of Saint Mary-the-Virgin. Its beautiful front is graced by a vine-covered porch, which is supported by the most curious, twisted pillars. Angels guard it, and the faces of Mary and her Child, smile a welcome from above the arch.

The body of Amy Robsart was brought from Cumnor Hall, a few miles outside the city, and buried in this church of the beautiful porch. A stone near the chancel rail bears only her name and the date. The life of the young wife was sacrificed to the inordinate ambition of a court favorite.

MICKLEGATE BAR, WHERE MAGDALEN STOOD.

TEWKESBURY ABBEY, WHERE JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN, WAS MARRIED.



CHURCH OF ST. MARY THE VIRGIN, WHERE AMY ROBSART WAS BURIED.

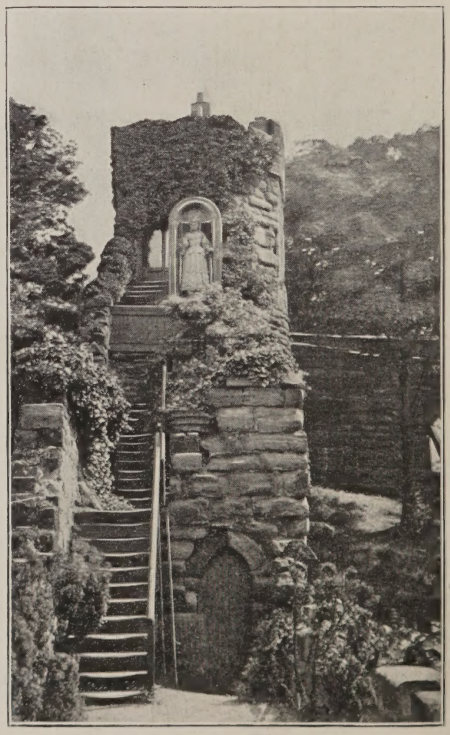
Her memory has been immortalized by the hand of Genius.

Half way between Bristol and Birmingham is a place familiar to all students of English history. It is Tewksbury, where the battle of the Bloody Meadow was fought during the picturesque, but sanguinary period, known as the War of the Roses. The Earl of Warwick, the great King-Maker, having joined forces with the house of Lancaster, King Edward of York had been obliged to take refuge in Holland. It was on his return to England that he fought the battle of the Bloody Meadow, when Tewksbury saw the victory of the house of York, and the white rose blooming above the red.

It was at the Hop Pole Inn here that Mr. Pickwick dined on the day of his memorable ride to Birmingham to visit Mr. Winkle, senior. On that interesting occasion Ben Allen sat beside him in the chaise, while Bob Sawyer and Sam Weller sang duetts from the dicky behind. It was to this town that Shakespeare referred when he made that swagger Falstaff say that Poins had "a wit as thick as Tewksbury mustard."

These events, both real and imaginary, are but as pages to a book. The mind lingers for a moment over an episode in the drama of action, then takes its flight to other scenes at command of historian or novelist.

There is one complete story, however, bound by the limits of the little town. Those who know the tale will hear the placid Avon repeat it to the Severn as they flow together to the sea. They will hear the church-bells ring it from the old tower that overlooks the narrow roads and straggling lanes of the unpretentious village where John Halifax, Gentleman, lived and loved and conquered death. Miss Mulock



QUEEN ANNE TOWER.

tells the story, and this is Norton Bury of the book. In the tiny attic yonder Phineas Fletcher found shelter for that friendless boy who was to be to him through life as David unto Jonathan. It is the attic with the fine view of the abbey tower, of the woodland and the meadow, where the simple act of looking was like reading "from a world of books." Within sound of the church bells John Halifax grew to manhood and found the crowning joy of his earthly happiness in the love of Ursula March. It was in the abbey that they were married, one golden autumn day, when John was twenty-one and Ursula eighteen. Quietly and alone the young girl walked down the aisle between the almost matchless rows of grand old Norman pillars, and plighted her troth to John at the altar. Then they went to live in the house situated in the middle of the town with the garden enclosed by four brick walls. Here little blind Muriel was born, and the bells up in the tower henceforth became associated in their minds with all that was deep, solemn and real, for Muriel loved them.

Ah! everybody in Norton Bury was very proud of the bells in the fine Norman tower, very proud of the majestic pillars in the nave, very proud of the abbey itself! In a search far and wide through the land, it would be hard to find a more noble example of an abbey church than is the one that stands out so clearly in the story of John Halifax, Gentleman.

Bulwer says, "a word to a Yorkshire man is as good as a sermon to men not born so far north." There is a determination, an uprightness, a rugged independence in the character that give strength to war and picturesqueness to romance.

Yorkshire teems with historic and literary associations, and old York Cathedral, which is itself a book in stone, contains many a wondrous story. Here, carefully guarded in its treasure-room, is the beautiful horn of Ulphus, given hundreds of years ago, as deed of land to the church, and so held by the Dean and Chapter, even to the present time. At the altar in this cathedral, Edward Fourth was crowned, and, after the murder of his sons, the "princes in the tower," here his brother was proclaimed king as Richard Third. In the silence of the nave, Oliver Cromwell has knelt as worshipper; and to Cromwell's chief officer, a Yorkshire man, is given the credit of having saved from destruction the beautiful, stained-glass windows, that are the minster's glory.

The wall that surrounds the city of York has looked down on Constantine as he walked its streets in the days of haughty Rome. It was here that he was proclaimed Emperor by the army, on the death of his father. Many times since then there have been foes without, friends within. Often did the sound of battle and clash of arms roll up from the meadow that now lies stretched in quiet beauty beyond the city. The wild and stormy past has settled into the quiet present. To-day England shows her fairest face to those who walk around the ramparts. Nowhere can one get so inspiring a view of the glorious Minster, nowhere does the river shine so brightly, nowhere do the castles show so grandly as from the city walls.

The dreamer who stops at the bridge to gaze down on the river Ouse, or to raise his eyes to the cathedral's towers, will ere long see beside him a man with "a back that seems younger than his front," who turns on him two eyes, one "bilious brown," the other "bilious green." The man moves quickly on, the dreamer follows until together they reach Micklegate, largest and most interesting of the bars across the city walls. Its tower, adorned with the arms of England and old France, casts a shadow across the way. Close to its friendly depths, as if seeking protection, stands a young girl. It is Magdalen of the No Name, Wilkie Collin's beautiful, but rebellious heroine. The man, who is no other than Capt. Wragg, accosts her, and they walk on to the end of the wall, where they des-

cend into Rosemary lane. The dreamer turns abruptly away, lest the untidy figure of Mrs. Wragg appear in the doorway to destroy the illusion of the scene.

Many places still remain in York to make historic the tale of the novelist. But if the reader of Dickens seeks for the home of the five beautiful sisters, he will seek in vain. St. Mary's Abbey, near which they lived, is now a picturesque ruin, and of the old house with its overhanging balconies of carved oak, not a trace remains. The grave in which they were buried has also disappeared and the beautiful lancet window in the north transept of the cathedral alone illustrates the story. How well the sisters must have loved all nature—the tender sapling, the limpid brook, the cool shadows of the afternoon, for the window in its clear and silvery greens, but reflects the colors that they wrought in thread as they sat together in the quiet orchard. Five large pieces of embroidery of intricate pattern but of one design were made by them during the days they spent together in youth and innocence. Time passed on, and sorrow came. One day Alice, youngest, fairest, best beloved of the maidens, was laid under the stones of the nave in the cathedral. Then the oldest sister sent for an artist of renown and bade him make a window that should reproduce in color and design, their richly embroidered work, finished long before. They placed those glorious shafts where the light fell tenderly on the name of Alice. This is the reason that the window has been known to the world for many years as the Five Sisters of York.

The wide and sweeping fenlands! The low-lying, far-reaching fenlands! Who can describe their monotonous, yet ever-changing beauty? There is a charm about the level landscape that is as fascinating in its way as are the hills and downs in other parts of "Merrie England." Here are vast acres of marsh-land reclaimed from the sea, rich and verdant with luxuriant vegetation. Here are windmills and canal boats and tow-paths and long, narrow dykes, bordered by scarlet and pink poppies that toss their heads to the sun and the breeze. Here in houses sometimes set lower than the road and reached by little bridges across the dykes that encircle them, live the people of the fenlands, descendants, perhaps, of Hereward and his followers.

The mother of Hereward was that Lady Godiva who built the great monastery at Coventry, the woman who, by high and noble daring, lifted the burden of heavy taxes from the shoulders of her people, as all the world knows. A saintly woman was the Lady Godiva, but she failed to judge her son with the tenderness of a mother. For his waywardness and transgressions she caused him to be banished many years from home and England.

Thus it was that Hereward became an outlaw, and of his wonderful achievements Charles Kingsley tells us in his novel of the name. This hero of the fenlands traveled many miles, fought in many wars, rescued many princesses in peril. By his deeds of valor he won the beautiful maiden Torfrida for his wife, and through love of the woman who believed in him when no one else did, became a better man.

Over the fenlands there had risen many monasteries, stupendous monuments to the piety and perseverance of the monks of early times. The stones with which they built were brought in boats from quarries many miles away, for the swampy lowlands yielded no granite to make easier the task of the builder. So had risen Crowland, Ely, Peterborough, and to them came the conquering foreign hosts.

Then Hereward returned to his native land, and with the followers who were glad to rally around him, fought the invader, and all went well until that unhappy day when he swerved from allegiance to his wife, Torfrida.

Fair and beautiful among the

churches of the lowlands was Crowland abbey. The Lady Godiva, weary of the world's strife and action, had already found refuge and peace within its convent. When Torfrida could no longer bear her life's degradation she, too, journeyed to Crowland and another worn and grief-stricken woman was enfolded in the sheltering arms. In hot haste Hereward followed, and demanded audience of his wife and his mother. But the women were dead to the world and he went away, only to fall into misfortune and sorrow. The nature that had been ennobled by love of a woman sank back into the vices from which she had raised him. Never again would he willingly pass within sound of the bells of Crowland abbey, nor gaze on Crowland's tower.

Life went on from bad to worse until the time when Hereward made his determined stand at Bourne against William the Conqueror. Never fought hero more desperately, nor with greater courage, than did Hereward, "last of the English." Valiantly he struggled, one man against many, to fall dead at last, pierced through with lances.

"A dirge of monks and wail of women rose
In vain to Heaven for the last Englishman,
Then died far off within the boundless mist
And left the Norman master of the land."

Torfrida went to Bourne and carried Hereward's body back over the fens to Crowland abbey, and gave it Christian burial. Every night she slept upon Hereward's tomb and prayed for his soul's repose. When Torfrida died she was laid beside him, and in the grave husband and wife were reunited.

Today the ruins of Crowland abbey stand like a ghostly temple in a city of the dead. Long ago the hand of the destroyer fell heavily on church and lands. No more the walls of monastery and convent sheltered the weary and oppressed. But the monks who went forth from Crowland, says Kingsley, "set up in those very days for pure love of learning and of teaching learning, a little school in a poor town hard by, which became under their auspices the University of Cambridge. Thus strangely mingled for good and evil are the works of men."

There is a realm of fact and fancy that is illumined by a radiance from the halo of time! The history of to-day is the romance of to-morrow. Tradition of the past is a living force under the influences of the present. Honor to the men who, by the sword, have made a mighty nation, and all honor to those who, by the pen, have made a better, brighter, happier world!

"They wove bright fables in the days of old,
When reason borrowed fancy's painted wings;
When truth's clear river flowed o'er sands of gold
And told in song its high and mystic things."

THE HYPOCRITE.

BY MICHAEL EARLS.

A sky-dropped smile and summer's odored breath
Are bosomed on the lake in rest
Gross darkness rules the undernest,
The thousand weeds and reptiles, foul as death.

THE APOSTLES OF UNBELIEF.

BY REV. J. T. ROCHE.

III.

None have been brave enough to compare any one unbeliever to Jesus of Nazareth. It has been found to be a comparison in which the great names of unbelief suffer an inglorious eclipse. Jesus, as Renan admits, stands out above and beyond any other of the sons of men. There have been apostles of Infidelity but never a Christ. There have been those who impressed their day and race, but never one whose influence has become the dominating element in a world's hopes and fears.

This instinctive acknowledgment of the unparalleled greatness of Christ forms a striking characteristic of all modern attacks on Christianity.

There has never been found an unbeliever with sufficient temerity to institute a comparison between Voltaire and Christ; and yet Voltaire is one of the greatest if not the greatest unbeliever of this or any other age. His admirers are content to contrast his life and doctrines with those of the most illustrious Christian teachers but never for a moment dream that he is entitled to usurp the place of "The Master."

Infidelity, then, it must be borne in mind, is a creed without a great and world-inspiring name, to whom the generations look for guidance and direction. Its greatest exponents are solitary dreamers, whose changing fancies supply the watchwords of the passing hour. The teachings of even the wisest amongst them are destitute of those great and enduring principles, which go to form the basis of a human code of ethics. Their lives are sadly out of harmony with that which is best and holiest in their own teachings.

Voltaire has been justly considered the greatest intellectual opponent which Christianity has encountered in our own age at least. Ingersoll says of him that *"he did more to free the human race than any other of the sons of men."* Carlyle says "with the single exception of Luther there is perhaps no other man of a purely intellectual character whose influence and reputation has become so entirely European as Voltaire. Indeed, like the German reformers, his doctrines from the first have affected not only the belief of the thinking world, silently propagating themselves from mind to mind; but in a high degree the conduct of the active and political world, entering as a distinct element into the most fearful civil convulsions, which European history has on record."

It is impossible for a Christian teacher to attempt a description of the life and character of such a man, without being accused of the prejudice, which is supposed to cling to a member of a creed, upon which Voltaire waged a life-long war; and it is only natural to expect that a man who occupied so prominent a part in the history of his own day should have reaped more than his ordinary share of calumny and misrepresentation.

We are far from accepting as true every accusation, which his contemporaries levelled against him, but there are certain undeniable facts conceded by his disciples and admirers which enable the student to form a tolerably accurate estimate of his motives and character.

"Priests and ministers, bishops and exhorters, presiding elders and popes have filled the world with slanders and calumnies about Voltaire. . . . For more than a hundred and fifty years the Christian world has fought this man and has maligned his memory. In every Christian pulpit his name has been pronounced with scorn and every pulpit has been an arsenal of slander. He is one of

whom no ortnodox minister ever told the truth. He has been denounced equally by catholics and protestants." Ing.Lat.Lect.

This is a serious indictment against a body of men observing the commandment, "*Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor*"; but, before taking issue with so serious an accusation, it may be some small measure of justice to a much maligned memory to reproduce some of the flattering encomiums which Mr. Ingersoll has lavished upon the proto-martyr of a long suffering generation of Philosophers.

"Voltaire was the greatest man of his time the greatest friend of freedom and the deadliest foe of superstition. . . . He did that which he could to civilize the disciples of Christ. . . . He pitied those who needed the aid of religion in order to be honest. . . . Sympathizing with the oppressed and imprisoned, with the unfortunate and the poor, hating tyranny and despising superstition and loving liberty with all his heart. . . . In the highest and holiest sense he was the most profoundly religious man of his time. . . . He was annoyed by the meaner and baser spirits of his time by the cringers and crawlers, by the favorites and pretenders, by those who wished to gain the favor of the priests, the patronage of nobles. . . . He was the apostle of common sense. . . . He gave us the philosophy of history. . . . He made up his mind to destroy the superstition of his time. . . . He gave the best years of his wondrous life to succor the oppressed, to shield the defenceless, to reverse infamous decrees, to rescue the innocent, to reform the laws of France, to do away with torture, to soften the hearts of priests, to enlighten judges, to instruct kings, to civilize the people, to banish from the heart of man the love and lust of war."—Ingersoll's "Lat. Lectures."

A glowing tribute certainly to the memory of a man whose war cry was "ecrasez l' infame," who strove with all the powers of a great mind to blot out from the memories of his fellowmen the last vestiges of Christian teaching.

But there is another side to the picture, other and abundant evidence that this lover of freedom and hater of tyranny, this profoundly religious philosopher and friend of the oppressed, possessed more than his share of the frailty incidental to a fallen nature, that in his zeal to reform the morals of his time, he strikingly neglected the reformation of his own, that like many another teacher he has left us the benefit of his precepts whilst depriving us of the influence of his example.

There have been those who have gone so far as to assert that to Voltaire first belongs the credit of having made hypocrisy an art, dishonesty one of the exact sciences, indecency a virtue, and lying one of the learned professions.

'He mocked the kings and titled fools of his day," but made of royal disfavor the greatest sorrow of his life. He mocked the corruption of courts, and was banished from those same courts because of his own corruption. He mocked the meanness and tyranny of those in high station but committed acts of meanness and tyranny more contemptible than those at which he mocked. He mocked popes and cardinals, bishops and priests but was as intolerant of his own opinions as if he had sat in the Cathedra of intellectual infallibility. He mocked historians who filled their books with lies, but lied with all the grace and ease and eloquence of a master hand. He mocked the haters of liberty and the persecutors of their fellowmen, but relentlessly persecuted those who made his shortcomings the object of their ridicule. He mocked the arrogance, the impudence, the unspeakable baseness of his time, but shone resplendently depraved in the midst of a depraved generation.

This is a severe arraignment but an arraignment supported by a mass of historical evidence which cannot be gainsaid. He was a man, and being a man could not be destitute of much of that goodness which every man possesses to a greater or less degree. He has given utterance to many high and noble thoughts. Genius in an extraordinary degree he certainly possessed. We are not, however, weighing him in

the light of human genius, but as the propounder of a new creed and the destroyer of the old, as one who made the Nazarene and His teachings the subject of his mockery and failed both by precept and example to supply a substitute capable of protecting his deluded followers from the disastrous effects of this tearing down of things human and divine.

In the first week of May in the year 1778 the city of Paris witnessed an unusual scene. The whole city went out to welcome as a conqueror the man who had been exiled from it for twenty-seven years. The Academy of Immortals came down to meet him. He is received with acclamations on every side. He is seated on a throne and crowned with laurel as the greatest of the sons of France—"a monarch by the divine right of genius."

The monarch is Voltaire. He is an old man, four score and four years old. For sixty years he has waged war on Christianity and all that is Christian. He has made the toiling, down-trodden and hunger-pinched masses believe that the worse than pagan oppression of their corrupt rulers is a part of the gospel of Christ. He taught them to believe that a nobility nominally Christian, but in reality unbelievers, ruled them with a rod of iron with the approval and blessing of the Church of Christ. "Lie, lie," he had said, "and some of it will stick." He and his kind did their work well. Before fifteen years had elapsed men who saw that crowning witnessed scenes of cruelty and violence such as the world had never seen, since the days of Roman despotism. Paris waded knee deep in the blood of her own children and France paid the bloodiest price a nation ever paid for unchristian rulers and unbelieving teachers.

It is not our purpose to consider Voltaire solely in the light of his influence upon his contemporaries. It is natural to look to a man's life for the evidence of things which his lips profess, for by no other standard may a man be judged. '*By their fruits shall men know them*," said the Saviour. The test of the false prophet is the unfailing test of an unrighteous life; and it becomes the duty of the disciple to tear the mask of innocence from the face of him who hath sat in judgment on the Master.

We will, however, let those speak whose names are better known to the student than ours, whose opinions have been formed after careful and impartial study; and who had little interest in presenting Voltaire to the world as other than he really was. "We have no instance," says Carlyle, "of his fighting for a quite discrowned and outcast truth. His first question with regard to any doctrine, perhaps his final test of its worth and genuineness, is, can others be convinced of this? Can I truck it in the market for power. . . . If we inquire into his motive it was at the most a vulgar one—ambition. . . . He acknowledges no higher divinity than public opinion, for whatever he asserts or performs, the number of votes is the measure of strength and value." So much for the exalted motives that animated him in his war against Christianity. Continuing, Mr. Carlyle says, "He meddled in religion without he himself being religious. He entered the temple and remained there with a levity which in any temple where men worship can beseem no brother man. He warred with Christianity without understanding beyond the merest superfices what Christianity is."

Brougham styles him "an enemy to religion, whose assaults were directed by malignant passions, aided by unscrupulous contrivances and above all pressed by the unlawful weapon of ridicule. Reasoning, not ridicule, is the proper remedy of religious error."

Voltaire considered his greatest literary masterpiece to be his "La Pucelle d'Orleans." Of this Lord Brougham says, "The indecency, amounting almost to obscenity, which pervades nearly the whole composition, cannot be excused on the plea that it is only witty licentiousness."

Frederick,* "Der grosser-schehlm," "the great,—thief," another infidel, wrote of him to D'argot, "Voltaire behaved here like a consummate scoundrel and a cheat and I paid him off as he deserves. He is a wretch and for the honor of genius I am sorry that a man who was so much should be so full of mischief. 'Voltaire is the most wicked fool I have ever known,' is good to read. You cannot imagine what duplicity, cheating and villiany he practiced here."

We presume Frederick refers to the well known incident in which Voltaire was accused of extensive swindlings, cheating and forgery, in collusion with one Hirsch, a Dresden Jew. As a sample of his tolerance for the opinion of others we are informed that through his influence D'Armand had been exiled from the court of Frederick, and some writer says of him that he had as little idea of tolerance towards others as he had of dignity in himself. Saintsbury says, "He was inordinately vain, totally unscrupulous in gaining money, in attacking an enemy, or in protecting himself when in danger.

For sixteen years he maintained an illicit and open liason with the wife of the Marquis de Chatelet, and this much lauded lady, the "Divine Emily," had the unusual privilege of having to all intents and purposes three husbands all living at the same time and all on terms of the most cordial intimacy, "all this being," as Saintsbury again observes, "incomprehensible to persons of our race, it were useless to expend words upon it. These people had amended one of the ancient commandments by striking out the word *'not'* and adding, *but thou shalt commit no indecorum."*

If the acts of this Apostle of Infidelity be "in the highest and holiest sense" the "standard "of the most profoundly religious" amongst the children of unbelief, then it were not improbable that a day is coming when a new calendar of "the saints" shall be held up to the admiration of the world in which the swindler and the defamer, the perjuror and the oppressor, the 'roue' and the blasphemer, shall shine as the stars for all eternity.

In the end of his interesting lecture on Voltaire, Mr. Ingersoll propounds a few questions which up to the present time we have never seen answered. They constitute one of those transports of eloquent inaccuracy for which the author is justly famous, one of those outbursts which never fail to elicit the applause of the unthinking crowd, one of those numerous examples in which the author like another Macauley never hesitates to sacrifice a fact to round a sentence.

> "What cardinal, what bishop, what priest of France ever raised his voice for the rights of man? What ecclesiastic, what nobleman took the side of the oppressed—of the peasant? Who denounced the frightful criminal code—the torture of suspected persons? What priest pleaded for the liberty of the citizen? What bishop pitied the victims of the rack? Is there a grave of a Priest in France on which a lover of liberty would drop a flower or a tear? Is there a tomb holding the ashes of a saint from whch emerges one ray of light?"

Had the unbeliever never heard of a Francis of Sales, a Vincent of Paul, who walked the streets of Paris by night to rescue from exposure and death the infants which the votaries of unbelief had cast forth to perish in the street? Had he never heard of the gentle sisters of Charity founded by the same Vincent of Paul to cope with the misery and wretchedness of the poor and downtrodden of the world? Had he never heard of those illustrious founders of the great religious and philanthropic institutes which are the glory and honor of the French race—the founders of refuges for fallen women, of homes for the orphan, the aged and the poor, whose work is evi-

*Frederick received this unenviable title because of his having sold the mint to the Jews who issued a debased coinage, which his own government afterwards refused to receive in payment for taxes, etc., etc.

dent in every land and in whose beneficence every race and creed have shared? Valiant and mighty are thy words, O infidelity, but few and far between are thy works! Which will be the more honorable in the eyes of the ages yet to be, the France that gave to the world the great institutes that have gone down to the sick, the poor, the lowly, the aged, the wretched, the fallen and the outcast of the earth, or the France that let loose upon the world the fiery revolutionary brood of which Voltaire is "the highest and holiest" type?

The priest of France has been weighed in the balance and not found wanting. He has been found kneeling by the side of the plague-stricken when the unbeliever was fleeing in terror. He was not found writing slanderous essays, or penning prurient verses, but he stood for the rights of man when man was robbed of every right in the name of liberty, equality and fraternity. When pestilence raged he constituted himself physician, consoler and friend, faithful unto death. If poverty was the portion of the people, the priest, not the unbeliever, shared with them his slender purse. If affliction weighed upon them and the hand of their unbelieving masters was heavy upon them, it was the priest who sustained and supported them in the hour of trial.

The priests of France were not braggarts. The performance of heroic deeds were to them the ordinary duties of a high and holy calling. In jails and prisons, in lazarettos and leper-houses, in the pest-infected wards of the Hotels de Dieu, by the bedside of the sick and dying they were to be found, bringing with them light and consolation, comfort and peace.

Or mayhap in the very hour in which Voltaire was making him the object of his biting raillery the French priest was penetrating the depths of some American forest to teach, and often at the cost of his own life, the savage aborigine that purity was beloved of God, that cruelty was a crime against His laws, that the white man who sold the Indian whiskey and corrupted his wives and daughters were not Christians but unbelievers. It was a French priest upon whose ears fell from savage lips the gladsome words, "welcome Black Gown, how bright the sun shines when thou comest to visit us."

One hundred and thirteen years before the hour in which Voltaire was crowned, a French priest was borne, in a dying state, down to the shore of Lake Michigan, borne tenderly in the arms of the children of the forest whom he loved and who loved him in return. And they laid him down to die as he prayed to die—in the wilderness and amongst his beloved Illini. He called those children of the forest around him one by one; and when they came he spoke their names and kissed them, and taking off the crucifix his mother in far-off France had given him, he placed it in the hands of one of them, asking him to hold it raised before him, and then, with his hands clasped and his eyes raised to the sacred symbol, he thanked God for the grace He did him, in permitting him to die a missionary of Jesus Christ. Silent for a time, he said slowly, *'my soul hangs upon His word,'* and the spirit of the great Marquette, priest, missionary and explorer, had passed to its Creator and Saviour. *'Greater love than this no man knoweth.'* Marquette, Voltaire! whose tomb is today the more glorious? He who unfolded to the savage outcasts of civilization their high, immortal destiny, or he who strove with all his might and power to erase every vestige of hope from the tombstones of the world.

Lavigerie and Dupriet in Africa, Chanel in Polynesia, Broebeuf, Lallamant and Jogues in America, De Maistre and Joubert in Corea, Perboyre, Torette, Marchand and Bonnard in China, Martin, Vasconcellos, De Choisel, Maury and Saint Esteran in India are but a few illustrious names out of many thousands of heroic French priests, whose memory will be held in benediction till time shall be no more.

Voltaire, like Renan, never consider-

ed himself to be a pure atheist. In his letter to M. Villevielle, he wrote: "My dear Marquis, there is nothing good in atheism. The system is very bad both in physics and morals. A good man may very well inveigh against superstition and fanaticism and may detest persecution. He renders a service to mankind if he diffuses the principles of toleration; but what good can he do by disseminating those of atheism? Will men be more virtuous for not acknowledging a God, who enjoins the practice of virtue? Assuredly not. I would have princes and ministers to acknowledge a God—aye more, a God who punishes and who pardons. Without this restraint I would consider them ferocious animals, who to be sure would not eat me after a plentiful meal, but certainly would devour me were I to fall into their clutches when they are hungry, and who, after they had picked my bones would not have had the least idea that they had done anything wrong." From all of which it appears that he would have cherished a poor opinion of those atheists who in our days have constituted themselves the defenders of his reputation, and that he would have justly dreaded the "hungry clutches" of his feeble imitators of recent times. He always looked upon professional atheists as a menace to the welfare of a nation, and dreaded the times when "neither debtor, lawyer or judge should believe in God."

Speaking of a contemporary work, Voltaire says, "I should be very sorry to be the author of that work, not only as an academician but likewise as a philosopher and particularly as a citizen. It is diametrically opposed to my principles. It leads to atheism, which I abhor. I have always considered atheism as the greatest aberration of reason, because it is quite as ridiculous to say that the arrangement of the universe is no demonstration of a supreme artisan, as it would be impertinent to assert that a watch is no proof of the existence of a watchmaker."

Was Voltaire then an unbeliever? Certainly! for whilst holding to the existence of God and to a belief in certain vague and indetermined moral obligations he totally rejected the divine nature and mission of Christ; mocked at His precepts and went further than any other unbeliever before or since in attacking His moral character, motives and example.

Like many other unbelievers, Voltaire's motives are hard to understand. He hated the existing order of things religious and political, and labored with all his might to overturn them. The age in which he lived was as Carlyle truly said, an age of "self love, materialism, barrenness even to the disbelief in all possibility of virtue; an age in which vice stalked imperiously abroad, till the body politic, long since deprived of its circulating fluids, had now become a putrid carcass and fell in pieces to be the prey of ravenous wolves."

Voltaire by his genius and nature was well fitted to be the leader of this horde of "ravenous wolves." It was his voice that inspired the war-cries and shibboleths of the dark days of the reign of terorr, his wild, unreasoning cry "ecrasez l'infame" that supplied the watchword of a century of anarchy and revolution.

Rousseau's genius differed essentially from that of Voltaire. Voltaire was a realist, Rousseau an idealist. Contemporaries in an age in which were heard the distant rumblings of the earthquake that was to overwhelm French society, they did not live to witness the consequences of the work they had inaugurated. Dying in the same year, 1778, they escaped the "hungry clutches" of their disciples, who, as Voltaire prophesied, preyed upon one another's lives, and were in turn swallowed up in the wild vortex which they had helped to create.

Rousseau like Voltaire believed in a supreme being, a future state, and the excellence of virtue; but denying all revealed religion, he would have men advance in the ways of natural virtue

freely and proudly, from love of virtue itself and not from any sense of duty or obligation. His own confessions stamp him a moral degenerate, a depraved being, who rejoiced in his depravity. His five children he surrendered without a pang to the care of a Christian foundling institute. The mother who bore them, without the sanction of the marriage tie, was cast aside at his pleasure, but nevertheless as Ingersoll says, *"he did his best to civilize the Christians of his day."* Rousseau, as some one has truly said, was a strange mixture of the good and bad. Cherishing ideals of purity and innocence, he sank deep in the mire of sensuality; an uncompromising optimist, he looked out upon the whole world lying in wickedness; a lover of freedom, he aimed at establishing in his "social contract" the greatest of tyrannies. His works are written in a chaste and elegant style and abound with beautiful thoughts as well as the most abominable licentiousness. The effect of his influence upon his age is a matter of controversy. Many look to Rousseau's works for the first wave of that religious reaction which culminated in Chateaubriand and Lammenais. To others he is, even more than Voltaire, the chief apostle of that cult which Chateaubriand himself described as culminating in "a generation of mad philosophers, impudent bawds and ferocious brutes."

The apostles of unbelief are almost without exception a class of men in whose lives we look in vain for exalted motives, self-sacrifice, toleration, zeal for the cause of truth or practical benevolence towards their fellow-men. They utter high-sounding phrases, "tear the heavens to tatters" with their denunciations of wrong and injustice, but never lift a finger to touch the burdens that weigh upon the shoulders of humanity. They revile the old saints, any one of whom carried more practical charity in a single fold of his mantle than has ever emanated from the whole Apostolic College of Unbelief. They are dreamers and visionaries who mistake dreams and visions for the hard realities of life. They are mock physicians who fancy that the cure is effected when the panacea is prescribed, and it is thus with them all—Voltaire, Rousseau, Hume, Gibbons, Paine, Ingersoll—six of unbelief's greatest names—and what practical benefit has humanity reaped from their existence? Surely not the benefit of righteous and self-sacrificing lives! Proclamations of liberty, equality and fraternity forsooth, but, as a witty Frenchman once said, from what we know of infidel brotherhood most of us would prefer to be their cousins.

The best thing that Ingersoll can say of Hume is that he did not steal or commit murder, or turn from his door a woman with a child in her arms, or believe in Scottish Presbyterianism.

It required a pamphlet of almost one hundred pages from the same verile pen to prove that Paine "did not live a drunken and beastly life and die a drunken and beastly death"; and I do not think his evidence to the contrary is conclusive. I had much rather believe the testimony of those who bear witness to Paine's degradation than the gratuitous denial of one who manifested in his life an evident aptitude for juggling facts, when it was necessary to establish a case.

Every loyal American cherishes a sympathetic regard for the man who penned the eloquent words of the "Rights of Man." It is to be hoped that an impartial study of Paine's life will brand as calumnies many of the hard things which have been uttered concerning him. Christianity does not stand by propagating falsehoods concerning its adversaries, and if, in the years to come, Paine's reputation can be cleared from the aspersions which his contemporaries cast upon it, Christians should rejoice that *one* "Apostle of Infidelity" has been found, against whom the tongue of slander has wagged in vain.

Since beginning this article Ingersoll has been suddenly summoned before that tribunal, of which, by his own

profession, he stood in such little fear. It is fitting that, now, whilst his death is fresh in the minds of men, his influence for good or evil should be estimated, and the causes which led to his popularity examined.

It bodes ill for some forms of Christianity, in the United States, that Ingersoll should have had so considerable a following. It is an evidence that the utmost liberality of religious thought has led where it logically should, to the denial of all religion, that much that passes current for "Christianity" is a watered infidelity which needs but the touch of a sympathetic hand to make it stand forth in all its naked ugliness.

For a quarter of a century Ingersoll has been the acknowledged high-priest and general-in-chief of the American army of unbelievers. Bold, fearless, audacious, eloquent, aggressive and unscrupulous, he has brought to his attacks on Christianity a rare power of ridicule and a genius for strange phraseology which made the old libels of Julian and Celsus seem like newly discovered truths.

With Ingersoll Infidelity is ever a generous client, and he a conscienceless attorney determined to win his case at any cost. His nature was incapable of generosity or fairness in debate; and in no line or page of his writings can we discover that dignity, manliness, honor and honesty, which should characterize the treatment of any subject, even those less sacred than the tenets of Christianity. With him all Christians are imbeciles, hypocrites, fools or knaves; all infidels, sages, benefactors, heroes and saints. The only real unselfishness, which the world has ever witnessed, has not been that of Christianity's ministrations to the poor and the lowly, the naked and the diseased, the broken-hearted and the despairing, the sick and the afflicted, but the cheerful spirit of self-sacrifice consequent upon filling high-priced lecture engagements, and the many discomforts attached to a share in the excessive royalties of atheist publications.

Ingersoll has done much harm. His influence upon the half-educated and the half-instructed in religious matters has been disastrous in the extreme. Voltaire sneered before him, but the world recoiled at the sight of the terrible fruits which his teachings bore. Hume and Gibbons philosophised, but they were too hard and logical for the "vulgar crowd." Paine reasoned and denounced, but his reasonings and denunciations lacked the charms and graces with which Ingersoll clothed his attacks.

Ingersoll covers the hideous skeleton of Infidelity with all the beauty and loveliness of which the language is capable. His fiercest onslaughts are poems of which Ossian might feel proud. His epigrams will be remembered when Rochefaucauld is forgotten. His apotheosis of the humble virtues of the fireside and the domestic circle would lead us to believe that to infidelity belongs the honor of having discovered the sacred names of wife and child and mother and home. Tested by the standard of intellect and of truth he is nothing more than a refurbisher of ancient fables, a propagator of long discarded calumnies, an unfair adversary who utters half-truths with all the power and earnestness of firmly-established propositions.

Tested by results he is the most dangerous man of the age. During his life he gathered about him a coterie of "jejune infidels and adolescent atheists" who fancy they have found in him the Moses of a new dispensation that is destined to supplant Christianity and make of man's frail reason a "King of Kings and Lord of Lords." Of his private character we know little save that he was of the common mould, far removed from that high ideal of Christian manhood found in those numberless children of the faith "who reverence their conscience as their king and whose glory is redressing human wrongs, who speak no slander, no! nor listen to it."

Ingersoll's obituary notices have been of a two-fold character. Some have praised him as an ideal father and husband, a devoted friend and model citizen. Others again have intimated that the carnal appetite was predominant in his nature—that there have been passages in his life over which the veil of charity may well be thrown—that his professional career was almost invariably sordid and unscrupulous.

Christianity is not a ghoul that fastens itself upon the dead bodies of its enemies to gloat over the evidences of moral turpitude. It mourns rather that a brilliant intellect, such as Ingersoll's was should have been employed in tearing away the foundations of faith.

It is a cause of grief that a soul which God has created for His love and for His glory, should have read in the heavens, that man's existence is an impenetrable mystery—that his life has no higher purpose than the inorganic matter by which he is surrounded—that his passing away is as a vapor that riseth from the sea—that all the beauty and glory and harmony of God's creation is meaningless and purposeless and vain and void.

In the September number of the Review of Reviews Rev. William Hayes Ward, D.D. makes the assertion that Ingersoll's "shafts do not hit very much of the intelligent and scholarly faith of the day." He gives as his reason for this assertion, the remarkable changes, which the religious views of the country have undergone during the last generation. "Inspiration" he says "means something very different from all the fullness of sense put on the words in the days of Mr. Ingersoll's youth." Hell, he intimates, has improved considerably since Ingersoll was born. Its physical pains are to be understood in a spiritual sense. The words of Christ are to be accommodated to a more liberal interpretation. We have come to a place where the "mistakes of history and science in the Bible frighten us no longer," and "an ethical and progressive development of religious views" makes it possible to throw the mantle of fellowship around the Jew and unbeliever.

In other words the views which Ingersoll so assiduously propagated have become widely prevalent in evangelical circles, and the Rev. William Hayes Ward, D.D. has not escaped contamination.

No longer do we hear those ancient ministerial professions of faith in the sacred scriptures. In vain do we listen for the voices of the shepherds who, long ago, warned their flocks of the "exterior darkness" and "everlasting fire." The high tide of Infidelity has, we fear, swept away the moorings of evangelical orthodoxy. 'Heretic' and 'Hell' are fast becoming obsolete terms; and the universal brotherhood of Pagan, Jew and Christian here, and their universal beatitude here-after constitute the chief tenet of that "progressive Christianity which Ingersoll never touched."

The whole tenet of Dr. Ward's article demonstrates the truth of what we have already asserted, viz.—that, judged by results, Ingersoll has been one of the most dangerous of Christianity's opponents. The poison of his teachings permeates the whole atmosphere of evangelical Christianity to such an extent that it were safe to predict that another generation of "ethical and progressive Christianity" will land the great American liberal, so-called Christian, majority in the hospitable lap of downright and avowed atheism.

THE HAND OF THE CRUSADER.

BY KATHERINE TYNAN HINKSON.

CHAPTER I.

A SKELETON.

The big kitchen glowed like copper. There was a fire of coke in the open grate, with a log to the back of it. The walls were umber-brown with the smoke of the half-dried wood; the floor had been newly reddened with ochre, and the tables scrubbed with freestone, showed here and there a high light from a speck of talc. The tins were freshly polished, the dresser with all its gay crockery had had its face washed; and Bridget Cormack, maid of all work was free to enjoy the golden hour before it was time to get the mistress's tea.

"I'll be makin' a few crame cakes for them," she muttered to herself. "Not that the mistress'll know the differ, but Miss Meg's more delicate in the appetite, as is but natural, seein' how the mistress rared her, God help her."

She went into the little dim dairy, full of green light from the low window, and smelling sweetly, and brought out her jug of rich cream.

She was mixing it with the flour in a yellow earthenware basin, when the door was softly opened from the interior of the house, and a girl came into the kitchen.

"May I come and sit with you for a while, Bridget?" she asked. The house is lonely with mother out all those hours."

"Ye're welcome as the flowers o' May, Miss Meg," said Bridget, warmly. "See here now. Just pull the stool up by the fire while I'm bakin' the cakes. The very first wan that's done I'll give you for yourself."

"As you used to when I was a little girl," said Meg O'Donoghue, smiling faintly.

"You're little more than that today, darlin'," said the old servant, with an affectionate glance at the slim, young figure and graceful head, with its curls of vivid, chestnut hair piled high upon it. "For all you're so well grown and womanly-lookin'."

"Is mother always out so late?" the girl asked.

"Always; except when she's later, an' that'll be the night before the market, or in the lambin' saison, or when there's crops to be saved an' the weather looks like breakin'. Sure she's a terrible busy woman altogether."

"And when she comes in she's so tired that she fell asleep the minute tea is over, and only wakes up to take her candle and drag herself to bed more asleep than awake. It doesn't seem right, Bridget; that her life should be all work and sleep. Even the horses roll about in the pastures and enjoy themselves after their day's work; but poor mother has no heart for enjoyment. She only wants sleep. How is it, Bridget, that she must work so hard?"

"Indeed, then," said Bridget evasively, "she's the terrible great little woman, so she is, and she doesn't feel it, Miss Meg, not as you do for her. She's got into the way of it. She'd be lost widout it now, so she would."

"Has she no friends, Bridget?"

"She hasn't time for them, Miss Meg. Sure there's many the wan feels kindly towards her for the sake of ould times, an' the fine ould respected family yez are. But Killisky's out o' the way, an' people gets tired of comin' and findin' the mistress always out or busy. That's how it is, jewel."

"She wasn't always so, Bridget."

"No then, she wasn't, Miss Meg. She had the lightest foot an' the natest

figure in the barony when she married your father. 'Twas a sight to see her dancin' at her own weddin'. She was like a rose on a bush playin' in the south wind. An' her eyes—you've got her eyes, Miss Meg,—like the waters of a trout strame stalin' along in the dark over little pebbles o' gold. There was never a bride like her in the country; nor won't be, till you stand up yerself, Miss Meg."

"And father," said the girl, dreamily, "father was handsome too. Though he was so thin and wasted when he was dying, I seemed to remember in him the gay young father of long ago, before mother put me to school in France, and kept me there all those years till he was dying."

"He was handsome, God forgive him," said the old servant grimly.

"Bridget," said the girl, turning on her a sudden flash of those golden eyes, "tell me—I am old enough to know—why did mother leave me all those years at school? I never went home like the other girls. I always wondered why. Now tell me."

"Why don't you ask herself, child?"

"Poor little mother! She has never time to tell me anything. But I must understand. I am not a child any longer. Why should she work, and I be brought up never to soil my fingers? It is not right, Bridget."

"Whisht, jewel," said Bridget. "She set her heart on you bein' rared delicate. Look now, she's like a man—an' there are some such in the world—that'll work till he drops, while the wife an' daughters plays the pianny and wears satin to their backs."

"I don't think much of the wife and daughters."

"Your mother's child wouldn't. But listen now, don't go disappointin' her. Make yerself happy, child, with your books an' flowers, an' bits o' fancy work an' fal-lals. An' make friends for yerself, love. The mistress'll never say no to you, though I'm afraid she's rooted in the ould ways herself."

"I don't suppose I could make friends, Bridget, at least not very many. I don't know their ways, and they don't know mine. The friends I care for are away in France."

Her eyes grew wistful. She was thinking of how she and her friend Germaine used to pace the sandy walks of the school garden, and their long talks together. Germaine, highly born and without a dot, was to marry her cousin, M. St. Victor, a lieutenant of Chasseurs. It was a family arrangement, and Germaine had accepted it, while shrinking from the life and the world she knew nothing of. The life of Paris, as she dimly imagined it, made Germaine afraid. To leave all she cared for, her father, her brother Paul, the old chateau,swung on its high rock, the pure, sweet, austere life, her pet lamb, her pigeons, her poor,—and for a man whom she had never seen, and feared as we fear the unknown, and a life she hated without knowing it. Poor Germaine went to her bridegroom like a lamb going to the slaughter.

Meg and the French girl had sworn eternal friendship. No; she was not likely to find anything like the fine ascetic spirit that had looked at her from her friend's plain, high-bred face, among the country maidens and matrons of her. native place. Dimly it came to her mind that her mother's plan for her had made her unsuited to the life she must lead. St. Cyr, with its aristocratic pupils, had been an odd choice for the training ground of the daughter of an Irish farmer.

"But you have not told me, Bridget, why mother sent me away," she said, breaking her musings, "and why she, who was so pretty, must stand the wind and weather in a man's rough coat, and do things for which a woman is not fitted."

"Never think little of her for it, Miss Meg," broke in Bridget, impetuously. "'Tis the brave little woman she is, and the ould rough frieze coat on her a finer thing thin silks and satins."

Meg gazed at her with wide eyes of surprise.

"There, child," went on Bridget. "Don't mind me. I wasn't thinkin' you'd be despisin' her as some might. You're not your mother's daughter for that. Still, 'tis right you should know what she's done for you, Miss Meg, and if she won't tell you, I will. Do you remember anything of your father at all, Miss Meg?"

"I remember we were very fond of him. He used to give us things when mother refused us. Children notice such things, and we thought mother was hard with him and us. Once, it was Dermot's birthday, and father would give him punch at dinner, and mother snatched it from him, and Dermot cried, and father was angry. We were only children, and we thought mother harsh and that she spoilt our pleasure."

"The Lord forgive yez, Miss Meg."

"We were only children. I always loved mother the best, but Dermot thought there was no one like father, and would always do as he did."

"An' the Lord took Master Dermot innocent, praise be to His Name. He was his father over again. Ye wor a bit of a thing whin the mistress sent ye away, but sharp. Did ye never notice anything wrong wid the master, God rest him?" said the old servant.

The girl suddenly reddened all over her warmly-tinted face, a dark flush of shame that for the moment blasted her beauty.

"I thought sometimes," she began hesitatingly.

The old servant nodded her head several times.

"Ye guessed, Miss Meg. I often thought ye might have, rememberin' the sharp little thing ye wor. But what do childer know about such things? The habit grew on him, Miss Meg, God forgive him, and at last it came to that, that we had to shut out the world, an' hide him from the eyes that would have looked scorn on him, an' keep him from the false friends that would have destroyed him sooner thin he did himself. I held the house agin the people, Miss Meg; an' the mistress that was so soft and purty she took the man's part, an' went out an' managed the land herself. Else where would yez be but in the poor house this day? What good was her woman's finery an' fal-lals among the sheep an' cattle, an' agin the winter winds? So she put on the man's coat, an' to fair an' market she wint like any man o' them. There was many a wan to look crooked at her, an' say she was more like a man nor a woman. I wint through her thrials wid her, an' to me this day she's like a saint, Miss Meg, aye, all that."

The girl leant forward with parted lips and a curiously tragic and tense expression.

"Tell me more," she said, as the old servant paused.

"Aye, will I, lest you be ever tempted to despise her man's coat, an' her brogues, and the hard weather-beaten face of her. There was she fightin' the world with her soft hands —for mind it took time to harden them; an' at home, what was there? No man, Miss Meg, for whin the drink enters a man it brings the divil along wid it. There he was, cryin' for drink wan hour, an' the next full of it, an' a ravin' madman. We never knew where he got it. It came down the chimbley or in through the kay-hole to him. There was many wan thought, like yerselves, childher, that we was cruel to the poor master. God forgive them their folly an' ignorance. Many's the night after she'd come in, dead-fagged, that she had to watch him all night to keep him from doin' himself harm. Aye, wid her life in her hands, for whin the fit was on him he was like a mad dog, an' his fury all for her that was best to him. Tryin' to murder her he was now, an' agin he'd be cryin', wid his face in her lap, because the divil was out of him, an' he seein' clear the misfortune an' wreck an' ruin he'd brought on all about him. There was years of it, Miss Meg; enough to kill twenty women, for he was strong, an' whin we could keep the drink from him he came to him-

self wonderful. He' took a dale o killin' indeed. An' through it all the mistress never despaired. She hid his shame, an' she took his work, an' to the last she kept hopin' the Lord 'ud give him back to her in his right mind."

"She loved him still?" said the girl, in a low incredulous voice.

"In her heart, then, as to-day, she never had blame for him. Ye're only a child, an' don't know the ways of women at all, Miss Meg, though you're so clever."

"I should have hated him."

"Whisht, Miss Meg. Don't use the word of your own father. I can forgive him myself now that he's gone. Och you're lookin' pale, child. Maybe I oughtn't to have told you; but I couldn't bear to think ye might ever look down upon her."

"You were right to tell me, Bridget. *She* never would."

"She! She'd cut her tongue out first. An' don't you go lettin' her know you know, Miss Meg. She couldn't bear blame to come near the memory of him that's gone. She thinks, God bless her, that we kept the saycret close. But, sure, such things always creeps out."

"I suppose they do," said the girl, again flushing darkly.

"So now, ye see, darlin', how it is she works like a man, an' has no friends nor fal-lals, an' even gev up her little girl that she might be spared her own shame and sorrow."

"Yes," said the girl slowly. "Now I see."

CHAPTER II.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

Mrs. O'Donoghue came in with a lagging step, her boots heavy with clay from the wet fields, her coat sodden with the rain and mire. She was a little body to bear the dragging weight, which had better suited one of her own stout farm laborers; but the spirit in her eyes was unquenched for all their fatigue.

"Why Meg," she said, as her daughter came into the hall to meet her. "Meg! And to help me off with my coat, too! Never mind, child, I'm used to doing for myself."

"I know," said Meg, with an odd little air of determination. "You've been used to it too long. But now it is going to be different."

The indomitable woman stood to have her coat taken off, with a bewildered look. When it was hung up on its high nail, her daughter passed a caressing arm about her, and drew her with her into the parlor. She stood a head and shoulders over her little mother.

"How comfortable you have made it!" sighed the tired woman. "I should never have thought of a fire myself, being the first of June as it is."

"And all the country black with rain all day," said the daughter, pushing her into a chair. "No, not your old trodden-down slippers. Here is a pair I have never worn, soft and warm. They'd be too big for you, only you have so misused your feet. And here are dry stockings."

She knelt down, and took one of her mother's feet into her hand with an air of such tenderness as that with which the mother might have held her own little feet some twenty years before.

"Would you have worn those damp stockings if I had not been here to prevent it?" she asked tenderly.

"'Deed then, I might, dearie. Just as like as not I'd never have noticed the stockings were damp."

"Then I've come just in time," said the daughter, with affectionate grimness.

(To be continued.)

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

The Rev. J. T. Roche, Rector of St. Mary's Church, David City, Nebraska, is already well known to readers of Donahoe's, who have read with deep interest and spiritual profit his scholarly papers on "Belief and Unbelief." One important result of Father Roche's work, and a cause of thanksgiving for all Catholics, is the erection of a beautiful memorial church, in Bruno, Neb. In the Christmas Donahoe's, 1898, Father Roche made an earnest forceful plea in the interests of neglected Catholics, presenting their spiritual needs and deploring the "Costly Indifference" that caused such loss to the Church. A wealthy gentleman in Philadelphia was touched by the appeal and erected a church in honor of the Christ-Child and in loving memory of his own two little ones. Thus he gave enduring form to the thought suggested by Father Roche's words: "I do not know of any nobler way of giving to the Lord than that of raising an altar to His name, amongst those who stand in need of the Church's ministrations." With that fine spirit of charity that asks no worldly approval the benefactor wished to have his name kept from the public. But the deed should be widely known as an example to other wealthy Catholics, and also as an instance of what can be accomplished through the Catholic press.

REV. J. T. ROCHE.

Father Roche is a devoted priest, an untiring worker for the good of his people, and a writer whose books have won wide recognition. He is the author of two books, "Month of St. Joseph for people in the

world," and "Obligation of hearing Mass on Sundays and Holy-days." The latter, intended for a handbook for priests in their visits to careless Catholics, passed through two editions in one year, and has become exceptionally popular among mission literature. He has now in the press, "The Apostles of Belief and Unbelief." He was born Jan. 3rd, 1865, in Prince Edward Island, Canada. He attended Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, P. E. I., and Ottawa University, and studied philosophy and theology at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore. While there he received the degrees of A.B. and S.T.P. "cum maxima laude."

Father Roche was ordained by Cardinal Satolli for the diocese of Lincoln, Neb., Dec. 17, 1892. He has held successively the positions of Secretary and Chancellor to the Rt. Rev. Bishop of the Lincoln diocese, Rector of the Pro-Cathedral, and Rector of St. Mary's Church, David City, which constitutes his present charge. This is an important parish. Father Roche has repaired and renovated the old church and built a fine new parochial school, which was opened Monday, Sept. 4th.

Rev. Wm. H.J. Reaney, Chaplain of the Olympia.

The first appointment of a Catholic priest as a Chaplain in the United States Navy was made in 1888. It was felt that our large body of Catholic seamen and fair representation of Catholic officers should have a clergyman of their own faith to attend them. The Rev. Charles H. Parks was called from his work in St. Mary's parish, New York, to fill the new mission. His success was most emphatic, and his labor increasing with every year, it was decided to add another Catholic Chaplain to the service of the Navy. The selection of Father Reaney, in 1892, as the second Catholic Chaplain was most fortunate. He is a splendid type of the American priesthood, and by his activity, zeal, and devotion to duty, won the hearts of officers and men.

Rev. William H. J. Reaney was born on board the English steamer Ironsides, of which vessel his father was commander, while the vessel was crossing the Atlantic ocean. When a young man he went to live in Detroit, where he made his classical course in the Jesuit college of that city. He next entered St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, and studied there for several years. During his residence in that city Father Reaney made many friends by his delightful personality and strength of character. He was a good student, a pleasant companion and a splendid all-round athlete and was proficient in all games requiring strength and dexterity.

In June, 1888, he was ordained to the priesthood by Cardinal Gibbons, and for a while was stationed at St. Joseph's Church, Baltimore, in place of an absent priest. Later he was appointed pastor of the Church at Liberty, Frederick County, Md., and remained in charge of the parish there for nearly three years.

Early in his student days Father Reaney had a great desire to become a chaplain in the navy, and upon recommendations of Archbishop Ireland and Cardinal Gibbons he secured the appointment about four years after his ordination, and has since been connected with the navy in that capacity. Since entering the service he has served on the old sailing ship Portsmouth, later on the Charleston, and then on the Baltimore, from which vessel he was transferred to the Vermont. He was assigned to the Olympia July 3, 1898.

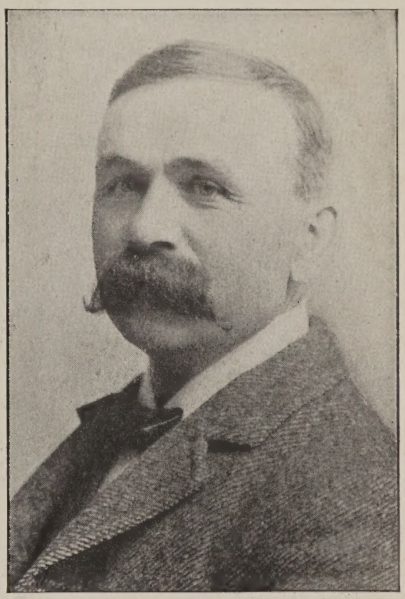
Father Reaney is distinguished by gentleness of speech and manner, such as suits the impartial office he fills. He has been a navy chaplain eight years, and during that time has visited many lands and sailed over many seas. He witnessed the incidents of the war at Manila, and has seen many noble and heroic deeds performed by men whose names are not likely to go down to posterity with any special glory attached to them, save that of being the names of men who cheerfully and bravely did their duty, and died in the doing of it.

Some years ago the publication of a volume of poems, "A Gate of Flowers," caused the literary critics to give Dr. Thomas O'Hagan high place among the younger Canadian poets. There was no pretense in the little volume, no straining after elegant effect. "A Gate of Flowers" gave ingress to a land of simple, kindly people, and strangers who entered in at the poet's bidding studied with him their simple ways of life; and, seeing with his eyes, discerned the beautiful in everything. This first book became so popular that it was translated into French. In 1893, Dr. O'Hagan published his second book of poems, and the quality of his poetic work won the commendation of such litterateurs as Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Charles Dudley Warner, Louis Frechette, Charles G. D. Roberts, and Katharine Tynan Hinkson.

The appearance of his "Songs of the Settlement" was warmly welcomed. It is a collection of little pastoral poems, bringing to us the tang of the forest trees, and memories of the pioneer homes and their sturdy occupants. Humour and pathos are side by side, and through all we note the higher teaching of faith, and love for humanity. In the preface the author tells us that these songs are blossoms of the "Settlement," and hopes that their fragrance may help to sweeten the garden of life. All who read will agree that his wish has been fulfilled. It is a book to soothe and please and comfort, "To banish the thoughts of day."

Dr. O'Hagan is of Irish descent, of good Kerry stock, and was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1855. He was educated chiefly at St. Michael's College, and the University of Ottawa, graduating from the latter institution in 1882 with honors in English, Latin, French and German. He also studied at the Syracuse and Cornell universities. In 1893-94, while at Cornell he attended the lectures in literature delivered by Professor Corson, an eminent scholar. At an early age Dr. O'Hagan adopted the profession of teaching, and has maintained a steadfast interest in all matters pertaining to educational advancement, particularly in the upbuilding of the Catholic schools of Ontario. He has held classical and modern language masterships in several leading high schools of Canada. His lectures on the history of English literature delivered at the Cliff Haven Summer School last year made an excellent impression.

Mr. O'Hagan's success in the literary field has already been commented on. He has spared no effort to develop and perfect his literary gifts. His studies in poetry have brought out prominently his critical taste and judgment. Those who know him intimately bear testimony to the truth of the following estimate of his personal character: "Personally he is a man of sterling integrity and honor; a hater of sham and humbug in every form; an intensely patriotic Canadian; loyal to his friends and generous to his foes. Among his fellow-Canadian litterati, Mr. O'Hagan is held in high esteem, and few of the younger writers in Canada enjoy a wider or more deserving friendship. For years he has pursued the very highest ideals, believing in the wisdom of Emerson's advice to young men: 'Hitch your wagon to a star!'"



THOMAS O'HAGAN, M.A.

Miss Geraldine M. Haverty, who is becoming quite widely known through the clever manner in which she edits the new Irish monthly magazine, The Gael, now published in New York, is the daughter of Major P. M. Haverty, the well known publisher of Irish books. She was born in New Jersey, but has lived in New York since her childhood, and consequently considers herself a New Yorker.

Miss Haverty inherits her literary tastes, as both her parents were clever contributors to the Irish and Irish-American newspapers and periodicals of a quarter of a century ago. She has been identified for several

GERALDINE HAVERTY, EDITOR OF THE GAEL.

years past with various literary, artistic and musical societies in New York, and has a wide circle of acquaintances among whom she is exceedingly popular.

She has made a special study of Irish literature in the English language and is an authority on Irish bibliography. She takes a deep interest in the new movement looking towards the revival of the language and literature of Ireland, and in order to encourage and popularize it, prints each month in The Gael twenty four pages in English and thirty to forty columns in the Irish language.

"The Dial" Staff, 1898-99, St. Mary's College, St. Mary's, Kansas.

"Mt. Angel Banner" Staff, 1898-99, Mt. Angel College, Ore.

Savey DeDonato. James Keliher. Thurston Daniels. Joseph McElroy.
Edward Bolton. Leonard Mansur. Leo F. Daly. John Hunt.

"THE STYLUS" STAFF, 1898-99, BOSTON COLLEGE, BOSTON, MASS.

Anthony G. Fleck, '02. Albert P. Timoney, '99. Edgar J. Treacy, '99. Nelson Hume, '00.
John J. Walsh, '01. Philip J. Boylan, '99. W. Herbert Adams, '00.
Edwin J. Talley, '02. James M. Winters, '01.

"THE XAVIER" STAFF 1898-99, ST. FRANCIS XAVIER COLLEGE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

COLLEGE JOURNALISM.

WHAT A COLLEGE PAPER OUGHT TO BE.

BY JOHN LAUGHLIN.

Editor of Georgetown College Journal.

Before passing an opinion on such a subject, a few words of explanation as to the nature and makeup of the Georgetown College Journal will not be out of place, since the writer, as editor on the above named journal, holds the same views as are embodied in its intention.

The Journal of Georgetown represents the whole University, hence in the absence of any other periodical must do more than an ordinary college paper. It is published monthly by a committee of students, known as the board of editors, who hold their positions throughout the year. However, the work of the journal is not left to them alone. Any student in the University may contribute whenever he wishes, and will see the same in the Journal if his efforts are worthy of publication. Its intention, therefore, as stated in the preface, is to aid their literary improvement and to chronicle the news of the University. It also serves the society of Alumni as an organ or means of communication.

From the foregoing it will be seen that the "Journal" has three ends in view: 1st. Literary Improvement; 2d. It must do the work of a daily paper; 3d. It must be an organ of the graduates, and hence its columns are open to them and much space is devoted to news of their doings.

Literary improvement being most of all desired, the first place, as well as the greatest amount of space, should be given to articles promoting literary advancement, and it should be the editors' earnest endeavor to see that none but the best appear. Here above all departments padding is to be avoided. Its makeup should consist of two or three good essays, one or two up-to-date and interesting stories, and poetry sufficient to give the magazine an imaginative and delicate tone. The essays need not be on subjects of philosophical depth or on political problems of the day; on the contrary they should be on something fully within the knowledge and power of college students. Some editors endeavor to give their pages a learned aspect by printing articles that should be left to men of maturer minds, and as a rule leave their readers in confusion, doubt and obscurity. Nothing is to be more pitied than a young writer beyond his depth. Few college students have "the sublime and beautiful" or "the essence of poetry" sufficiently within their grasp to enable them to write learnedly on such subjects or express views of any value. Yet we often see that peculiar tendency in young writers leading them on to the profound, and carrying them into the philosophical. But what do we get? A pedantic exhibition of worn out thoughts, tangled and confused, couched in fine phrases and clothed in harmonious language. Of course the writer may derive some advantage from the composition but this is counterbalanced by the confusion of ideas. We think that, until our minds have become a little more broadened by time and our reason more de-

veloped, biography and discussions of the various authors fall under our power and should be resorted to. For the cultivation of expression we may confine ourselves to sketches, studies, etc. These give a cheerful and lively tone to the magazine and often contain some pretty thoughts.

The style of course should be in keeping, not pedantic but simple, and elegant; not coarse but graceful and figurative.

As the writer is to suit the taste of the cultivated he should always show his culture by his use of the best expressions, by his grace of diction and loveliness of fancy. The moral tone, it is needless to say, should be pure, high and strong. Sensationalism or anything tending to bring criticism or cast reproach on the paper should be avoided.

The stories, though they need not possess any well-defined plot, should always be above the common-place and the improbable. Stories of college life have a hidden beauty in them which never fails to appeal to the feelings of students and alumni.

As we said before poetry plays an important part in college journalism and should be well represented. The budding poet by the publication of his songs is led to higher flights and is often the means of awakening some expression of delight or sympathy in others. Let the poems be fresh, spontaneous and rhythmical.

By doing the work of a daily paper habits of production are formed and unless another paper appears this department should always be found in a college journal, in fact it is an absolute necessity. It serves as a means of communication between the various schools chronicling happenings such as debates, plays, lectures, etc. When the schools are scattered, enthusiasm is sometimes aroused by this means, friendships are made and the bonds of intimacy strengthened. It serves and pleases not only the students but alumni also. They too have an interest in events and wish to see them recorded. To the outside or disinterested world it makes known in a way our customs, heralds our doings and often may clear away some misunderstanding. Here originality, local coloring and pithiness should be the essentials just as alacrity is most obviously so in daily journalism. Events should be chronicled with regularity and precision, enlivened by college mannerisms, never tedious through uniformity in composition but bright and varied.

To be an organ of the graduates its pages should be open to them and their doings. For this department we have at times been criticised especially when we allow our alumni to contribute to our pages. But we hold that it not only keeps up an interest among our "old boys" but it also aids the student and serves as an incentive to him to do better work. By this means we get the maturer thoughts of those who held our places and are led to increase our study to be like them. However we do not ask the student to sacrifice his place in our columns for them. We have space for both or will make it. Hence in addition to aiding ourselves we wish to show to our alumni that even though their places are now filled by others, there is still a chair at our table and space in our columns whenever they wish to honor us. We feel that just as the old soldier is delighted to see his comrade's name in print or learn that he is living, so too is the member of the class of '60 desirous of knowing where his classmate is and how fortune has treated him.

The other departments such as exchanges, editorials, book reviews and athletic notes, are of the greatest importance. The exchange keeps us in touch with our contemporaries, makes

known our faults, brings us advice and inspires a feeling of good fellowship. The editorials bear the same relation to the college paper as they do to the city dailies and have the same salutary effect The book reviews not only cultivate our literary taste, and give an admirable training but help the student to keep in touch with the new books. The necessity of athletic notes is, we think, obvious to all. Alumni and students alike find them indispensable and are always grateful to the editors in charge.

Last of all when the editors have gathered their material for publication it remains for them to display some taste in arrangement and adornment. If possible an artistic staff should be had whose duty it is to adorn the paper by their artistic skill and taste. This seems to be an important requirement in the magazine work of to-day and it is justly so. The eyes tire of print and must have some means of relaxation.

In fine a college magazine should aim at pithiness and conciseness, should spread a feeling of friendliness and interest, ennoble its readers, instruct and benefit its subscribers and please its alumni.

EDITING THE COLLEGE JOURNAL.

BY NELSON HUME,

Editor-in-Chief of The Xavier.

Should a college journal be edited at all? Is there sufficient reason, or even excuse for its existence? Is there a definite object and ideal in college journalism? Such questions naturally arise when we begin a discussion on the editing of a college journal; as they are very important, and as much depends upon the reply given to them, they should be answered at the very outset. Let me then, quote the few terse lines which always appear at the head of our own editorial column—and I think that they are equally true of every college journal,—"Its object is, to inform our friends of our college doings, to keep fresh the memory of earlier college men and times, and to give evidence of our scholarship in work done in and out of class." This short sentence not only sets at rest all doubt concerning the reality of the object of college journalism but it also proves conclusively that such an object is worthy of the energy expended in its attainment.

The purpose of college journalism once finally established, it should be the guiding star of every college editor; it should occupy his attention more than any other part of his work on the paper, and it should direct every effort made by him. "Respice finem" is the great maxim for undergraduate editors: decide upon the goal which you intend to win, and then let every effort tend in that direction.

The scope of a college paper, as we have said above, should extend to every one connected with the college,—either through sympathy and interest,—"our friends," or by the bonds of filial devotion, students, old and young. Let us then consider how it will best accomplish its three-fold object.

It must inform "our friends of our college doings." How? Simply by having in each issue such notes and accounts of college events as would give to an outsider a good knowledge of what is happening within the college walls; they must be well and pleasantly written, full but not wearisome, and above all, "proportioned to the act"

which they relate. The more important events of the year should be given sufficient space to describe them well, the little daily happenings but a few lines.

"To keep fresh the memory of earlier college men and times," no better means could be devised than to have those former men themselves contribute, either articles of a reminiscent tone, or poems and literary essays. Great diligence should also be exercised by the editors in gathering news of former graduates; such items serve to keep old friends well acquainted with each other.

We come now to the most important part of the whole enterprise, and I think that I may safely add, that in which editors experience the most difficulty, "to give evidence of our scholarship in work done in and out of class." We have found that in most cases "work done in class" never reaches the editors' hands; and to have "work done out of class" depends much upon the good will and self sacrificing spirit of the students in general, that the labor of supplying "evidences of scholarship" devolves upon a few faithful workers and the members of the editorial staff. The spirit of self-sacrifice flows with varying degrees of ardor among students; it is not by any means a constant condition, but like the stock market, it fluctuates. The one real disadvantage of this is, that it keeps the editors in a state of doubtfulness. How to insure a constant supply of good material for publication, is, I think, still an unsolved problem. However, when students once realize the great benefits that accrue from such literary work as is needed for a college paper, they are very earnest in writing for publication, and their work, in such cases, is almost uniformly good.

The work which students do for college papers gives rise to many side questions which space will not allow me to mention; one, however, is of such importance, that it cannot be passed over in silence. "Should college papers be submitted to the supervision of the Faculty?" There seems to be no good reason why this should not be the case; besides, as far as the students are concerned, their publication is an "evidence of scholarship," and as all our class work is submitted for the approval of the professors, the college paper, seen by so many people, should by all means have the same approval as our ordinary class work.

Just a few words on the makeup of the paper in general, and I have said all that my space and the scope of my subject permits. No single one of the three objects of the journal should be slighted, nor should one receive more attention than another: a nice proportion and harmony should always exist between them. College papers are at times afflicted with the "reminiscence fever," others seem published for the alumni alone, and still another class neglect their former men entirely. In every issue a proportional amount of space should be devoted to each.

Exchanges and book reviews bring to the student who writes them larger returns than any other kind of literary work. This work not only cultivates a good literary style, but it forms in the reviewer habits of careful and critical reading, and teaches him to form sound judgments upon what he reads. That this fact is realized by most college journals is shown by their having some pages devoted to such work.

In closing I would say, that the opinions expressed concerning college journalism should neither be closely criticised nor harshly judged; no undergraduate can spend more than four years with his college paper, and thus, very frequently, as in the present case, neither the years of experience nor the age of the writer are by any means great.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE COLLEGE JOURNAL.

BY THE DIRECTOR OF THE DIAL.

In writing about amateur journalism for the readers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE there is some danger of over estimation on the part of the writer concerning the importance and the relative value of his subject. We shall try to avoid undue pretension and shall limit our observations to a brief and plain enumeration of the chief results which have fallen under our notice in the course of a few years' experience in the management of a college journal.

The first and obvious purpose of a college paper is to afford to the students opportunities of advancement in the use of the vernacular. It is a market for the first fruits of youthful genius. The fruits are frequently unripe: but what matter! Some day the basket of ripe fruit may come and the genius will stalk away to a more lucrative market.

But this easy path down which to rush along into print may stir up vain dreams of literary glory and give the student false notions of his own ability! Not at all;—or, at least, rarely. The reason is this. The excellence of a journal is measured by that of other contemporary journals. There is considerable fraternity among college papers and, in consequence, they nearly all exchange. Possibly without a single exception this is true of Catholic college papers. Every editorial staff is jealous of its paper's reputation; so that, while the spirit existing among college exchanges is one of general courtesy, there is always a keen undercurrent of rivalry that keeps the set standard of contributions at the straining point of excellence. The college writer thus learns to look beyond the walls of his college for possible equals and not infrequently for actual superiors. The college with a paper never produces that disagreeable type of youth who is great because of surrounding inferiority. This is one of the best influences exerted by a college paper. It destroys insularity and helps the young writer to sane conclusions about his own ability by affording him means of large comparison.

The literary influence of a college paper although it is first in logical order is necessarily circumscribed. The literary aspirants are a minority among students. The *cacoethes scribendi* is a rare epidemic in a college. So that we are inclined to consider the literary influence of a paper rather less in point of importance than others which it wields.

A more general and wide spread activity is exerted in the publicity which it gives to scholastic events. The college paper widens the horizon of college life. Triumphs in the debating society the class room and the field are greater when they are to be written about in the columns of the college organ for the perusal of relatives, friends, alumni and the members of other colleges. A motive is thus supplied for energetic work which a college without an organ of its own must find it difficult to supply.

Traditions are created by the college paper. It embodies the spirit as well as it chronicles the events of its institution. We know the effect of national traditions. They inspire and conserve. College traditions do the same in miniature. If American colleges are inferior to English schools the inferiority may be traced to a great extent to the absence of college traditions. The college paper contains past records in every department which must be broken by the student of the present; and this consciousness of leaving a standing record of his work be-

hind him is no small factor in raising the standard of a college.

Informal as youth naturally is, it is essentially aristocratic. There are always aristocracies in a college. The aristocracy of brawn is generally the most popular. But there is not seldom an influential aristocracy of letters also; and this is especially apt to be the case in schools which have a college paper. This aristocracy calls attention to the ideals which are humanizing and elevating, and it receives its chief prominence and influence from the paper which is in its control and whose patronage it to some degree dispenses.

These are the most apparent sources of influence of a college paper. Others might be added such as the training to habits of carefulness in composition and copy; familiarity with proof and the other technicalities attending the publishing and mailing of periodicals. But the points mentioned will suffice to give the general reader an idea of the scope of a college journal's activity.

RIVALS.

BY M. F. N.

There were two tiny drops of glistening dew
From the deep, deep fountains of love—
The one made an opal's translucent hue,
With gleams like the stars above;
And a faint tinge like the skies rosy flush,
When the sun makes the fleecy clouds to blush.

The other fell down to the earth out of sight,
Hid deep in the heart of a rose,
It bloomed and blossomed in beauty most bright
Where the gentle zephyr blows,
And above and around swift swallows flew
In the fair summer sky of heavenly hue.

Each drop held a woman's soul on its breast,
And each loved the King fervently;
The opal sighed with a heart sad, oppressed;
"Oh that I his queen might be."
"How happy is she to be by his side,"
In desperate longing, the sweet wild rose cried.

The gem in the mighty king's crown had a place,
The rose touched his breast when he died.
And the young queen lifted a tear-stained face,
And sadly, tenderly sighed:
"Ah, bright gem! sweet flower! though I was his queen,
You're happier now than I am, I ween!"

SOUND POLICY FOR DEMOCRATS.

A SYMPOSIUM.

There are manifold signs and symptoms of profound unrest in the body politic. Not since the guns of Fort Sumter, nigh forty years ago, opened fire on the Star of the West, have the people of the United States been so wrought up by deep feeling on momentous questions. A few years ago— bimetallism against monometallism—an income tax law—controlling the trusts —were potent issues, and doubtless they are so still, but a new issue has suddenly arisen which seems to tower over all the others, to dwarf them so to speak in the public estimation.

This new issue is termed Imperialism or Expansion. From one side of the country to the other it is being debated with fervor and vigor not unmixed with passion. The people are stirred to the depths upon it. Some of the foremost Republicans of the nation—men of light and leading like Senators Hoar and Mason, Ex-Senators Edmunds and Henderson, Ex-Secretary of the Treasury Boutwell and a large number of lesser lights have taken their stand against President McKinley respecting it, and denounced it as a great crime. On the other hand some Democrats are favorable to the policy. The President's name is roundly hissed at a great public meeting held in Boston, and in other places. Shortly afterwards Postmaster General Smith orders pamphlets upon Imperialism containing extracts from speeches delivered in the United States Senate, and edited by the eminent statistician Edward Atkinson, to be rejected from the United States mails.

The newspapers and persons who stand by the President have not hesitated in many instances in calling their opponents traitors, and the epithet has been flung back in their faces, with much warmth. Thus the debate progresses, waxing warmer from day to day. The Anti-Imperialists are organizing throughout the country to fight the issue outside of party lines. The Republican party organization, as far as it has been heard from, endorses the President's policy, while the Democratic party organization and William J. Bryan oppose it firmly. In view of the profound interest excited by the discussion, and the position likely to be taken by the Democratic National Convention next year, the following views of some leading Democrats and one prominent People's Party man may be read with interest and profit.

BENJAMIN R. TILLMAN.

"Would it be sound policy for the Democratic party to adopt the 16 to 1 plank in the National platform next year?" I answer unhesitatingly, yes, and will give the reasons briefly.

First, in the opinion of many millions of Democrats the money question is the most important one that is confronting this country, and there can be no enduring prosperity to the masses until silver is restored to free coinage. And there can be no prosperity, spasmodic or otherwise, to the many millions engaged in agriculture; notably the cotton planters of the south. The wheat growers of the west will suffer in the same way as the cotton growers whenever there is a full wheat crop made throughout the world. The failure of the wheat crop in Russia this

year, alone, causes the price of that cereal to remain above fifty cents.

Second, there is no room in this country for two great parties on a platform of gold monometallism, if the money question is to cut any figure at all. The Republicans are entitled to all the glory that gold monometallism has brought us, and it would be suicidal for the democracy, after the brilliant fight of '96, to surrender its contention on the coinage of silver.

Third, a surrender of that contention would cause the Populist party, now merged in a large degree into the Democratic party, to be reorganized and further divide the friends of reform and honest government, while the large number of silver Republicans would also be disgusted and would seek other political affiliations. The Chicago platform should be re-affirmed in its entirety, no backward steps being taken on any of its important planks, and the party should add to it the strongest possible planks against monopolies and trusts, and the policy of imperialism, or colonial expansion, by conquest. There are many men in the United States who have staunchly supported gold monometallism and the Republican policy, in general, who will vote the Democratic ticket and swallow free silver as a lesser evil than supporting McKinley in his imperialistic policy. We cannot win if we divide our forces on silver; we will win on the three issues outlined, if the fight is made aggressively and without dodging.

The Democratic party as reorganized at Chicago, and under its new leadership, is a reform party composed of the poor people and the masses fighting for the principles of liberty and equality and the restoration of the old party to its old ideals. If we surrender principle to policy, compromise with the robbers and rascals now in charge of our affairs; in other words, if we adopt expediency, or supposed expediency, instead of standing up for truth and right, we drive away millions into the formation of another new party, and rivet upon the people the chains of plutocracy with its twin evils, imperialism and a large standing army.

WILLIAM J. STONE.

In 1896 a large number of Democrats, particularly in the eastern states, refused to support the national ticket because they objected to some part or parts of the platform. I would be glad to see all such return to the Democratic fold and support the ticket next year. This I would like to see done without any sackcloth and ashes performance, and also without slaughtering any fatted calves or putting on any golden rings. The door is open, and all any Democrat has to do is to walk in and take his seat. I think every man who means to give the party a loyal support will be warmly welcomed. That covers the whole subject of harmony and union. The Democratic party will not disband its organization or abandon Democratic principles to please any person or number of persons. The platform will be made and the candidates nominated in the usual way. Each delegation will voice its own sentiments and those of its constituency. All I can say to Democrats anywhere is to get into line, attend local conventions, so that the strong men of the party in all the states may be appointed as delegates to the National Convention. Let every one do what he can to secure a thoroughly representative National Convention, with a full understanding that the action of the convention is to be afterward supported. Somebody once said that the only way to resume specie payments was to re-

sume; and in like spirit I say the only way to harmonize is to harmonize. Dickering is out of the question.

GEORGE F. WASHBURNE.

With great pleasure I respond to the request of Donahoe's Magazine.

The representatives of the Democratic party in their National Convention of 1900 should reaffirm the principles of the Chicago platform. Failing to do this, they will certainly invite defeat because it will inevitably divide the reform forces of the country in the national crisis forced upon us during the past year by the Imperialists headed by President McKinley.

Let me define my meaning thus: Assume that the Democratic Convention next year should recede from its advanced position of 1896 and abandon those inspiring principles so clearly in the interests of the producing classes, or on the other hand should fail to measure up and meet boldly the new issues of great import which have come to the front since that notable declaration of principles was adopted. What will then happen? At once the People's Party, with a very plausible and substantial reason for doing so, will catch up the rejected standard, advance it to the front with their other national demands including government paper money so regulated as to secure a perfect level of prices and an invariable dollar; government ownership of natural monopolies; direct legislation; regulation of the trusts; and a ringing declaration against Imperialism in any guise or form.

Upon these questions they will confidently and potentially appeal to the Reformers of the country.

Such, undoubtedly will occur, should the Democratic Convention be so unwise as to minimize or palter with those great principles presented to the country in 1896.

Looking at the matter even from the lowest standpoint, that of mere party success, it would be suicidal for the Democrats to do so.

In preparing for the campaign of 1900 the Republican party will claim credit for the present revival of business. Our main contention in 1896 was this; expand the currency and it will produce better prices, a rising market and better times. This our opponents deny.

Through a series of accidental events like the Spanish-American war and the marvelous increase in the production of gold which caused the volume of currency to be greatly enlarged, the Republicans unintentionally tested the quantitive theory and found it correct. While denying it in theory it has been demonstrated in practice.

Mr. Mark Hanna and the party which he leads would be extremely pleased to see a condition of disunion among their political enemies, brought about next year. They know it would mean an easy victory for them. Mr. Hanna will put forth every effort backed up by money, practically without limit in amount, to bring about such a condition. If money can divide the reform forces millions of dollars will be ready.

It looks to me from the course which events are taking that division is the main hope of success for the Republicans. Every reformer should be on the alert to avoid such a danger.

A firm and unflinching stand should be taken against Imperialism, and its concomitant, militarism. I believe this question overshadows every other at the present time, and that it may become the dominant issue in the campaign of 1900. The republic of the Fathers is menaced, its destruction will be accomplished should Mark Hanna prevail next year. Imperialism is monarchial government, the rule of classes over subject masses, maintained by bayo-

nets. President McKinley, already announces the programme of imperialism in relation to the Filipinos. He is now engaged in forcing this foreign people whose only offence against him is love of their own country; he is killing and wounding them to compel submission to his dominion over them. When they are subjugated, he avows they will be governed, not as they themselves see fit, but as the conqueror sees fit. That is the project in brief, in all its nakedness.

Mr. Hanna on his return from Europe a few weeks ago tells the meaning of the project in his way. He says "A treaty of peace has already been concluded with the independent islanders of the Archipelago, (the sultan of the Sulu Islands) and the American government is prepared to grant to the Filipinos generally every bit of self-government they are capable of exercising properly. As their capacity for self government increases, so will their power of local administration." It seems to me that it is only necessary to state that what these modern American Tories propose to do, to bring their propositions directly before the conscience and heart and intelligence of the American people, is to have it repudiated with indignation. Already we see the indication, and hear the mumbling of internal disturbance in the Republican party which may threaten its destruction. The timely warnings of Ex-Governor Boutwell, Ex-Senator Henderson of Missouri, and other leading Republicans are very significant.

Citizens and subjects can not exist together within the pale of the American Commonwealth. The masses of the people must be either one or the other. A republic founded on force, not on the consent of the government, is a fraud. The advocates of the conquest of the Filipinos call their adventure, Expansion, not Imperialism. It is a vain attempt to conceal the traitorous design. Expansion along natural lines is good, healthy; it is development. If the Canadian provinces express their desire to be admitted into the American union as states, and we consent to receive them as such states, well and good; that will be Expansion. But if for any cause we get into war with England and invade and overrun Canada, (as would very likely be the case,) and hold the Canadian provinces permanently under the dominion of the United States, and against the consent of the Canadian people—that would be Imperialism. Our flag over the people of Porto Rica furnishes an illustration of Expansion. Our flag in the Philippine Islands serves as an illustration of what Imperialism means as expounded by Mr. Hanna, Mr. McKinley, and those who agree with them.

The distinction between Expansion and Imperialism is clear and definite. They are opposing principles, utterly repugnant each to the other. "The consent of the governed is the spiritual essence of the one principle; arbitrary rule, the dominion of the conqueror imposed on the conquered, is the essence of the other. Let the Democratic national convention reaffirm the Second American Declaration of Independence with all that its principles imply, with the new issues I have referred to added: the People's Party will substantially declare for the same principles, both parties may support the same candidate, the reform forces of the country may be united in purpose, and will be powerful enough to save the Republic against the attack of the Tory banditti led by Mark Hanna who purpose to destroy it.

Otherwise, we are lost to the greed of a monied aristocracy who would enslave and plunder a patriotic people, for commercial and political advantage.

The triple alliance of 1896 between

the Democrats, Populists, and Silver Republicans has not yet been dissolved, and the true friends of Mr. Bryan should see to it that it is continued; with it Bryan's nomination is assured, without it Bryan cannot hope to win, and the reason for his nomination is eliminated and the traitors in his party know it.

He would no longer remain the logical candidate, but with the alliance continued intact, he is the hero of American politics.

JOHN P. ALTGELD.

Let me say first, in a general way, that a political party must have a mission, must have certain definite aims and purposes, or else it has no excuse for existing. If it stands only for an appetite, if it has no higher aim than merely to win, then it is utterly contemptible and unworthy of the confidence of patriotic men. Since 1896 the Democratic party has had such a mission, and with very few exceptions the six and a half million men who supported it in 1896 are earnestly laboring to carry out that great mission. They have been taught to hold their heads up, they have been taught to stand for principle, they have have been taught a certain degree of manly independence. They are no longer in a condition to be delivered to anybody or to be made a convenience of by any class of manipulators. This body of men is going straight on, and will welcome to its ranks all men who have the same convictions and the same high purpose.

Let me here remind the Eastern people of a little history: In 1892 the Democratic Convention made a declaration on the money question; nearly all the Democrats of America held specific views on this question; Grover Cleveland, being under the control of Wall Street influences, held opposite views, and in his letter of acceptance he practically repudiated the views of the Democrats of America, yet the Western Democrats stood by their party, voted the ticket. In 1896 the Democratic Convention, by a two-thirds majority, took a definite stand on the money question, and the minority instead of submitting and showing themselves to be Democrats, bolted the ticket; they believed in the principle that the majority should rule, but they insisted that they themselves constituted that majority. Now it seems to me that, in view of this bit of history, the Democrats who bolted in 1896 ought not to insist on dictating terms or on having any particular concessions made before they return to the Democratic party; they are all welcome if they will come back as Democrats, and if they don't come back in that way they cannot possibly do the party any good, and any attempt to buy their support by making concessions of principle will drive away more than twenty men for every one who could be gained in this way. The Democrats of America are not going to admit that they were wrong in 1896, and they are going to insist that the Chicago platform be readopted. They have no desire to offend anybody, but they feel they cannot honorably pursue any other course, and they also recognize the fact that other great issues have arisen which must be solved, if they are solved at all, by the Democratic party, because the Republican party has become utterly disqualified from properly protecting republican institutions. The question of trusts must be dealt with, the question of a standing army must be dealt with, the question of imperialism and the ultimate overthrow of our institutions must be dealt with; government by injunction; trial by jury is an issue, in fact, the Declaration of Independence, adopted by the fathers, is an issue for we have recently been told by the

adherents of the McKinley administration that that great charter of human rights was a fraud. The Democratic party must deal with these great questions. In order to deal with them it must be a positive party, it must be an aggressive and a progressive party, it must stand for definite things. A compromise party is always a neutral party, and is incapable of doing any great things. I believe we are going to win next year; thousands of men who fought us in 1896 are going to rally to our standards in 1900, and they are not asking to be bought, they are not asking for concessions. Some of them tell us that they do not agree with everything we proclaim, but that they are in accord with enough of what we stand for to give us their best efforts, and this spirit is going to win. We do not want to rule anybody out, we do not want to dictate to anybody; we simply say that we are making a great fight for mighty principles, and we ask all men who have the best interests of their country at heart to join us.

DUMB LIPS.

BY KATHLEEN KAVANAGH.

The lips that love us oft become
So sadly, strangely dumb,
Attempt the least they never make
Their silence cold to break;
In vain our listening, longing ear
Awaits the word kind, dear,
That would so much begem the days,
Give life a brighter phase.

Wake lips, from your lethargic state,
Before it is too late,
Speak out the praise, the trust sincere,
While they may help and cheer;
Breathe fondly all you truly feel—
Affection to conceal,
'Gainst honor surely is transgression—
Ay, make love's own confession.

What is the use of lips, drawn, pale,
O'er coffin-lid to nail?
What is the use, indeed, to try
To pierce with sob and cry,
Through marble slab, through damp, dull clay?
Why not, right now, today—
Dictation of the heart repeat,
In language low and sweet?

O men and women—you who feel—
Burst from your lips the seal,
Firm, fearless, loud, and unafraid,
In righteousness upbraid
All those who fame and fortune seek
At cost of poor and weak—
Part, lips, lest Christ be dumb when you
For final mercy sue.

PHASES OF THE DREYFUS TRIAL.

BY JAMES W. CLARKSON.

For several weeks, during last August and September, the eyes of the whole world were concentrated on a sleepy little city in Bretagne, which has had a picturesque and even glorious past, but had long abandoned all hope of a renascence of its ancient fame, perfectly content, for that matter, with its dignified, if uneventful, provincial life. Probably, never in any age or in any country has there been a trial that has created the passionate excitement, not only in France, not only in Europe, but from one end of the world to the other, than has been aroused by the "Affaire" at Rennes. The Surratt incident; the terrible wrong done to a general in our own army—unrighted for twenty-four years;—the forgeries concocted by the proprietors and the editors of the London Times in the Parnell case; all shrink in their proportions when compared to the enormous magnitude attained by this review of a judgment which was believed by many Frenchmen to have done a terrible injustice to a simple French captain. It has torn France into two irreconcilable factions; has originated a campaign of unexampled violence, and has, in some respects, been more disastrous to the national character than might have been an unsuccessful war.

The influences that have conduced to this explosion of disunion and hatred have been as various as they have been effective, if sometimes obscure. Among them there was the unshakeable conviction of men like Cornely, Pressense, and Schoerer-Kestner, of the prisoner's innocence, and their determination to prove it at any cost. Their personal honesty, the rectitude of their motives, have never been impugned, and certainly they cannot be blamed for devoting all their energy to the task of undoing what they believed to have been a great wrong. If the work of rehabilitating Dreyfus had been left to those Frenchmen of high character who, rightly or wrongly, had faith in his innocence, as would have happened in probably every country in the world except France, does any one imagine that the trial would have given rise to such furious excitement during its progress or to such uncertainty and dread at its close?

But even long before the members of the Rennes court-martial had been designated, the journalists of England, America, and, though not by any means so generally, of Germany, had not only made up their minds on the case, without knowing very much about its merits, but had begun that systematic villification of every French institution, and particularly of the French army, which has been resented with such natural indignation by a nation for centuries the leader of modern civilization.

Every consideration of reason and propriety, not to say regard for the interests of the unhappy prisoner, demanded that foreigners should have shown themselves exempt from the passions that were agitating Frenchmen, should have observed the dictates of a decent self-restraint in dealing with a question that solely concerned a foreign country. But the daily cable grams sent from Rennes during the trial proved that the foreign correspondents were determined to fling all sense of international propriety to the winds. Nothing can be well imagined

to be in worse taste than the comments of these journalists on the appearance and demeanor of witnesses, counsel, and judges. Without scruple or hesitation, without thought of the trouble, anxiety, uncertainty and anguish under which the purest and noblest minds in the country were laboring, they coolly sat down to pen for their journals pictures in which French generals and French statesmen of high repute among their fellow citizens were made either odious or ridiculous. How would Americans feel if English, French and German newspapers spoke of the military judges of the last court-martial in Washington, of the generals and other officers who attended as witnesses, in the fashion in which not only the yellow journals and their correspondents, but papers that assumed to be respectable, and their correspondents, have written of the military officials concerned in the Dreyfus trial? Our own newspapers, indeed, abused or lauded the persons connected with that court-martial, to their heart's content. But foreign newspapers wisely left the subject untouched. Though the character of the commander of the army and of several distinguished statesmen was involved, the foreign newspapers evidently thought it was none of their business. Every incident during the proceedings at Rennes was interpreted in the sense that could be regarded as most insulting to France and her army. Questions that to Frenchmen, actuated by the strongest desire to be just, seemed doubtful and perplexing presented no difficulty to the American and English correspondent, for whom not even the secret "dossier" had any secrets.

But, perhaps, the most remarkable and ludicrous evidence of the animus of the special correspondent was in his portraiture of the different persons interested in the trial, their attitude, gestures, dress, characteristics, moral, mental and physical. All the witnesses for the defence were singularly attractive. We had graphic descriptions of their manly demeanor, their resonant voices in which you could detect the sincerity of their souls. Colonel Picquart is painted by one correspondent —evidently a lady—as "wonderfully beautiful." The prisoner did not fall readily within the scope of the newspaper artist looking for aesthetic effects, but his attitude was always impassioned, dignified, convincing, scornful, dramatic, and every remark of his, even the most trivial, was followed by the interjectional substantive in parenthesis "(sensation)." Maitre Labori's deportment, in any case in which the partisanship of the Anglo-Saxon spectator was not enlisted, would have been accepted by him as stagey, absurdly emotional, just what you might expect from a Frenchman; but we have had all his fine frenzy; his agonizing screams, the different notes in his vocal gamut classified and ticketed with the most laudatory epithets: "He fell back on his seat with a wailing cry, letting his arms drop by his side and exclaiming: 'All the witnesses are dead!'"

And then, every witness for the defence had his character so plainly written on his face and person. If the swindlers and assassins in our great cities bore on their lineaments such convincing signs of their wicked propensities as did the persons who prosecuted Captain Dreyfus or gave evidence against him at Rennes, the work of detectives and policemen would be vastly simplified. As far as we remember most of the Anti-Dreyfusites were "bullet-headed." Those of them, who did not look "cadaverous," had a habit of turning ghastly pale or green or blue or crimson, when facing the ordeal of Maitre Labori's or Maitre Demange's cross-examination. As for the generals and ex-ministers of war, they commonly quaked and changed color when Maitre Labori rose. Or, if they did

not, they showed a brazen effrontery, which, of itself, was a proof of their guilt. Fancy a soldier like de Boisdeffre, who led the most brilliant cavalry charge, perhaps, of the whole Franco-German war, trembling before an attorney!

Another remarkable feature of the trial was that these generals, when cornered, appeared the next day in citizen's clothes, always shabby and usually ill-fitting, for no reason that was at all apparent. The ancient Romans, indeed, used to endue themselves in sad colored and wretched garments when accused of a crime against the state, with the view of touching the hearts of the Qurites who were to try them; perhaps Mercier and Roget hoped in this way to modify the resentment of Maitres Demange and Labori, and of the special correspondents.

The free and easy coarseness, sometimes verging on brutality, with which the press outside France treated its generals and officers might well make Dreyfus exclaim: "Save me from my friends!" It was a terrible obstacle in the way of those who sincerely and honestly believed in his innocence, and who labored with all their might for the realization of their belief, seeking only truth and justice. They were working against the belief, equally deeply rooted, of the overwhelming majority of their countrymen, the educated and wealthy as well as the poor and ignorant; and they had against them their client's principal counsel, Labori, who spent most of his time in wrangling with the judges or uttering the sort of mock heroics that made him so ridiculous in the Zola trial, and who is now admitted by the leading defender of Dreyfus in England to have been "obtuse, ill-tempered, theatrical, maladroit, his attitude in the defence being utterly unintelligible."

Then, as if this were not enough to trammel their action, the dissenting ministers in England and ministers of all shades in this country followed suit; not that they had any particular love for Dreyfus, but because they saw clearly that the Jesuits must have had a hand in the cooking of this Anti-Semitic pie. As the redoubtable Order has been concerned in every nefarious transaction from the Titus Oates Plot down to the assassination of President Lincoln (included), there was no reason why it should not have been at Rennes, schooling Mercier in his answers, dictating Jouaust's decision,perhaps not altogether a stranger to the attempted assassination of Labori, just the kind of the lurid, Castle of Udolfo mystery in which it might be expected to be concerned. Nor were the parsons the greatest offenders either. The foreign correspondents who had not the excuse either of ignorance or fanaticism, put in some of their fine work in this connection. Scarcely a day passed during the trial without the Associated Press assuring us that the answer of this general was "jesuitical," or the manner of that other was "jesuitical," or the craft of the Jesuits could be seen plainly in this or that phase of the Affaire. It is much to be feared, really, that these journalists will hardly be able, when called to their final account, to plead "invincible ignorance."

And then the festive anarchists thought that it was time for them to put their shoulders to the wheel. They had been instructed by eminent persons clerical and lay, inside and outside France, that the wicked Jesuits were the conspirators to whose agency Dreyfus owed his misfortunes. The anarchists cared as little for the prisoner as did most of his assumed supporters; quite the reverse indeed. But they had now, or thought they had, the sanction of certain expounders of lofty ethical principles for any assault they might choose to make on "clericalism." They are rough and ready folks, con-

tent to do the work they find close to their hands without looking further. So they fell on the church of St. Joseph, sacked it, overturned the sacred vessels, and made the holy place the scene of the hideous orgies in which their tribe delights.

What, with the foreign correspondents, the anarchists and atheists who supported Dreyfus at home, and the parsons and journalists who used him as a peg on which to hang their libels on the French character abroad, his really disinterested and magnanimous defenders had uphill work.

Of course, justice is justice, and France, unmoved by extrinsic considerations, ought to have allowed no sentiment but that of right to sway her emotions or control her reason. But though justice is justice, human nature is human nature, in nations as well as in individuals, and in the present imperfect state of humanity, a nation will not feel kindly towards the man or country that has,however innocently, brought it within a measurable distance of destruction. Dreyfus, through no fault of his own, as far as we can see, has been the occasion of rousing into deadly activity within the republic every force that threatens its existence, has started into motion a very avalanche of hatred outside its borders, and the result has been most harmful to his cause, has, perhaps, wrought him a terrible injustice.

The ministers of non-Catholic denominations especially, if they had been really guided by a disinterested purpose to help the prisoner, would have done wisely to imitate the prudent and dignified reserve of the French Catholic clergy during the progress of the trial.

The intrusion of sectarian animosities into the case was indeed unfortunate from every point of view. How little occasion there was for it we may deduce from the words of Dreyfus himself. He declared in his "interrogatore" that he had never experienced among the staff or elsewhere any ill-feeling on account of his religion. But, for that matter, his presence in the bureaus of war and the exceedingly delicate services in which he was employed are of themselves sufficient to show that he was the recipient of exceptional confidence. Considering the number of Israelites in France—about 80,000—it would open the eyes of her traducers, if they examined the records of the ministry of war and discovered how many Jews are employed there, several of them being associated with the deepest secrets of the military organization of the country. The number of them is out of all proportion to the number of their co-religionists in France. This is greatly to the credit of their character and intelligence, but it is also somewhat to the credit of French liberality and generosity. Nor is the presence of Jews in the higher ranks of the French army a novelty, as it has been, until a generation ago, in the higher ranks of the English army. Under every regime in France for a hundred years, republican, imperialist, royalist, this fine spirit of religious liberality has prevailed. Marshal de Castelaine writes, casually, in his diary, under the date of 1819: "Baron Wolf, major-general has been here and has made a preparatory inspection of the 5th Hussars. I have every reason to be highly pleased with him. He is a Jew and a man of excellent character. His aide-de-camp, Dalpuget, is also an Israelite." And this was at a time when, if ever, religious intolerance might be expected to have reigned supreme. It was the era of that alliance between the Throne and the Altar which was pregnant with so much evil to the church of France. It was a time, too, when the insulting and atrocious legend might

be read over the gateways of some of the public parks in Germany: "Jews and pigs are not allowed to enter."

The condition of the French Jews in France was vastly superior to that of their race in other countries of Europe, even long before the French Revolution. An edict of Louis XVI in 1784, followed by another four years later, relieved them from nearly all their disabilities. In 1788, the French episcopate, presided over by Archbishop Dillon, passed a resolution, by an overwhelming majority, declaring that the time had come for all citizens, irrespective of religion, to be placed on a footing of equality, and they drew up a petition to the sovereign, embodying their liberal views in this regard.

And when, a couple of years later, the Jews were fully emancipated, there was no witholding with one hand what was proffered by the other. The act of Catholic Emancipation in England was, in many cases, practically inoperative for nearly half a century after its passage. The spirit as well a the letter of Jewish emancipation was observed from its inception. Every position in military and civil life was at once thrown open to the Israelite, and it is doing him no injustice to state that he showed perfect willingness to take advantage of his opportunities.

That there has been an alarming development of what is called Anti-Semitism in France as well as in Germany during the last fifteen years is undeniable. But among a people so rational, liberty-loving and good-natured as the French admittedly are, it will probably be a passing craze. A great deal will depend on the action of the Jews themselves. And here it may be said that this sudden uprising against a race which has for a century wielded such a mighty influence over the financial and political interests of France does not find an adequate explanation in the attacks of Jew-haters like Drumont and Rochefort,or in the intrigues of the ubiquitous Jesuit. Perhaps the action of a small but noisy minority among the Jews themselves has been a not unimportant factor in the agitation. An unpleasant Jew can make himself quite as disagreeable as an unpleasant Christian, and a number of Israelites in France, who are in no sense representative of their race, who have emancipated themselves from the law of Moses and boast of their freedom from antiquated superstitions, have been quite prominent in the assaults made on the religion of France during the last quarter of a century. They figure as high officials among the "venerables" of the atheistic lodges of the Grand Orient. They are prominent in the legislature, and one of them, Naquet, was responsible for the passage of a divorce law odious to the great majority of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen. They were the active supporters of Jules Ferry, in his onslaught on the convents of the religious orders, and, in fact, for some years, it

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Except in the Papal States, distinguished Jewish writers have borne noble testimony to the liberal and generous protection the Jews have always experienced at the hands of the Popes. The Grand Sanhedrim of Rabbis, convoked in Paris by Napoleon in 1807, the most representative body of Israelites that has ever assembled in modern times, did itself honor by officially recognizing the indebtedness of the Jewish race to the See of Rome. In its session of the 5th of February, it unanimously passed the following resolution:—"Israelites ought to be full of gratitude to the Popes for the reception which different Pontiffs and other ecclesiastics have, at various times, given to the Israelites, when barbarism, prejudice and ignorance combined to expel the Jews from the bosom of all societies. It is decreed that the expression of these sentiments be recorded in the official report of today, and that it remain for ever as an authentic testimony of the gratitude of the Israelites." —It is also an authentic testimony to the courage and magnanimity of the Grand Sanhedrim, for the relations between its great protector, Bonaparte, and the Roman curia were anything but friendly at the time.

looked as if France was harnessed to the chariot wheels of a few Protestants and Jews. Even some extreme republicans were disgusted, and the republic was never in greater danger than during the reaction that took place among the French peasantry in 1885. Jacques Bonhomme is rather a singular product of the social forces that have tossed him backward and forward for a century. He has his sudden fits of aberration and eccentricity, and will sometimes worry the very life out of his Cure, but he likes to do his own persecuting and becomes at once suspicious if outsiders interfere. If a nominal Catholic had broken into the Benedictine monasteries or had engineered the Naquet divorce law, he would not, perhaps, have been easily shaken out of his normal indifference. It was another affair, however, when he understood that these things were being done by the assumed representatives and spokesmen of a few hundred thousand Protestants and a few tens of thousands of Jews, for whom he had no special affection.

Then, on the rolls of the Panama scandals figured quite a number of Jewish names, and malice, envy and hatred were congenially employed in rendering the great body of honest and patriotic Israelites responsible for the crimes of a few scoundrels who bore Hebrew names and Hebrew features, but were as little representative of their race as is Rochefort of his Catholic ancestors.

The Dreyfus agitation has not been wholly productive of evil, and, if it has given a deadly blow to the base system of international espionage there may be a silver lining to the cloud that stretches over France. If the two successive trials have revealed anything it is that the information obtained by secret service agents is almost always utterly worthless. An interesting series of papers published in the "Revue bleue" by Colonel Patry, whose connection with the department controlling the bureau dealing with military espionage renders him an authority on the subject, shows that, at the present day, there is nothing in relation to military fortresses, formation of armies, mobilization, etc., which is not accessible to everyone, layman and soldier. He tells us that there are spies, for the simple reason that there exists a certain category of people who have some interest or other in employing them, and there are traitors, because there exist certain shameless scoundrels who find in the simplicity of those to whom they address themselves a good opportunity for trying a stroke of luck. He gives several personal instances of the utter uselessness of spies for military purposes in time of peace.

"I happened," he says, "to be once on duty near one of our frontiers, when I received the visit of a foreigner of imposing presence, and, judging from his card, having any number of imposing titles. Without any embarrassment, he informed me that, through the agency of a friend, it was in his power to furnish the French government with information of the highest value as to the construction of certain works near our frontiers, but that it would cost dear, oh, very dear." I stopped him at once and asked the subject of his communication. "The construction of a fortress near the city of X—" he answered. "Then," I retorted, "it is useless going farther, for I know as much as you do about the matter, and it has not cost me a sou." The fellow opened his mouth in amazement, but his amazement became unutterable when I pointed to certain journals of his own country and said: "I know from this number of the newspaper that it was decided to construct a fortress at X— several months ago. From this other number, which contains advertisements inviting bids for

the contract, I learn that the works are on the eve of beginning; and, from the quantity of materials to be furnished, I cannot have any doubt as to the importance of the construction; it will be a fortress of the first rank." Then, taking a topographical map of the country, I added: "Now I shall show you the exact point at which the fortress will be built. It can be there and nowhere else. Your engineers are no more stupid than ours, and, besides, they all acquire their instruction at the same sources. As to the outline, form, etc., I can tell you all about them out of the most recent treatise on fortification—it is on the table before me—Your fort, like every other fort, will have screens, more or less solid. As to your models of the cannon, I know all about them. Your screens will be composed of cement, sand, etc. In your fortress you cannot place more than 12 or 15 guns, and it will contain only so many men, at the maximum. You see I know all that could have any serious interest for us, and I have, therefore no need of your information. As for your friend, if he take my advice, he will renounce the vile trade which he wishes to follow through your agency. He will be looked on as despicable, and he will not earn enough for his bread and cheese."

My gentleman retired, looking rather sheepish. Some days afterward, the prefect of the department visited me, with quite a proud and boastful air. "I have something for you," he said, "and it has not cost me very dear, either: just a hundred francs. Here is the plan of the fortress at X—, which was begun less than a fortnight ago." It was the identical plan of my late visitor. The prefect's triumph was not of long duration, when I had narrated my interview with the magnificent stranger."

Since this article was written, the court martial at Rennes has given its verdict. Captain Dreyfus has been found guilty, but—"with extenuating circumstances," and sentenced to ten years imprisonment. The sentence was speedily followed by a pardon on the ground that a prolonged imprisonment would, in the present condition of his health, endanger his life. Thus ends the first, or rather second, act of a drama in which around the central figure has seethed every sort of plot and counterplot, suicide, attempted murder, sudden death. Will the curtain rise on a third? In France anything is possible. But every friend of human liberty, progress and enlightenment, for the attainment of which France has made more sacrifices than any other country in the world, will hope that the verdict of the tribunal at Rennes may have for result the cessation of the religious animosities and racial divisions which at present threaten its very existence.

BOOK REVIEWS.

We have read with the deepest interest two volumes of "Reminiscences," by Justin McCarthy, M.P. These reminiscences extending over a period of almost fifty years, during which time the author was in constant touch with English public life, either as an active participant, or as an interested student and reviewer, by reason of his position on the staff of one of the great London newspapers, are not only singularly fascinating but possess a distinct historical value. There is no pretension to historical value in these delightful retrospects, but the position of the writer having brought him into the society of most of the men and women who have, in a large measure, made the history of the Victorian era, renders it unavoidable that in detailing the reminiscences of a life, which is so bound up with the events of the time, he should not, however unconsciously, be writing history also, and history too, of a most interesting kind. The same charm of style, the same broad and benevolent view of men and things which have made "The History of Our Own Times" one of the most popular manuals of history which our age has produced, are discernible in every page of the present work. The pen-portraits of public men—a feature which added so much to the value of the author's earlier work—are admirably done. In fact, Mr. McCarthy excels in this kind of writing. He has the happy faculty of overlooking the weaknesses of public men and seizing upon the salient good traits in their character, and his presentment of them always makes an admirable, pleasing picture. He is a writer of rare good temper, and even to an opponent he is singularly just, and if he refers at all to the blemishes in their character or in their methods, he rarely fails to give a benignant interpretation to their motives. In this way, although an ardent Irish nationalist, he pays a just tribute to the character of Colonel Saunderson, the "uncompromising Orangeman," and stern opponent of Home Rule. "I do not think there is a more popular man in the House of Commons than Colonel Saunderson. It would be difficult to imagine his having a serious personal enmity. It would be impossible to think of him as unfriendly or discourteous or overbearing to any, even of those to whom he is most strongly opposed. Just after he has delivered one of his fiery speeches denouncing the Irish Nationalists as a body, and challenging them to raise the flag of rebellion in Ulster in order that he and his Orangemen may have the long-wished-for chance of driving across the frontier such of them as have not left their bodies within it, he may be seen sitting in the smoking-room with two or three of these same Irish Nationalists, exchanging jokes and humorous sayings and compliments and chaff. Everybody likes the impetuous, kindly-hearted, generous Orangeman, and I can only say for myself that if I wanted a friendly office done I hardly know of anyone to whom I would more readily apply than to the gallant Colonel, who has so often expressed a desire to meet my comrades and myself on the battlefield." An anecdote told of John Bright, the great Commoner, aptly illustrates Mr. McCarthy's own method in writing these reminiscences. "I had a curious argument once with Mr. Bright on the subject of novels and novel writing. I had written a novel which was published anonymously and was well received by the reviewers and the public. It came in Mr. Bright's way somehow, and he read it and liked it; and I told him it was mine; and out of this arose the argument. He said to me in his kindly way, 'Now, you have made a good beginning, and I should like to give you a piece of advice: Make up your mind to write novels all about good people.' I was somewhat staggered at first by this peculiar counsel, and I endeavoured to draw him out a little further on the subject. He told me that he liked the novel I had written, mainly because it was almost all about good people. There was only one bad person in it, and he insisted that it would have been better still if that one bad personage had been left out. I asked him mildly if he thought the publishers would be likely to care much for a novel all about good people; and he answered me by saying that he felt sure the publishers would come to like anything which was liked by the public. Therein I had to admit that he was probably right; but I asked him whether he thought the public would take much interest in romances which were all about good people. Bright contended that the public would be very glad in the end to be educated up to such a point of artistic morality. Then he went on to argue that there was quite enough of trouble and distress in life, shadowing and darkening the paths of the most virtuous persons, to give absorbing interest to a story although it did not contain the picture of one single villain from first to last." Of course Mr. McCarthy

disagreed as regards novels, on the ground of realism: nevertheless, he has profited on Mr Bright's advice, as there is no writer who so delights in exhibiting the good qualities of those whom he has met or with whom he has been on terms of intimacy, as he who was unwilling to accept the great Commoner's theory in regard to novel writing. This tolerant and kindly spirit, this tranquil judgment of passing events, this amiable penetration of kindly traits of character despite the heat and dust of controversy, give a singular charm to Mr McCarthy's writing, and has won for him unstinted praise alike from friend and foe. He has a genuine admiration for American literary workers and gratefully acknowledges their contributions to the store of English literature. During his visits to America he had an opportunity of meeting the foremost American writers, and he gives delightful pictures of these meetings and the favorable impression produced upon him by the culture of American life, as he saw it in the homes of its distinguished scholars. He draws a sympathetic portrait of the lamented John Boyle O'Reilly, whom he met during these American visits, and whose genius he was fully capable of appreciating. Thomas Wentworth Higginson he styles "one of the most charming essayists known to our modern English days." He has met in social intercourse Charles Sumner, Longfellow, the Misses Carey, Edward Everett Hale, Chauncey Depew, Henry James, Bret Harte, and many other Americans, of all of whom he retains the most pleasing impressions and of whose personal qualities and adornment, as they came under his notice, he writes with much appreciation and sympathy. Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, Tennyson, George Meredith, John Stuart Mill, the Kingsleys, Huxley, Tyndall, Cardinal Manning, Gladstone, Parnell, the great leaders on both sides of the House of Commons—almost all, in fact, who have borne a prominent part in the literary and political life of England for the past fifty years, are included within the circle of his acquaintance, and he gives charming sketches of them all. He presents to us the impetuous character of Charles Kingsley, the Anglican, with whom he was on terms of intimacy, who rushes into a controversy without counting the cost; and the world at length knows what a debt of gratitude it owes to this same impetuosity of temperament, for it provoked from Newman the immortal Apologia. The portrait of the great Cardinal Manning is singularly true and sympathetic. These two volumes of reminiscences are destined to be popular, and will rank side by side with the "History of Our Own Times." While genial and kindly in his treatment of characters and historical places, Mr. McCarthy has opinions of his own and is not afraid to express them. He makes public confesssion of his belief in the Catholic Church and in the aspirations of the Irish people for self-government: but the English public will no doubt be gratified by his free acknowledgment that these two beliefs have been no bar to his success in the political, literary and social world.

New York: Harper Bros. $4.50.

Edwin Markham and Dr. O'Hagan, the Canadian poet, differ widely in their views of life on a farm. There is no room for pessimism in such a book as "Songs of the Settlement." The man with the hoe does not look at us from its pages with the stolid gaze of the oppressed. He smiles at us cheerily and holds his head erect in the honest pride of one whose labor has brought him material prosperity and the respect of his fellow men. He is one of those whose "stout hearts and sturdy arms have turned a wilderness into smiling gardens." The poet, a broad-minded student of men, employs his gift of song in making known the simple upright living of pioneer folks, and through his loving appreciation arouses our interest in the happenings that bring sunshine or shadow into their homes. The book is a wholesome corrective of such morbid imaginings as transformed Millet's peasant into a soul-less clod. The happy content that rings in the opening lines:

"O there's joy in every sphere of life from
cottage unto throne,
But the sweetest smiles of nature beam upon
the farm alone;"

is characteristic of the contents of the little volume.

Now and again a note of pathos is sounded as in The Dirge of the Settlement, for the old pioneer "whose life God touched in a simple way."

"The wind sweeps through the forest aisles,
In requiem notes of grief and woe,
For the great strong heart of the pioneer,
Hushed in death, as an oak laid low:
Chanting a dirge at every door—
Dirge for the Oak the Storm-King tore:

Here at rest is our pioneer
In his little log cabin beside the rill—
The stream flows on, but his heart is still;
Here at rest is our pioneer,
Wake not his slumber with sorrow's tear!"

The works he accomplished are told of in The Old Pioneer, the life story of a settler who moved in "way back in fifty-three."

A character we like to meet despite his

fighting propensities is The Freckled Boy. The author writes of him in very kindly strain, almost arousing suspicion of partiality and a culpable desire to shield him from public censure justly merited by such offences as fighting on the green, scarring desks, and revelling in "wickedness and glee."

The Lullaby of the Settlement has a very musical swing. Here is a stanza from which the reader can judge for himself what the entire poem is like.

"Flower of the forest, nursling of dawn,
Sweet be thy slumber in cradle of light,
Rock'd by the song of the robin on tree top,
Hush'd by the lullaby voice of the night;
Nature, thy mother, is kneeling beside thee,
Filling thy dreams with gift of her charm:
Sleep in thy downy nest, sweet be thy cradle rest, sleep."

A strong vein of patriotism runs through many of Dr. O'Hagan's songs, My Native Land, Heroes, and The Deathless Dead, make known their author's love of country:

"My native land, how dear to me
The sunshine of your glory!
How dear to me your deeds of fame,
Embalm'd in verse and story!
From east to west, from north to south,
In accents pure and tender,
Let's sing in lays of joyous praise
Your happy homes of splendor.
Dear native land!"

Reverence for another land finds expression in this tribute to An Irish Mother:—

"Her dreams fill heaven and earth,
Her love is a love divine,
Ripen'd through sorrow and time and tears,
'Tis sacred as chalice of wine,
She kneels at an altar of hope,
When cloudlets have shrouded the day,
And her faith as a taper burns bright and clear,
Thro' the love that illumines each ray."

A friend of the poet claims for his verse genuineness, and the justice of the claim will be readily acknowledged by all who have the good fortune to read this latest volume, in which he has satisfied his longing "to go into the forest and the field, to follow the early colonist along the rivers and lakes, and to touch with a pencil of light the hard and difficult circumstances that render the labors of the first settlers so unpoetic and so wearisome. In other words, to begin at the beginning, and give a literature—simple, honest, rude even, but always charming—to those phases of Canadian life which are so rarely translated into song."

QUESTION BOX.

M. W. would like to know if a Knight of Pythias can be an official in a Catholic Church?

A Knight of Pythias and a Catholic are not terms to harmonize together. A Catholic who becomes a Knight of Pythias incurs excommunication. If he was a member when the decision was promulgated some years back against that society, he was bound to sever all connection with it. If he wanted to still retain the insurance benefits, he could by consulting his pastor learn how to cease absolutely to be an active member, and not forfeit his claims for pecuniary benefits. We may suppose that a Catholic interested as an official in the Church may be in this way a member of the Knights of Pythias, having joined many years ago, and now never attending a meeting, and now having no connection whatever with the society except to pay dues and assessments that will secure to him and his family sick and insurance benefits. If he is an active member, he is not even a Catholic, being expelled by the decision of the Church from her Communion. Moreover, a Catholic cannot decide for himself that he will remain a Knight of Pythias, simply paying his dues. He must submit his individual case to his pastor or confessor, who in turn has to submit it to the bishop. And even the bishop is not the final judge. Each separate case requires its own consideration and solution. And a man cannot argue in his own favor from a decision given to another. No Catholic, in fact no one living in this country, should belong to any secret society.

A.W.C. writes: 1. Does the Catholic Church allow its priests to marry in the Church building, vestry included, the contracting parties of a mixed marriage? 2. Is there any Church law or ordinance stating explicitly that mixed marriages shall not be performed in the Church edifice? 3. What dispensation was granted in N. N.? (naming a certain marriage and place).

In the marriage of a Catholic with a non-

Catholic the law states expressly that no sacred rite shall be introduced, no sacred vestment shall be worn by the priest, and that the marriage shall not take place within the Church. Not within the Church means outside the Church. This is and has been the general law, so that the pastor of the Catholic party might in the presence of two witnesses receive the consent and present agreement of the contracting parties. In an encyclical of the year 1858, Pius IX. made a certain moderation or concession. "His Holiness strongly warns in the Lord the ordinaries of all places, and commands them that in this same power (of dispensing in mixed marriages) they shall never cease to watch over the requirements with all care and diligence, and that they shall sedulously fulfil the conditions of celebrating these mixed marriages outside the church, and without the blessing of the pastor, and without any ecclesiastical rite. But in some places the bishops may realize that these conditions cannot be fulfilled without greater losses and evils arising therefrom. In this case only, His Holiness, to avoid these greater losses and evils, leaves something to the prudent judgment of these same bishops. If, having preserved firm and intact, always and most diligently, the prerequisites 1. for removing danger of perversion from the Catholic party, (2.) for the conversion of the non-Catholic so far as the Catholic can bring it about, and (3.) for the training of all the children of both sexes in the Catholic religion, they then judge that the conditions regarding the celebration of the marriage outside the Church and without the pastor's blessing cannot be adhered to, the custom may be tolerated of using the rite legitimately prescribed for the marriage ceremony in the diocesan ritual. However, the celebration of Mass is never allowed, and the conscience of the bishops themselves is burdened as to the truth and gravity of all the circumstances."

This answers any question that may arise in a particular case when an exception is made to the general law.

B.B.B. writes: 1. Is it more serious for a Catholic to marry a Protestant than to marry a relative? 2. If the Church forbids such marriages, how can the fact of the bishop permitting them make them right? 3. Is it easier for second or third cousins to obtain a dispensation than for first cousins? 4. How do you explain that in Catholic countries marriage among relatives is quite frequent, especially in royal families?

1. The seriousness is of a different kind. For relatives, it is in every way desirable that they should be able to live together, with reverence and respect for one another. Now, the thought that they would be free to marry one another would work injury to such respect and natural love as they should have, and would tend to the corruption of good morals. Naturally, the thought of marriage as even possible between them does not present itself to very near relatives. At the origin of the human race there was a necessity for such marriages, but with the passing away of that necessity, nature herself, far from approving, looks with disapproval and horror upon such unions. Nay, often her punishment is apparent when such unions take place.

The Church is obliged to regard as most serious and most undesirable the marriage of Catholics and non-Catholics. Even with her dispensation and the setting of indispensable safeguards, she has learned by a too sad experience to fear the lessening and the loss of faith in the Catholic, and the partial or total neglect of Catholic religious training in the offspring. And when there has been no dispensation, frequently there is no marriage that she can recognize, and frequently there is a forsaking of Catholic faith and a practical participation in some Protestant form of religion by the Catholic standing before a Protestant minister for marriage. The marriage of relatives is serious; the marriage of a Catholic to a non-Catholic is serious. The Church cannot permit the marriage of any and all relatives. Within the grades where she can dispense, the nearer the degree of relationship the more unwilling is she to dispense. But all things considered, she knows that it is a more serious and a more dangerous matter to dispense for a mixed marriage than for that of relatives.

2.—Matrimony between Christians is always a Sacrament. Now the Church has charge and care over the Sacraments and their administration. She has the right to make laws concerning the giving of the Sacraments and the recipients of them. Again marriage is a contract. And as the State has and exercises power over civil contracts, so, too, the Church over this sacred contract. Now, the State declares of some contracts that they should not be made, but once made they shall stand; of others, that they must not be made, that they will not be upheld, and shall be considered not only unlawful, but invalid. So the Church tells her children when they may or may not make matrimonial alliances: that under certain conditions such alliances will be sinful, as the action of disobedient children, but still they will stand as contracts fulfilling the essential conditions; that under other conditions, there will be no marriage at all. The Church tells when God's law, natural or divine, has made it impossible for certain parties to

marry, and when her own law makes some marriages impossible.

Where, if we were to consider only the natural law, persons would be free to marry, we can understand that the general good, or the sanctity of marriage, and present weighty circumstances will require the restriction of this natural liberty. Statistics prove that the Church has been guided by wisdom and prudence in the restraints she has placed in this matter upon her subjects, as they also prove what vast evils have attended the departure from her laws.

The Church cannot grant a dispensation to all who might seek for it. She cannot allow one already married to marry again while the other party is living. And if deception were practiced on her, and the dispensation so obtained, such dispensation would not make the false marriage a true and valid one. She can permit the marriage of cousins, but not of a brother and sister. Of course, among Christians this latter cannot arise, but when pagan nations are enlightened in the Christian truth, the Church discovers all kinds of errors and modes of living. And among newly-converted savage tribes, cases will arise that are to us unknown.

So when the Church relaxes her general law in some individual case, she acts for what appears then and there best, and does not exceed her power. She removes a restriction, an impediment as it is called. And the barrier taken down the road is clear.

3. The more remote the relationship, the more easy to obtain the dispensation. It is particularly abhorrent for first cousins to marry; it excites the indignation of nature herself, and this is one of the hardest of dispensations to obtain.

4. We don't explain it, simply because it is is not so. We cannot imagine how our correspondent has reached such a conclusion. Had he given us his address and name in full, as all correspondents should do, we would write him for his proofs. That there have been, and that there are in royal families marriages between relatives does not justify the broadening of that fact to a statement, including all ranks and conditions of people. An examination of the royal families with the record of their diseases, physical, mental, and moral, will be very instructive as to the wisdom of the Church that decries and discourages the marriage of relatives.

WHAT HOLIDAY DO YOU LIKE BEST?

The prize-winners in this contest are: —

Sallie A. Dowling, Solomon, Kansas.
Margaret Millea, Salem, Mass.
Catharine Duberly, Bloomington, Ill.

The winning letters and other matter relative to the Contest will be published next month.

See "Irish Shrines," page 410.

DOWNPATRICK CATHEDRAL.

See "Irish Shrines," page 410.

"SPIRITS HAUNTED THE WATERS."

"The grand Te Deum rises from our autumn shadowed shrines;
Our singing bears a hopefulness that quivers as it shines.
O choir Seraphic, strike for us this ancient golden chord;
May these be numbered with Thy Saints, O Ever-Pitying Lord."

Donahoe's Magazine.

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TE DEUM.

BY CAROLINE D SWAN.

On the high up-lifted meadows, where eternal dews are sweet,
And scented lilies make a blaze of whiteness at their feet,
They are walking in the glory of their infinite reward,
A strange, illumined multitude, Thy blessed Saints, O Lord!

And we yearn to see their splendor though our stricken hearts are sore;
Their pleading, in our sinfulness, we need it more and more!
Show us the mystic meadows, Lord! Show us the winged throng!
For we may not pierce the glory, we can not hear the song.

Our eyes with tears are welling, our anthems faint and fall
Down from the blue to us again; we scarce look up at all.
The bells of earth ring tremulous across the yellowing sward,
Thy Saints among the seraphim—show us Thy Saints, O Lord!

The shimmer of their shining wings would glorify our way;
A glimpse of Paradise would be a Feast for us to-day!
Fain would we walk in whiteness, with love in full accord!
"O number us," we pray again, "among Thy Saints, O Lord!"

The grand Te Deum rises from our autumn-shadowed shrines;
Our singing bears a hopefulness that quivers as it shines.
O choir Seraphic, strike for us this ancient golden chord;
"May these be numbered with Thy Saints, O Ever Pitying Lord!"

All Saints' Day.

IRISH SHRINES·

BY REV. EUGENE O'GROWNEY.

"Many Altars are in Banba."—Magee.

AN ANCIENT SHRINE.

The religious history of Ireland presents a record to which the children of St. Patrick may well point with pride. Their faith has ever been free from trace of heresy or schism, for they have held before their eyes the words of their national Apostle, recorded in the book of Armagh: "As you are faithful to Christ, so be ye faithful to Rome." Most intimately connected with this history is the story of the venerable shrines, now roofless and ruined, erected by successive generations from the fifth to the seventeenth century; and these ruins are again closely associated with our native literature, the chief records of which were produced in the large medieval monasteries, or by individual Christian writers. Hence it is that a large share of our native Irish literature is permeated by a thoroughly Catholic spirit—an objection brought against it not long ago by certain Professors of Trinity College, Dublin, an institution founded for the express purpose of perverting the Irish people from the faith of their fathers.

Pagan Ireland had its sacred places too. We do not speak of the Land of the Young, the Land of the Prophecy, the Land under Sea, or Hy-Brasil—these were names for the heaven of the Pre-Christian Irish Gael. We speak of the sacred hills of Usnagh and Tlachtga, of the brugh or great mound by the Boyne, and of the woods, wells, and other places of Druidic worship.

In the Druidic system, the principles of good and evil were typified by the sun (and the moon and stars were added too) and the serpent. In all times and nations we find sun-worship and serpent-worship going together; we can see it at the present day among the Moqui tribes of Arizona. The great pre-Christian Irish oath was "by the sun and moon;" and to reproduce, in a way, the sun, by great fires lighted on

the hills of Tlachtga, Usnagh and Tara was the chief Druidic act of worship. The smaller "ailadrada," stones of worship or Druidic altars, are found even yet scattered through Ireland, where the learned call them Cromlecs, a word meaning recumbent flag, and the people name them "beds of Diarmaid and Grainne" two well-known characters in the native literature. Then there were tall standing stones, connected in some way with fire-worship; and also the great circles of immense stone, such as puzzle antiquaries of to-day, at Stonehenge, at Stennis in the Orkney Islands and in Brittany.

The chief place of serpent worship in ancient Ireland, according to tradition, was the "plain of prostration" in Brefny: here St. Patrick destroyed the

A Healing Shrine in Connemara.

Crom Cruach or Bloody Serpent. We have what seems to be a reference to a similar serpent in the name of Domnach Crom Dubh, or the Sunday of Black Crom, a name given in the West of Ireland to the last Sunday in Summer. On that day the people in Connemara make a pilgrimage to the top of Maimen, a mountain from which St. Patrick blessed the low southwestern land. This day is called in English "Gaelic Sunday." We need only recall in this connection the legend of St. Patrick standing on Croagh Patrick banishing all the serpents from Ireland—a legend which can have no foundation, as Roman writers, of before St. Patrick's time, noted that Ireland was free from snakes.

In addition to sun-worship, fire-worship, and serpent-worship, the Druids taught the existence of spirits of various kinds; some good, some evil, some god-like, some, after life in the human body, now wandering about or embodied in animals or trees. We meet frequent references to the spirits of the air, and to the Gentiglinne, or tribe of the dark glens. Even to the present day the Aran fisherman sings:

Chuaidh mise areir go dorus a hall,
Is chuaidh me a cogar ar mo mhuirnin ban,
Se dubnairt a maithrin nach raib si ann,
Go raibh si posda le fear as an ngleann;
Se dubhairt a maithrin nach raibh si ann
Go raibh si i dtaisge i gcomhrin chlair.

I went last night to the door of the hall,
And I began to whisper for my fair-haired darling;
But her little mothereen said she was not there,
That she was married to a man in the glen.
Her mothereen said she was not there,
That she was concealed in a little wooden coffin. *

The great sepulchral mounds that dot all Ireland, with their inner chambers containing the ashes of the kings of the early races, became in the popular mind the haunts of the departed spirits, "The folk of the mound" and hence we have still the legends of fairy and banshee. The recesses of the woods or lonely fields gave the leprechaun, and other whimsical elves, of whom tradition is eloquent.

We hear strange tales of the spirits who live in trees and woods and wells. Near the abbey of Ballintubber grows a tree, on the grave of the infamous Sean na Sagart, the Priest hunter. The branches bend down till they touch the earth. The story goes that an old woman was reduced to such need of brosna or firewood that she broke some branches off this ill-omened tree, but when they took fire they burst with a loud explosion and blew the pot off the fire. The story may be true, and it shows how the Gaelic mind of the nineteenth century is like that of the sixth or the seventh, for an equally remarkable tale of two trees, that grew from two graves and entwined their branches inextricably, is told in our old literature of the graves of Baile and Buan, near Tara. In early days Ireland was a well-wooded country; indeed, the isle of the woods was one of its earliest names. The dark glades of the primeval forest, "na coillte diamhara do-eoluis" as the old Gaelic writers put it, formed a cathedral, grander than any built by hands, whose dim recesses afforded a most suitable place to the Druids for uttering and interpreting the oracles, as they declared them to be, of the hidden powers of Nature. Certain trees were held in especial honor, the rowan tree, the alder, the hazel, the yew, the oak especially. Listen to an Irish poet of the olden time, probably the seventh or eighth century, warning the "Man of Smoke" or attendant on the fire, what woods to burn and what to spare. The oak rather curiously is not very specially praised. "O Man that for Fergus of the feasts dost kindle fire, whether afloat or ashore burn not the king of the woods. Monarch of Inisfail's forests the woodbine is, whom

*I wrote down this in Inismain some years ago from the recitation of a fisherman.

A Sad Gaelic Sunday.

none may hold captive; no feeble sovereign's effort is it to hug all tough trees in his embrace. The pliant woodbine if thou burn, wailings for misfortune will abound; dire extremity at

A Wayside Shrine.

weapons' points, or drowning in great waves will come after. Burn not the precious apple tree of spreading and low sweeping bough: tree ever decked in bloom of white, against whose fair head all men put forth the hand. The early blackthorn is a wanderer, a wood that the artificer burns not; through-

out his body, though it be scanty, birds in their flocks warble. The noble willow burn not, a tree sacred to poems, within his bloom are bees a'sucking: all love the little cage. The graceful tree with the berries, the wizard's tree, the rowan, burn, but spare the limber tree, burn not the slender hazel. Dark is the color of the oak: timber that makes the wheels to go; rods he furnishes for horsemen's hands and his form turns the battle into flight. Tenterhook among trees the spiteful briar

is; by all means burn him if keen and green; he cuts, he scars the foot, and him that would advance he forcibly drags backward. Fiercest heat-giver of all timber is green oak, from him none may escape, by partiality for him the head is set to ache, and by his acrid embers the eye is made sore. Alder, very battle witch of all woods, tree that is hottest in the fight—undoubtingly burn at thy discretion both the alder and the whitethorn. Holly, burn it green; burn it dry; of all trees whatever the critically best is the holly. The tough-barked elder tree, tree that in truth hurts sore, him that furnishes horses to the army of the sidh, burn so that he be charred. The birch as well, if he be laid low, promises abiding fortune: burn up, most sure and certainly, the stalks that bear the constant pods. Suffer, if it so please thee, the russet aspen to come headlong down: burn, be it late or early, the tree of the palsied branch. Patriarch of long-lasting woods is the yew, sacred to feasts, as is well known; of him now build ye dark red vats of goodly size. O Man of smoke, thou faithful one, wouldst thou do my behest; to thy soul as well as to thy body 'twould work advantage." *

We can easily understand how certain trees, on account of their usefulness, the properties of their roots, leaves or berries, or toughness or great age, should be respected beyond others. Oak is the hardest of timber grown in Ireland, and Irish oak had a great repute. An English king brought over in the eleventh century the beams which still roof Westminster Hall. There was some special link between the oak tree and Druidic worship. What it was is not well known. Some pretend that the very name Druid is from "dair," oak tree. The mistletoe, used in the Druidic cult (and still hung up in houses in France to guard against lightning), usually grows as a parasite of the oak. Perhaps the oak occupies a prominent place in the list of trees arranged in the order of their attraction for lightning—the type of the sun for sunworshippers as the Druids were. If we judge from the frequency with which the word Derry, Irish "doire," oakwood, occurs on the map of Ireland today, we should conclude that oak groves were very common: almost as numerous as churches nowadays.

The Greeks, Romans and most Oriental nations included in their mythologies spirits who haunted the waters of rivers, lakes and wells. In Ireland we have legends of buried cities that lie beneath the placid lakes.

"On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the waves beneath him shining."

And then there are the tales of the Murudhach or mermaid, and of the "Salmon of Knowledge" and even the Paradise of the Gael was called an Tir fo Thuinn or Land Under-sea.

It would be too much to expect that on the introduction of Christianity the people would turn their back completely on all the traditions of the past. They accepted Christianity and held to it most firmly, but many of the old practices and vague traditions remained and yet remain. It was the wise policy of the first missionaries to make only such changes as were essential. The oakwood of the Druid became a Christian church. Derry itself is in English, "the oak wood (of Columcille)"; Durrow, another Columbian foundation, where the famous Book of Durrow was produced, means oak-plain; just as Mayo means yew-plain. To these oaken groves the soul of Columcille yearned as he was an exile on bleak Iona's shore, and sang the lay:—

*Silva Gadelica, II. 278.

"It were delightful, O Son of my God,
To glide through the waves of the deluge fountain
O'er Moy-na-Eolarg, past Ben Eigne,
Where we may hear sweet music
The hosts of sea-gulls will rejoice;
How happy will be the son of Dima,
When he hears in Durrow,
The sound of the wind against the elms.

The blackbird's joyous note
To listen at early dawn in Ros-cre
The cooing of the cuckoo from the trees,
Three objects have I left,
The dearest to me;
Durrow, Derry, that noble land,
For I have loved Erin's land of Cascades."

Kildare, again, the home of St. Brigid, and the centre of Irish devotion for many a year, is the "cell of oak"; and there, we may remind the reader, was cherished for centuries the sacred fire, one of those symbols that the Church has borrowed from the East, and which must have seemed natural to the first Irish Christians.

Of which sacred fire in the church of St. Kiaran this tale is told: "In the Monastery of Clonmacnoise was a child whose name was Crithid, that in good works was no more than a fool, but in bad works of maliciousness, was right noxious. He came to Laighis (the home of St. Kiaran) and for a while was there with Kiaran the elder, who had enjoined that until a year's end a certain holy fire, which at the previous Easter-tide had been consecrated, must not be quenched within the monastery, but be nourished and safeguarded there; yet at the devil's instigation the child of whom we spoke came and of set purpose quenched the fire. Kiaran said: Know ye that the child whom men call Crithid of Clonmacnoise hath quenched the sacred fire that we had? Vengeance shall come upon him for this, and he shall die tomorrow. Which also came to pass: for on the morrow the wolves killed him."

And much more do we read of the sacred fire in old records. There are yet in use many quaint customs and whimsical observances in connection with fire, some of which are noticed in an article on Hallowe'en in Donahoe's for November, 1898.

We have also with us some of the old Pagan pillar stones. Perhaps these standing stones were used as gnomons or dials in some way, although it is hard to see how they could be so used. But be this as it may, standing stones were supposed to be connected in some way with the supernatural powers. The Lia Fail, or stone of destiny, was thought to be of great importance, so much so that kings and princes were not recognized until crowned upon it. There were similar stones of eminence in more than one district. The original Lia Fail is yet pointed out on Tara, although some claim that it was removed to Scotland and that it now rests under the coronation chair of the English crown in Westminster Abbey. At Ballyferriter in Kerry, Monaster Kiaran in the Aran Islands, and Inismurray in Sligo, there are tall monoliths which are supposed to be of pagan times, although the form of a cross has been engraved upon them in later centuries. Usually these stones are pierced with a hole, and superstitious people, mostly women, yet pass their garments through the hole "for luck"—so tenacious of life are old customs. In the second century, as a guarantee of peace, rival princes brought an aim-ring of red gold, such as may yet be seen in museums in Ireland, and passed it through the perforated standing stone. Other holed stones were worn as amulets.

We often find a pagan practice mixed up with Christian devotion. There are certain trees which, in hollows of their trunks, catch and retain water, and this is supposed to be, and may be, good for curing warts. People go to these trees, dip their fingers in the water, say certain excellent prayers; but not content with this they hang strips of cloth of various hues, usually red, upon the adjacent branches—an offering of sac-

rifice, in truly Druidic fashion, to the spirit of the tree. Or again persons who visit holy wells, "to make rounds" thereat, upon arriving take up in their hands five, ten, or fifteen pebbles and go round the well, counting their prayers on the pebbles as on a rosary; but they are always careful to go round the well moving in the direction of the hands of a clock, with their right hand to the centre. This sunwise direction is called deiseal or right-hand,* and is according to Gaelic views the only right or lucky way of going round; the opposite, tuathal, or left-handed way being used only by malevolent people, witches or folks who have imbibed too freely of the flowing bowl;—hence the saying "they were drinking till the glass began to go round the wrong way."

There is a well in the Island of Inismain, out in the Atlantic, about thirty miles from Galway, that is much resorted to. It is in a little green lawn attached to a ruined old church of probably the tenth century. But in addition to its religious associations there is a legend that the well was formerly inhabited by a bricin beannuighthe or blessed fish, and the sanguine pilgrim of today at the end of his devotions gazes into the clear depths of the old well in the hope of seeing the fish. Originally, the legend must have given the occupant of the well a red head as "the well of the red head," in Irish Tobar na Cinndeirge, is the present title of the place, but, sad to tell, Red-head has not deigned to appear in these later degenerate times. There are many wells the water of which, if legends are to be trusted, cannot by any fire be made to boil, such as the well of St. Fechin of Fore in Westmeath, and a well in Mayo called Tobbar na gceann, the well of the heads, so called we are told, because the heads of four martyred priests were cast into the well, which is now resorted to for the cure of headache.

Adamman informs us that when Columba was among the Picts he heard of the heathen people worshipping a spring as a god. Columba blessed this well and washed himself therein; and thereafter "many diseases among the people were healed by the same spring." In the Irish life of this saint we are told that he blessed three hundred wells. Martin describes the blessing of a well in the island of Eigg thus:

"He [the priest] obliged all the inhabitants to come to this well [St. Catherine's], and then employed them to bring together a great number of stones at the head of the spring, by way of penance. This being done, he said Mass at the well, and then consecrated it. He gave each of the inhabitants a piece of wax candle, which they lighted, and all of them made the deisiul, or going round the well sunwise, the priest leading them; and from that time it was accounted unlawful to boil any meat with the water of this well." He adds that ever after "the natives have it in great esteem, and believe it to be a Catholicon for diseases."

Similarly we read of the church and well of Findian of Clonard:—"Whatsoever sick man shall go into that well will come healthy out of it." (Book of Lismore, p. 228.)

At Strolomus, on the island of Skye, and opposite Teampull Fhraing, in Scalpay, is the "Wishing Well," so called because its waters were believed to cure female sterility. Such wells were not uncommon elsewhere, and Mr. J. Russell Walker mentions three of them in the "Proceedings of the Antiquarian Society." One of these was S. Fillan's at Comrie; another was "Our Lady's Well," at Whitekirk, East Lothian; and the third—also called "Our Lady's Well"—on the Isle of May.

In Scotland also is Loch Sianta or

*Some families in Connemara called Deshel have changed their name to Wright.

the sacred loch which not only the inhabitants of Skye, but also all the Hebrides and the mainland esteemed "a Catholicon for all diseases, which occasions the resort that is to it from all airts." Martin is equally explicit—"It is much frequented by strangers, as well as by the inhabitants of the isle, who generally believe it to be a specific for several diseases, such as stitches, headaches, stone, consumptions, and megrim. Some of the common people oblige themselves by a vow to come to this well and make the ordinary tour about it called deisiul, which is performed thus: They move thrice round the well proceeding sunwise, from east to west and so on. This is done after drinking of the water, and when one goes away from the well it is a never-failing custom to leave some small offering on the stone which covers the well." Here, too, there were sacred trout, and "neither the natives nor strangers will ever presume to destroy any of them, such is the esteem they have for the water." Then beside it was a sacred grove, "and none of the natives dare venture to cut the least branch of it, for fear of some signal judgment to follow upon it."

According to the Rev. Donald Martin, in the Old Statistical Account, there was beside the rivulet flowing from Loch Siant a bath made of stone, and concealed from the public view by small trees surrounding it. Here the votaries bathed themselves, and afterwards drank of the waters of the loch or of the numerous springs that flow into it. Then, "on a shelf made for the purpose, in the wall of a contiguous enclosure, they left offerings of small rags, pins, and coloured threads to the divinity of the place."

This very year I noticed that the annual feast of a well near Inverness attracted such a crowd as to excite the attention of the newspapers. The "Daily Mail" said on this occasion:

"In Scotland old customs die hard, especially in the Highlands, as was evidenced the first Sunday in May, when the time-honored practice of paying a visit to the wells, the waters of which are known for their healing virtues, was observed by hundreds of persons. Young and old journeyed from Inverness during the day, to St. Mary's Well, which is situated near Culloden Heath, and after drinking the water a coin was dropped into the well. This act is supposed to be an earnest of good health and success during the year.

The practice of visiting "wishing wells" has descended from father to son, and despite the fact that many ministers point out that it is not conducive to keeping the Sabbath holy, and is only fit for superstitious barbarians, still the numbers who go to the well never diminish. Not only was the practice observed in parts of Invernessshire, but in Ross-shire also numbers of people visited the famous healing well of Craigie Howe, deposited their coins, and returned apparently satisfied that trouble and sickness had effectually been guarded against in the coming year."

It may be asked why, in writing of the Holy Places of Ireland, we mention these baneful, absurd, and indeed superstitious beliefs and observances. We do so first of all because these things are of such undoubted occurrence that they cannot be denied, and often the absurd side of the practice is the one that most forcibly strikes an observing visitor to these places. It is right that on the one hand people should know the origin of these vague beliefs and customs so that strangers may not take for the result of religious superstition what is merely the survival, among people that cling to old usages, of customs that go back for centuries. Again, if the people themselves who now, in accordance with tradition, cling to these usages, knew their origin and absurdity in connection with acts of religion, they would speedily drop these observances. No one can quarrel with the policy of the early Irish Church in placing these wells, be they common wells or of former Druidic importance, under the patronage of Christian saints. Usually the well is given the

name of the founder of the church hard by, and this was probably the universal custom at first. There is hardly a parish in Ireland that has not a well having the name of a local patron saint.

In later times it became usual to place wells under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, St. Martin and other prominent saints. Tobar Muire, or Mary's Well, is a name of pretty common occurrence. In the English form Tober-mory it is the name of one of the most charming spots in the Scottish Highlands, the chief town of the Island of Mull, on your way from Oban to Iona. Although the town bears this promising name, the visitor will find only three or four Catholic families in the whole island today, in Iona not one! But the Scottish Presbyterians, as one of them naively stated at the Centenary celebrated in the island in 1896, "cannot approve of many things in the teachings and practices of Columcille!"

To some extent we have still with us traces of the old pre-Christian practices. In the curious observance of St. John's fire, of the 21st June Fire, of May Day, and of Hallow eve, we have traces of the old fire-worship. We have instances of certain trees being decorated by persons who resorted thither for cures. We have the deiseal or sunwise direction. The fairy ring, the lonely rath, the stories of the banshee, leprechaun (the Gaelic Proteus), and such airy legends, are survivals, through fourteen centuries, of pre-Christian beliefs. We have seen how the Druids' ail adrada or stone of worship was supplanted by the Christian altar, how the oaken grove saw a Christian Church grow up in its shades, and how the wells, lakes and rivers from being the gates of the pre-Christian Paradise, became the gates of the Christian Heaven for those who were baptized in their waters.

The other and much more numerous class of Holy Places are the buildings erected by the Christian Irish, and these were usually called by a Latin name.

A SONNET.

DYER M. LAUGHLIN.

I cried to thee and straight thou didst appear.
Not robed in white, with violets on thy breast
And eyes closed, as in thy last sleep, but drest
In thine accustomed garb. With look severe
Thou saidst: "Why weepest thou for me in vain?
Knowest thou not I dwell in bliss above,
Surrounded by our heavenly Father's love,
And far removed from sorrow, sin and pain?
If thou wilt nobly bear this grief of thine,
By our dear Lord to thee in kindness sent
To lift thy thoughts from earth to things divine
And teach, through pain, what by His will is meant
Thou, too, in peace shalt on His breast recline."
Thus speaking thou wert gone, and I content.

THE HAND OF THE CRUSADER.

BY KATHERINE TYNAN HINKSON.

CHAPTER III.

"Why," said Mrs. O'Donoghue, looking down on the amber head. "'Tis very pleasant, so it is, to have a little daughter to look after me. The very feel of you about the house, asthoreen, is comfortable, so it is. But you mustn't be spoiling your old mother. I never thought to have such a fine young lady putting on my slippers for me."

Something in the expression of her daughter's eyes as they were lifted to her startled her for a moment.

"Did you think," said the girl, almost bitterly, "that I was going to remain a fine young lady, while you were a working woman?"

"You can't help it," said the mother, with simple admiration. "Miss Clare Fitzmaurice is not a finer young lady, nor half so pretty, though 'tis your mother says it, nor Miss Mabel Egerton, though she's a pretty young lady, and wears the finest feathers of any bird I ever saw."

"Foolish little mother," said the girl lifting her bright head. "It is only that, like any other little goose, you think your gosling a swan."

"Maybe, maybe," said Mrs. O'Donoghue, looking brighter than her daughter had seen her since she had come home from her French school a few weeks before. "It may be that there's a dazzle on my eyes when I look at you, child, but I don't think I'm mistaken in being proud of my little girl, especially when she's not too fine for her poor, rough old mother."

"You never thought I would be, darling, did you?" said the girl, imploringly.

"I don't think it now, anyhow."

"You never did!"

"Small blame to me if, when I saw you walking in to me like a young queen, I thought that, maybe, 'twas no place for you—that maybe, the Counsellor was right when he was anxious about you going to St. Cyr."

"Here drink your tea, little mother. I have put plenty of cream in it. And see the beautiful hot cakes Bridget has made for you! Put your feet on this footstool now, and tell me why Counsellor Fitzmaurice didn't like my going to St. Cyr."

"He thought it was terrible ambitious of me, though he wouldn't say it. When I made up my mind to send you to France, I spoke to the Counsellor about it, he being a pleasant little gentleman, and always ready with advice. Besides, 'twas a strange country to me, and I didn't know from Adam where to send you, or how to go about it. 'I know of one school, Mrs. O'Donoghue,' he said, 'where my own mother was reared, but you wouldn't be thinking of it. 'Tis for French girls of family,' he said, 'and 'tis very expensive.' 'The O'Donoghues, Counsellor' I said, 'are a fine old ancient race.' He laughed heartily then. 'I know what you're thinking of,' he said, 'that the O'Donoghues were kings in the country before the Fitzmaurices came in with Strongbow's rabble.' 'Deed, no, then,' said I, 'for whatever ye were before ye came into it, ye've done nothing but what was high and honourable since ye came into it.' 'We have the Crusader's Hand anyhow, Mrs. O'Donoghue,' said he. 'Aye, indeed, ye have,' said I."

Mrs. O'Donoghue paused for breath, and the girl asked:

"The Crusader's hand? I have forgotten it, mother."

"'Tis the glory of Killylea. The

hand of Sir Maurice Fitzmaurice, who died in Palestine because he wouldn't walk on the cross. They struck the right hand off him first, and 'twas picked up by his servant, who, poor man, knew no better than to pretend to believe in their prophet. Neither blight nor decay came upon it, and when the day came that he escaped, he brought home the Hand. They think a power of it; they'd rather lose anything in the world, I've heard say, than the Crusader's Hand. 'Tis the thing they're proudest of."

"I seem to remember about it now. It is kept at the Castle."

"In a little room like a chapel. ' Tis in a little thing like a chapel itself, black and silver, with a purple veil about it. They say a touch of it is good for the ague."

"It must be fine to have memories like that in your family," said the girl dreamily.

"There was many a hero of your own name, child, though there was none to keep their bones. But to come back to my story, the Counsellor, when he had had his laugh out, as he always will, he said: 'Very well, Mrs. O'Donoghue, give the child the best chance you can. I don't think your girl will be the worse for it,' he said, 'and besides—he didn't laugh when he said it—'it is true that race will show. There is no reason why your girl shouldn't restore the ancient glories of the O'Donoghues.' Indeed, he was real kind about it. He wrote to Madame and settled everything for me, and found someone to take charge of you on the way. Indeed, I'd no trouble at all. The Counsellor has a great wish for me," concluded Mrs. O'Donoghue simply.

"They are our landlords, those people."

"Part of the land down about the river belongs to them. It was all we had when I married your father, but I've added a bit since then."

"Great little mother!"

" 'Twas surprising how natural it came to me to work when I had to do it. I was a foolish bit of a thing till your father's ——— illness ——— threw it upon me. The Lord helped me in my need."

"You helped yourself, little mother."

"They say He helps them that helps themselves. I met a deal of kindness, too. The Captain never pressed me when times were hard. Now he's proud of me for an improving tenant, and sets a deal of store by my opinion about the land. There was many a one did me a kind turn, too. It was like helping the widow almost."

"They were lonely years."

"I had him," said the widow, with unclouded eyes.

"And he was enough for you?" asked the girl, wondering.

"You won't ask it when you've a husband of your own, child. It went to my heart to part with you, Meg; and then I lost my one little boy. But I never was one of the women that put the children first. You weren't the same to me as the husband of my youth."

"I suppose not,'" said the girl.

Mrs. O'Donoghue had finished her tea, and drawn closer to the fire, basking in the unusual comfort.

"The place is different somehow," she said, looking about her. "It is brighter than I remember it for many a day. You've been busy about it, Meggie."

"I wondered if you'd notice. I've burnished up the old china and silver, and polished the glass of the cupboard doors. You've a number of pretty things, mother."

"I used to be proud of them before I became a working man. Since, I've had no time for them. Indeed, 'tis a real pleasant room now you've put your hand over it. And the fire is pretty, dancing in all the bright things. I've forgotten the feel of a fire almost."

"You shall have one every evening. It is never too hot for that. Your screen with the paper roses I have put away. You've no use for it."

"I'm not as active as I used to be,"

said Mrs. O'Donoghue, to whom garrulity was pleasant after years of silence. "I feel the rheumatism coming at me now and again. 'Tis the damp of the long grass, and the heavy dews when there's no rain. I've been out in all weathers."

"It is time someone took your place."

"So I've been told many a time," said Mrs. O'Donoghue, with half-shy laughter coming into her eyes.

"There, don't mind me, child," said the mother. "'Tis only the foolishness of men."

"I suppose you might have married again," said the daughter slowly. "I never thought of that."

"Nor I, child. I was angry when the first one asked me; afterwards I was patient with them. They couldn't know that I was as much a wife in my heart as if your father yet lived. 'Twas always the same story with them, that I had more than a woman could do. To hear them, 'twas all by way of good nature and charity."

"It needn't have been that," said the girl, suddenly touching with one caressing finger her mother's weather-beaten face. "But how conceited of them! Are they always to be the strong sex. You have shown them what a woman could do, and there are other women who, at least, may attempt as much."

Mrs. O'Donoghue looked up in alarm.

"I hope you haven't been learning any of those new-fangled notions about women being as good as men."

"Not in St. Cyr, certainly," said her daughter, laughing.

"I don't hold with such things," indignantly. "The place of women is to stay at home, and be done for by men. A woman will find plenty for her hand to do in her house, and keep warm and comfortable."

"Ah, little mother!"

"Yes, Meg, I know what you're thinking. I'd have been glad enough to keep at home once. Now, I'm no good for a housekeeper, and the house was lonesomer than the fields till you came into it. I had to be the man of the house, in a way."

"And what will you do if the rheumatism gets worse?"

Mrs. O'Donoghue looked at her daughter with a scared face.

"I've sometimes thought of it, but I've put the thought from me. There's no one I can trust. I don't know what would become of things if I couldn't go to the fields and the market. 'Tis hard not to have a son."

"You have a daughter."

"Not to make her like myself."

"Oh hush mother! I am not fit to be named in the same day with you. Let me help you, mother."

The little woman's eye was fierce as she turned it on Meg. "You! Say no more of it. It'll never be while I can put a foot under me. You help me by making me proud of you, and your fine soft, delicate ways. When I let you go from me I consoled myself with the thought that I was making a lady of you. Are you going to disappoint me after all these years?"

"I wouldn't disappoint you for worlds, mother, but it seems shame to me, that I should lead the life of a fine lady, while you kill yourself with a man's work."

"I did it for you, that you might be a lady. I felt repaid for it all when I saw you looking about you that day at the railway station, as fine as any lady waiting for her carriage. I thought how proud your father would have been. If you could know the comfort it was to me to think of you at St. Cyr you wouldn't talk such foolishness. There's enough for you to do in the house."

"Bridget can do everything better. I can only fiddle-faddle over dusting and such things."

"Do anything you like. Ask me for money for anything you want. Make friends; bring home pets—a little dog, now. Miss Clare has a real pretty black dog, that clipped and curled that he'd make you die laughing.

Make yourself happy, child, but never ask to become a man-woman like me."

"Very well, mother," said the girl, in a low voice, "I shall be as happy as I can—till—till you want me."

"When I am gone," said the mother, "you can sell the land. What does a woman want with it?"

CHAPTER IV.

A TEA PARTY.

Meg's home-coming had not passed unnoticed by the good people of Kilcolman. She was the subject of quite a disproportionate amount of the conversation at a little gathering of the neighbours which took place under the hospitable roof of Miss Maria Hevey, who, like Mrs. O'Donoghue, managed her own land and made it pay. Miss Hevey was a big-boned, spare woman, with a handsome, worn face, and an honest masculine expression. She was the prince of good fellows, and could drive a horse or a bargain with any man in the country. She could have been married long ago if she had not chosen to rear her sister's big family. Now they were all dead, or married, or in America, and the spinster was practically alone in the world.

Miss Hevey, however, did not find her unmarried lot without its compensations. Relieved of her vicarious motherhood, she fell back for relaxation on the sports of the country. She drove her dog-cart to a convenient meet of the hounds, and she was to be seen at all the races. Peter Hevey had been an ambitious man, and had somewhat scandalized the neighbours in old days by mounting his handsome daughter on a chestnut mare as handsome as herself. Later on, when she had her house overflowing with children, she had given up riding, and now, as she said, she was too old to go back. But she knew the points of a horse as well as any man in the country, and it was delightful to watch the brightening of her face as she discussed horse--flesh.

She was a thorough sportswoman—a great whist player, and a great stickler for a vigorous game. But this preference she was quite ready to subordinate if she was in the company of poor players, in any sense of the word.

Beside Miss Hevey, in the place of honour, sat Miss Lennon, a meek, faded, saintly little wisp of a woman, in limp black draperies.

Then there was Mrs. Pat Ryan, red-haired, freckled, a good housekeeper, with a bad temper and a tongue to match. There was Mrs. Gleason, a motherly, soft woman, with the complexion of a girl, and very white teeth. And there was Eliza Nolan, who had lived with her aunt in Dublin, and been a beauty and had got spoilt by admiration. But she had not known how to turn any of her lovers into a husband; and so, poor thing, had had to come back, and, to her mortification, take up her quarters over the general shop in Kilcolman, which was kept by her brother Andy, a grim bachelor.

The women were enjoying high tea and gossip. Presently they would be joined by their men-folk and would adjourn to Miss Hevey's damply-smelling drawing-room, where a table of polished mahogany was already set out for a mild game of cards.

"Well, we can't deny she's a credit to her upbringing," Miss Hevey was saying, in her rich, contralto voice. "She's as well set up as I was myself in my young days, and a deal rounder and fuller and more graceful than I ever was."

"I don't admire her figure," said Mrs. Pat Ryan shortly. "I call her waist anything but genteel."

"I used to be told," said Eliza Nolan, with a melancholy simper, "that nineteen inches was the waist of beauty. I could take in myself with my two hands then."

"The girls of the present day are wiser," said Miss Hevey. "They don't

twist their ribs and redden their noses, and go all day in torture, to have a waist like a five minutes' glass for boiling eggs."

"The dear knows," said Mrs. Gleason, "Mrs. O'Donoghue must have have spent a power of money on the pretty daughter, the creature."

"If you're thinking of Tim or Larry, Mrs. Gleason," said Miss Hevey, "take comfort. There's more where that came from."

"'Deed, if they weren't only little boys, I might be having something in my head," said Mrs. Gleason, smiling comfortably. "But here's Mrs. Pat, with her fine, handsome boy that'll be looking for a wife."

"It won't be Meg O'Donoghue," snapped Mrs. Ryan. "Tony 'll have no girl reared above her station. Besides, the mother's daft with her notions of her girl. Pat was speaking to her in the Butter Exchange, last Tuesday was a week. 'Ye'll be getting that little girl of yours married, ma'am?' he said to her neighbourly-like. 'Deed then, I'm not thinking about it, Mr. Ryan,' said she. 'Take my advice then, he said 'and send for the match-maker. Girls are goods,' he says, 'that spoils in the keep.' She snapped at him real vicious. 'I won't have my little girl's match made,' she said. 'She'll choose for herself, or go without.' As if the old ways weren't good enough for her!"

"The poor woman didn't find her own marriage a bed of roses," said Miss Hevey.

"She spread it for herself," said Mrs. Ryan with acerbity. "She didn't treat the man right."

"She'd never have been Mrs. O'Donoghue," said Eliza Nolan, enigmatically, "if the poor man could but have had them he wanted. He married for spite, and it ended bad."

The women looked at each other. Eliza's vanity was well known.

"He married the pick of the country then for spite," said Miss Hevey sharply.

"And what's the girl going to do now?" snapped Mrs. Ryan again. "I call it a shame, if a fine, well-grown girl like her sits down to play the piano, and do fancy work, with the unfortunate mother of her killing herself."

'She ought to be a nun," said Miss Lennon, speaking for the first time. "She'd look lovely in the robes, so she would."

"And leave her poor mother lone, Bridget Lennon," said Miss Hevey in her sharp-sweet way.

"Sure ye wouldn't have her mother standing between her and her call?" sighed Miss Lennon again.

"Perhaps I don't believe that the Lord calls only daughters," said Miss Hevey.

"True for you," said Mrs. Gleason. "Sure the poor woman deserves the comfort the little girl 'll be to her, after giving her up for her good all those years."

"You wouldn't set natural affections above the religious life?" pleaded Miss Lennon, still intent on her point.

"Well then," said Miss Hevey again, "I can only see a little bit of the way, but as far as I can see I try to go straight. And I look at it in this way. Supposing this country was under conscription in case of war. Well, they'd take first the younger sons of families, and if need arose they'd take the elder sons where the fathers were living. But the bread-winner they'd let alone. I think the Lord would be no less kind than the law. And, maybe, when He puts you into a post He means you to stick to it."

"Only human reasoning," said Miss Lennon.

"And I, a worldly old woman, eh, Bridget?" laughed Miss Hevey.

"Oh, the dear knows if we were all like you, the world 'ud be better off."

"I'd be glad to know my girls were safe in the convent," said Mrs. Ryan virtuously.

"You were always a great woman for the boys, Judy," commented Miss

Hevey. It was a well-known fact that Mrs. Ryan's girls were in every way subordinated to their brothers. "But here's Kate Gleeson not saying a word, and yet her Minnie's going into the convent come Lady Day, so she knows more about it than any of us."

"Oh, sure I'm glad to give her to the Lord," said Mrs. Gleeson, her kind eyes filling. "Still there'll be the terrible empty place when she's gone, the Lord knows."

"And she's not an only daughter," said Miss Hevey.

"No, then, thank God; there's plenty more," said Mrs. Gleeson simply.

"Meg was a pet of mine when she was a little girl," said Miss Hevey, "before all the trouble came to Killisky. She had a deal of character then. I wouldn't be surprised now if she didn't surprise us considerably. She'll strike out a way for herself, I'm thinking. She won't be going the way of sheep over a hedge like all the other girls."

"And what do you think she'll do?"

"It won't be making samplers and playing the five finger exercises all day with her, I'm sure of that. Maybe she'll be for taking the load from her mother's back. The little woman's carried it long enough."

Mrs. Ryan gave a shriek of horror.

"You don't mean that you think she'll make a show of herself like her mother before her."

"A brave, honest, hard-working woman. I take off my hat to her."

"She showed you the door, Maria Hevey."

"I understand her motives, and respect them."

"She made Killisky a prison for that unfortunate man. I often wondered the law didn't interfere."

"Don't talk about it, Judy Ryan. When there's trouble in a family like that, it's best left alone. But the child couldn't please you anyhow. Whether she stays at home, or whether she goes out, you have the hard word for her all the same."

"I'm sure," said Miss Lennon peacefully, "she might work and be none the worse of it. You managed your own affairs, Maria, and I'm sure you're a pattern to us all in ways."

"I'd rather go to the poor house any day," said Eliza Nolan, with a faded simper, "than look like Mrs. O'Donoghue. 'Tis unwomanly, I call it."

Miss Hevey smoothed a fold of her rich black silk.

"I couldn't have done it myself," she said. "I always thought a deal about clothes. But all the same, poor Nora O'Donoghue's frieze is like the Legion of Honor to me."

"Why couldn't she work her farm, and yet not make a show of herself?" said Mrs. Ryan again.

"Because Con had run through a lot with his drinking and gambling. There was none she could trust, and she had no money to buy capable service. It stands to reason she couldn't like to do as she did."

"I daresay the girl's ashamed of her," said Mrs. Ryan.

"That I'm sure she's not," said Miss Hevey warmly. "But I'll find out for myself what she's like, for I'm going up there one of these days."

"The mother won't want you."

"She will, indeed. Her reason for barring the door on her friends is buried with poor Con."

"I'm sure the poor girl's lonely," said Mrs. Gleeson.

"I'm not likely to be much of a companion for her," said Miss Hevey, "at my age, and a poor rustic."

"Oh dear! and you with the grandest education, and so fond of a book, and the fine clever mind," said Mrs. Gleeson.

Miss Hevey looked pleased.

"I've no belief in a woman turning into a turnip," she said, "even if she does live in the country. But here comes Dr. McGrath, the first of the gentlemen. Now we can stop discussing our neighbors, and fall to losing our tempers at whist instead."

"Well then, it would be a queer day

you'd lose your temper, Maria," said Bridget Lennon. "I'm no player myself, so I see most of the game, and I could never tell yet whether you were winning or losing."

"'Tis all in the day's work," said Miss Hevey; and then, as Dr. McGrath, a military-looking elderly man with a bristling grey moustache, entered the room, she turned to him.

"You're welcome, doctor," she said. "Here we've been cackling and screeching over our neighbors, as women always do when there is a lot of them together."

Dr. McGrath bowed over his hostess's hand, almost as if he would kiss it, and the women looked at each other. It was well known that there had been a kindness long ago between Tom McGrath and Maria Hevey, and when the doctor had come back from India with a pension to settle in his native place, his renewed friendship with his old love had not passed unnoticed.

The doctor 's arrival seemed to have brightened up the party considerably, and as one man after another came dropping in things went perceptibly better.

When they were gathered at last round the mahogany table and cutting for partners, Mrs. Ryan expressed the general opinion with effrontery.

"This is better, Maria Hevey," she said. "I can't help it, but I always hate a hen-party."

'So do I," said Miss Hevey. "And now, if you please, Judy Ryan, it's your lead."

CHAPTER V.

ON THE RIVER.

A cuckoo called dreamily from a little coppice close by. The wood-dove moaned in the woods of Killylea. The corn-crake sawed in the meadows. The sound of the river as it fell over a weir a little higher up added to the dreaminess. It was no wonder Meg O'Donoghue had let her book fall, and closed her eyes in the hot, drowsy day.

She was in a little boat, drawn under the shade of the trees. The boat swung up and down sleepily with the water. There was no one to see her but the blackbird and the thrush, and only the sparrows to gossip. Meg thrust a cushion under her head, pulled her garden hat over her eyes, and fell asleep.

The girl was in a state of dissatisfaction. It chafed her to hear her mother get up and go out when the birds were singing at dawn, while she herself was supposed to lie hours yet abed, and to come down at last to a comfortable breakfast, spread on a table in the bow-window overlooking that corner of the garden where the clove-carnations and sweet-peas stood thickest.

As she had supposed at first, there was not enough work in the house to keep another pair of hands busy beside Bridget Cormack's. Nor was that worthy handmaid at all inclined to have her duties interfered with.

When Meg had gathered the flowers and arranged them, had pulled the old furniture here and there at her pleasure, had set all the windows open to the sun, and fed her canary, there was nothing for her to do but amuse herself.

That she should desire anything else scandalized Bridget as well as her mother; or at least Bridget fell in with Mrs. O'Donoghue's point of view, and discouraged Meg's desire for activity.

"Now don't you," she said "be givin' yourself the habit of always wantin' to be doin', doin', doin', 'Twould be a most unfortunate thing if you got thim ways, seein' your mother's bent on doin' for you. An' you can't come interfering wid my work, for I've just got it in rotation like tinkers on an ass, an', be-dad, 'twould be like a dropped stitch if you come meddlin' wid any of it. I'm surprised at you, Miss Meg, an' rale surprised that they didn't tache you better at your school."

When Meg's whilom ally rounded on

her in this way there was nothing for her to do but to give in for the present, only for the present, she assured herself.

It was a lonely life for the girl, for even Miss Hevey had not yet presented herself, it being the thick of the haymaking season, and the spinster preoccupied, though she gave heself no such hard life as Mrs. O'Donoghue.

So Meg's only company was Snap, the Irish terrier puppy, which her mother had brought to her to ease her ill-conditioned desire for activity.

Snap now lay on the end of Meg's skirt as she slept in the boat, his chin raised, and his bright brown eyes watching the birds in the branches over-head. Now and again he caught a fly deftly and swallowed it, but without losing his benevolence of expression, for Snap was at the puppy age when the heart of dog overflows with kindness towards everything. He did not even growl at the sharp swish of the line in the air when a rod was cast just beside him. Instead, he lifted an inquiring nose over the bow of the boat and thumped his tail, as much as to say that it was pleasant to have company.

"Why, where did you come from, little chap?" said the owner of the fishing rod, in an agreeable, masculine growl. He had not yet espied the other occupant of the boat, but he spoke low to avoid scaring the fish.

Snap only answered by an increased thumping of the tail and his silky, pointed ears quivered with friendly excitement.

"They haven't left you alone here, moored in a boat, have they, little chap?" asked the fisherman again.

Snap stood up on the edge of the boat, and smiled insinuatingly at his new acquaintance. Only the nose of the boat projected from the screen of leaves so that Meg was still hidden.

The fisherman, who was equipped with long boots for wading, stepped into the water, and deliberately pulled the boat a little way towards him, so gently, however, that he did not disturb Meg's slumber. He was so amazed that he almost uttered an exclamation which would have awakened her. As it was, his comment to himself, under his breath, was full of admiration.

"Who would have thought of finding the Sleeping Beauty in this part of the world?" was what he said.

And yet, so far as he could see, the epithet was hardly warranted. The girlish figure, in its washed-out French muslin, which had yet an indefinable air of elegance, had the charm of youth and slenderness. The hands, the fingers of which turned towards the rosy palms like the hands of a sleeping child, were delicate and well-shaped. For the rest he could see only a glimpse of milky throat, and a round white chin.

"Ah," he muttered, drawing a long breath, "I wish I could see her face!"

Snap was meanwhile leaping about and licking his hands with frantic demonstrations of delight. The girl stirred in her sleep, and the man, dropping the veil of boughs, withdrew softly.

"I have no right" he said to himself "to peep any longer." For he had a feeling that the quiet figure lying there in the heart of his woods put him, in a sense, on his honor.

He went on towards the weir, carrying his rod, but though the fish rose well, and the condition of the river was ideal, the quiet, contemplative mood which belongs to the angler had passed.

His mind was turbulent with curiosity as to that hidden face. He wished almost that he had given way to the temptation which had come upon him to startle her, so that she might have wakened and revealed herself to him unseen.

Yet again he felt he could no more have broken that innocent and confiding sleep than he could have roughly wakened a sleeping child.

Then he said to himself that he must soon discover who she was. Girls like her do not drop in and out of any world, much less this sparsely-peopled one, without people knowing something about them. His mind ran over his acquaintances, wondering which of them could be her host. It was so odd, too, to find a girl of her condition, for she was plainly a lady, out by herself in a boat, with evidently any amount of time on her hands. That she could be the daughter of his tenant at Killisky never struck him. If the thought had come to him, he would have dismissed it as too wildly improbable.

Suddenly, at a moment when a pull at his rod had distracted his thoughts, a boat shot round the bend of the river. He leant eagerly forward for a moment. Then he uttered a sharp exclamation.

It was Meg O'Donoghue's boat that was swinging and swaying in the centre of the river. Just here, at this point, the current ran swiftly. The river narrowed towards a single-arch bridge, a few yards beyond which it tumbled, a mass of foaming water, over the weir.

The girl was very pale, but quiet. She had lost one of her sculls, and with the other she was vainly endeavoring to head the boat for shore, but the current was too strong for her. Slowly and surely she was being swept on towards the arch of the bridge, and the roaring falls beyond.

And there was the face he had wished to see. The soft, creamy tints of it were for the moment blanched, but the mouth was firm and the large eyes fearless. As he watched her, the boat swayed towards the shore.

"Ah!" he said, drawing a long breath, "She is thoroughbred. Bravo! Bravo!"

Meg had relinquished for a moment her effort to save herself, and had stopped to pick up the little dog. Her voice came to him across the water.

"Swim, Snap! Save your life, old fellow!"

The dog gave one piteous yelp towards her as she dropped him into the water. For a second he turned to the trail of the boat; then he struck out sidewise for the shore, swimming strongly.

"Keep her head straight," shouted the man on the bank, "and when you have shot the bridge, be ready to catch a line."

The boat was now dizzily plunging towards the arch of the bridge. As he shouted his commands, the girl looked towards him without surprise, and nodded her head. The next moment he was making for the bridge for dear life.

As the boat shot through the arch, she saw him there waiting for her. Beyond, the water creamed and foamed, and the air was full of thunder and spray. She gave one look towards the falls, then she turned towards the man on the bank, with the fishing tackle in his hands, and was ready to help him save her life.

As the boat came opposite to him he flung the line. The boat swerved and swayed with the shock of its sudden arrest. "Ah, bravo! bravo!" cried the man on the bank again. The girl had crouched in the boat, and caught his line as he flung it.

Slowly, slowly he backed, drawing the stern of the boat towards him. Through the noise of waters he could almost hear the thumping of his heart. What if the line were to part? For greater security he had passed his end of the line about his wrist. The girl, crouching there, kept the boat, so far as she could steady, and so he drew her at last out of the mass of waters.

"What possessed you?" he began, as he pulled the head of the boat to shore, but her eyes looked beyond him.

"The dog?" she asked.

"He is all right, the little beggar. *He* was not in danger. See; here he is!"

Snap had come plunging down the steep bank, shaking the drops from his coat, and barking joyfully.

"Ah!" she said, "I am so glad he is safe."

"But you," he demanded, almost angrily. "How did you come to be in such danger? Did no one tell you the river was dangerous at this place?"

She answered him meekly, as if she acknowledged his right to be imperious.

"I was silly enough to fall asleep under the trees, and the current caught the boat, and when it began to move out I awoke and found that one of my sculls had slipped from the rowlock. I thought I could have paddled her to shore, but I could not. It was very stupid of me."

"You did splendidly. Not one girl in a million would have behaved as you did."

Meg lifted her eyes to him, and in their golden depths there was pleasure at his praise.

A sudden memory of her danger smote him again, like sharp pain.

"You should not be out by yourself," he said harshly. "This river is treacherous, and full of currents."

"I was all right if I had not been silly enough to fall asleep."

"You understand river-boating."

"When I am with my friend, Germaine de Neuville, in Touraine, we are much on the river and alone."

Oh; well you must take care here; this is not Touraine. What do you suppose would have happened to you if I had not been at hand?"

"I should have gone over the weir."

Again the golden glow in her uplifted eyes dazzled him.

"You need not think I did anything," he answered shortly. "It was a happy accident someone happened to be here with a line—that is all."

For he could see she looked upon him as having saved her life.

"Very well," she said, understanding. "I am grateful then, that someone happened to be here who had a line."

"What are we to do with this?" he asked, looking down at the boat.

"I suppose I could not take it back with only one scull?"

"You! Great Heavens! Since I was the man with the line, I want you to promise me never to come so close to the weir again. The river is safe enough higher up."

"I promise. But I can really manage a boat. It was my stupidity in leaving the scull where it could slip."

"Yes; it might have happened to anyone. But there must never be the remotest danger of its happening to you again."

"I have promised."

"Thank you, yes. And now the boat. I shall send some one to fetch it home. But where? I'm afraid I do not know."

A slight touch of embarrassment crept into both faces. Then the girl's laugh cleared it away.

"I forgot. I am Meg O'Donoghue from Killisky Farm."

"And I," he lifted his hat, am Gervase Fitzmaurice."

Not a trace of the surprise he felt at hearing she was his curious tenant's daughter appeared in his face.

"I am going your way," he said. Let me have the pleasure of knowing that you arrived home safely."

(To be Continued.)

HER SMILE.

JOHN MYERS O'HARA.

Lingered ever a smile in the curve of her lips,
In the ring of her voice, in the way
That her eyes glanced away
To the distant delight, whence her soul drew eclipse
For the grief of an age and a day.

And I said—while the smile on her mouth dreams the dream
That immerses her soul in the shine
Of a joy-flood benign;
And moored in the languorous blue of their beam,
Mists her eyes with enchantment condign;

Is there beauty more subtle of flower or of face
That can symbol a secret as fair;
Or a loveliness rare
As is hers? Could there dwell in her features a grace
Or a mood with her smile to compare?

And I mused as I gazed—if a sorrow should clutch
The hid bliss from her heart, would the smile
From her face be exile?
Or to naught evanesced with the tenebrous touch,
Live the ghost of itself for awhile?

Even then was a severing shadow to drive
Swift the smile from her lips and her eyes,
As a doomed star that dies
On the sight, flashing out in the glow of its dive
Down the night, from its throne in the skies.

And I saw her eftsoons, and I thought of the sigh
I should heave for the smile that had flown;
But the sorrow had thrown
An ineffable charm in her laughterless eye,
And a gravity sweeter to own.

She is lovelier far, then I said to my heart,
Than I deemed that she ever could be
In her sadness to me;
O, her smile was of earth but her tears are a part
Of a fairness diviner to see.

FIDES.

JULIA TERESA BUTLER.

In her pure eyes love's mirrored hues unfold,
And coward Fear before her presence flees,
Like morn that brings its wealth of blue and gold,
She brings the light illumining truth's decrees.

Fearless and tender she gives prayer its wings,
Prayer fervent as passion flowers that greet the sun,
And sweet as shining seraph exultant sings
His notes of praise before the Eternal One.

A happy vision of harmonious grace,
Patient and strong and wondrous wise withal,
Fair in a holiness that glorifies her face,
On which each virtue's lily-glow doth fall.

U. S. S. "OLYMPIA".

MEMORIES OF THE OLYMPIA.

BY THOS. J. FEENEY.

In adjacent slips at the Charlestown Navy Yard, and almost side by side, lie the celebrated frigate *Constitution* and even more celebrated *Olympia,* fit representatives of the past and present of American naval architecture. One is the antithesis of the other. Greater contrasts could not be imagined.

The old *Constitution* looks like an overgrown canal boat. Her clapboarded superstructure gives her the appearance of a top-heavy tenement house built on a hulk. There is nothing of the popular idea of a floating sea warrior about her lines. Only the recollection of the deeds of Hull and his men saves her from oblivion. The *Olympia,* on the other hand, looks the ocean greyhound she is—a greyhound with its fang exposed, to carry the figure of speech a little further, as one views her frowning battery peering from embrasures here and there. Both are the ideals of patriotic sentiments, however, and to one who desires to contemplate the progress in methods of sea fighting they furnish a remarkable object lesson. And with the *Olympia* the names of Dewey and Gridley are as inseparably entwined as is that of Capt. Isaac Hull with the *Constitution.*

It is not literally correct to style the *Olympia* a representative of the present in naval architecture. Although, a comparative baby, so to speak, being only about five years old, so rapid has been the advance of scientific progress, (or scientific barbarism, according to one's point of view) since she was fitted out, that today she is considered behind the times in several details of her construction and equipment, more so, perhaps, than even the *Constitution,* when the ratio of years is taken into account.

Her guns, at the date of her commission, considered the most complete and effective then devised, are deemed some what slow in operation and not so effective in results when contrasted with those supplied other cruisers since that time. In some respects the measure of protection afforded by her armor is considered insufficient, and with regard to her interior finish she is deemed absolutely unscientific according to the standards of 1899. So far as her general appearance goes she will look the same when leaving Boston as she did when entering that port, but the alterations in interior details will be so general that it is probable that her departure from the Charlestown yard, unless unforeseen events should make her presence at some other point imperative, will not be announced for at least a year, so general will be the overhauling.

When results are considered, the emotions aroused by an inspection of the *Constitution* and the *Olympia* crowd aside the coldly critical view based on construction theories. It is then that each stands forth in her proper sphere as the champion of her respective era. The *Constitution* reminded England that her refractory daughter was capable of successfully resisting all attempts to menace her newly found liberty, and, incidentally, of resenting such outrages as the forcible impressment of her sailors. The *Olympia* not only assisted in demonstrating the power of the United States but she incidentally destroyed the popular illusion that Americans were a stolidly commercial race, lacking in high ideals, and lacking particularly in the power to maintain their dignity beyond the immediate boundaries of their own land.

The *Olympia* is one of the most attractive cruisers of the American navy. Her lines suggest speed and this suggestion is borne out by results. On her trial trip, which was held in Santa Barbara channel, California, December 15, 1893, she traveled 43 nautical miles at a mean speed of 21.686 knots per hour. She has been driven as rapidly as 22.5 knots an hour. As a matter of record, a few more statistics regarding her may be of interest. She went into commission February 3, 1895, and up to the time of her departure from Manila with Admiral Dewey was the flagship of the Asiatic squadron. Her length over all is 344 feet; her beam, at load water line, 53 feet; her normal

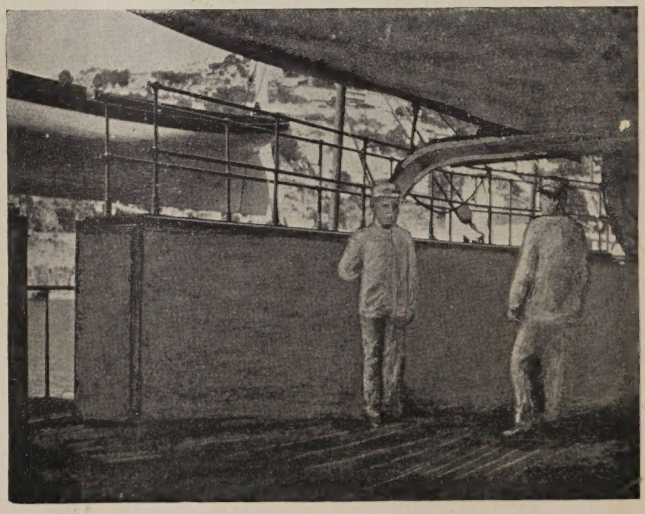
SAILORS FROM THE "OLYMPIA" MARCHING THROUGH BOSTON.

THE BARBER SHOP ON BOARD THE "OLYMPIA".
Photo taken by Apprentice Richardson of the "Olympia," for Donahoe's.

draught, 21 feet, 6 inches; and her displacement, 5870 tons. She is described as a steel twin-screw protected cruiser of the central superstructure type, and with two masts for fore-and-aft sails, two military tops on each mast.

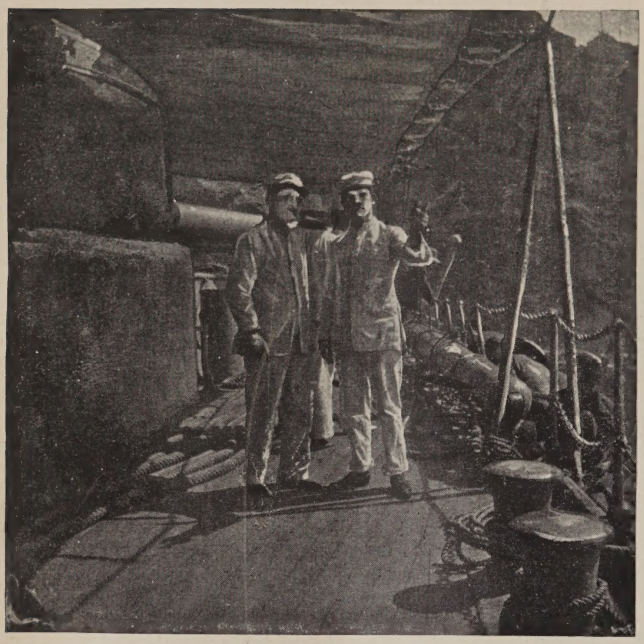
Her main battery consists of four eight inch turret guns, and ten five inch rapid-fire guns. Her secondary battery consists of fourteen six-pounders, Driggs-Schroeder pattern, and six one-pound Hotchkiss rapid-fire guns. She has six torpedo tubes, two forward and two after, broad side, one in the bow and one in the stern. In addition to a protective deck she is also protected by a coffer-dam which runs nearly the entire length of the vessel on either side and rises to a point about four feet above the load water line. The vessel was built by the Union Iron Works of San Francisco, at a contract price, exclusive of armament, of $1,796,000, with a bonus of $50,000 for each quarter knot of speed in excess of contract stipulation.

The part played by the *Olympia* in the battle of Manila Bay—how she led the Asiatic Squadron from Hong Kong and steamed past Corregidor in the early morning of May 1, 1898, meeting and defeating the Spanish fleet before breakfast—is known to every schoolboy.



ADMIRAL DEWEY RECEIVING A CALLER AT VILLEFRANCHE.
Photo taken by Apprentice Richardson of the "Olympia," for Donahoe's.

THE CREW OF THE OLYMPIA.



CARPENTER SHAW AND BOATSWAIN COSTELLO.
Photo taken by Apprentice Richardson of the "Olympia," for Donahoe's.

One of the earliest converts to this new-born respect for Americans was the venerable Archbishop of Manila. Intensely Spanish in his sympathies, and naturally supporting his native country in her controversy with the United States, he had absorbed many of the popular prejudices regarding the character of Americans. After the battle of Manila Bay, however, his ideas underwent a change. He was not only compelled by the results of that battle to admire the energy, ability and courage of the American sailors, but, on more intimate acquaintance, to admire the personal character of the men. After the battle he visited Admiral Dewey on the *Olympia*, and between the two there developed a bond of mutual regard amounting almost to friendship. The Archbishop found the Admiral a courteous, kindly gentleman at the head of a gallant crew, about one-half of which was composed of Roman Catholics; he found a Catholic chaplain on the ship and the celebration of Mass a regular event; he found, moreover, that nowhere was there a larger liberty for religion than under the Stars and Stripes.

These and many other surprising bits of knowledge he acquired, and when Admiral Dewey sailed for home he carried with him no more sincere wishes for his welfare than those of the Archbishop of Manila, and left behind no one with a stronger desire for American supremacy in the Philippines.

The Admiral also learned some surprising things regarding the Archbishop and the clergy. When he received his orders at Hong Kong to meet the Spanish fleet he had been informed that the Philippine Islands were priest-ridden; that the priests were the dominant powers and controlled all the great estates; that they were to a large degree tyrants; and that the Archbishop was the head and front of this organized system of tyranny and robbery. He found his visitor to be in appearance a mild old man, and in manner a most courteous gentleman. He found, moreover, that instead of being wealthy the archbishop was almost a beggar. He found that the great fortune popularly ascribed to him had consisted of only a few thousand dollars, most of which had subsequently been subscribed toward paying the passage of needy Spaniards back to Spain. It was from the Archbishop that Admiral Dewey received his most reliable information regarding the

MASS ON BOARD THE OLYMPIA.

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HANDING IN THE COLORS ON BOSTON COMMON.

standing of the Philippine insurrectionists, and the most authentic description of the real characters of the leaders. And it may be added that it is from this same old man the American army will receive the greatest assistance in the restoration of peace.

Speaking of the Archbishop, here is a little story told by one of the officers of the *Olympia*, and vouched for as genuine. It illustrates how little Americans understood of Spanish customs. An American officer called on the archbishop and was most graciously received. During the conversation the officer noticed the magnificent episcopal ring upon the finger of his host, and stooped in order to get a closer view of it. Meanwhile he expressed his admiration in various ejaculations, one of which was to the effect that his wife would be vastly pleased if possessed of such a jewel. This remark was not intended in any sense as a hint to the archbishop. It simply conveyed the highest admiration on the officer could express. What was his astonishment, therefore, when the archbishop slipped the jewel from his finger and handed it to the officer, with the remark: "It is yours." The visitor was not aware that this was a common expression among Spaniards, and that instead of being literally intended, it meant in this case to convey to the visitor the prelate's appreciation of the compliment paid to the ring by his caller, and the privilege of a personal examination of it. What was the archbishop's astonishment, then, to see his visitor pocket the ring and hear his cordial "Thank you," supplemented by the assurance that the recipient's wife would be delighted, etc. The visitor departed with the ring in his possession. The venerable archbishop made no remonstrance and no complaint, but he told the story to some of his assistants and so it became, to a certain number, common property.

After having spent more than a year in Manila bay, the *Olympia* started for home on May 20 of this year. The return voyage was made in a very leisurely manner, over four months being consumed en route. This gave officers and men opportunities for sight-seeing which will probably never again be accorded them, as well as opportunities for ovations by the representatives of the different countries at whose ports they touched. The first stop was at Hong Kong. American vessels were no strangers to this place and the *Olympia* was well known there. The natives looked at her with awe-struck eyes, however, where before they had merely remarked that she was not so large as the naval vessels of some other country. The impression of the victory in which the *Olympia* participated has penetrated even to China, and it would not be surprising if, in case of a partition of China, the United States was invited to take a hand. At Hong Kong there was a stop of twelve days while the vessel was being cleaned and repaired. From Hong Kong she steamed to Singapore, where, among other visitors, the ship received the Roman Catholic bishop of that place, who, by the way, is a chaplain in the British army, with the rank of colonel. Some Sisters of Charity also visited the *Olympia* at this port and were most generously treated by the sailors. The next stop was at Colombo, and then came Suez, at the entrance to the famous canal. At Port Said coal was taken aboard, and then Trieste was the next stop. The reception accorded the ship and her sailors at this port was astonishing to them. At no point along the voyage were they greeted with greater cordiality. This was all the more surprising because it was entirely unexpected. The Austrians are related on the one hand to the Queen of Spain, and on the other to the German Emperor, who was reputed to be unfriendly at Manila, yet they fairly outdid all other nations in their manifestations of welcome. Not only that, but on the death of one of the sailors at that port it seemed as if the whole city turned out to manifest its sympathy. His

funeral is one of the memories of the homeward trip of the *Olympia,* and whatever the newspapers may represent as the sentiment of Austria towards America, the sailors of the *Olympia* were won by that one act to an appreciation of the residents of Trieste which no newspaper rumors will be able to shake.

From Trieste they went to Naples and Leghorn, in Italy, and at each of these places were accorded hospitable greetings. At Leghorn the Catholics among the sailors attended Mass on shore. The next stop was at Villefranche, and the last one, before reaching New York, at Gibraltar. New York was reached on September 26, and Boston on October 10.

To Catholics the *Olympia* has a special interest because during the last year and a half of her commission she had on board one of the three Catholic chaplains in the navy—Rev. W. H. I. Reaney, a native of Michigan, but attached to the diocese of Maryland. The other two Catholic chaplains are Father Chidwick, late of the *Maine,* and Father Parks, who is now on waiting orders. Catholics should feel a pride in having three such excellent representatives of their ministry in the naval service. The work of Father Chidwick on the *Maine* is too well known to need comment here. Father Parks would have made a record equally good had he been placed in a similar position. He was the first of the Catholic chaplains to be appointed. Of Father Reaney there is nothing but the highest praise to be heard on the *Olympia,* it matters not whether you address officer or jackie, Catholic or Protestant. He maintains his sacred office with a dignity which they all respect, while his geniality as a naval officer wins their closest friendship.

"The chaplain seems to be a very genial man," I casually remarked to one of the lieutenants, on the trip from New York to Boston.

"The chaplain?" he echoed. "Why, the chaplain is the best fellow at the mess." The speaker was a Protestant but I found he voiced the general sentiment.

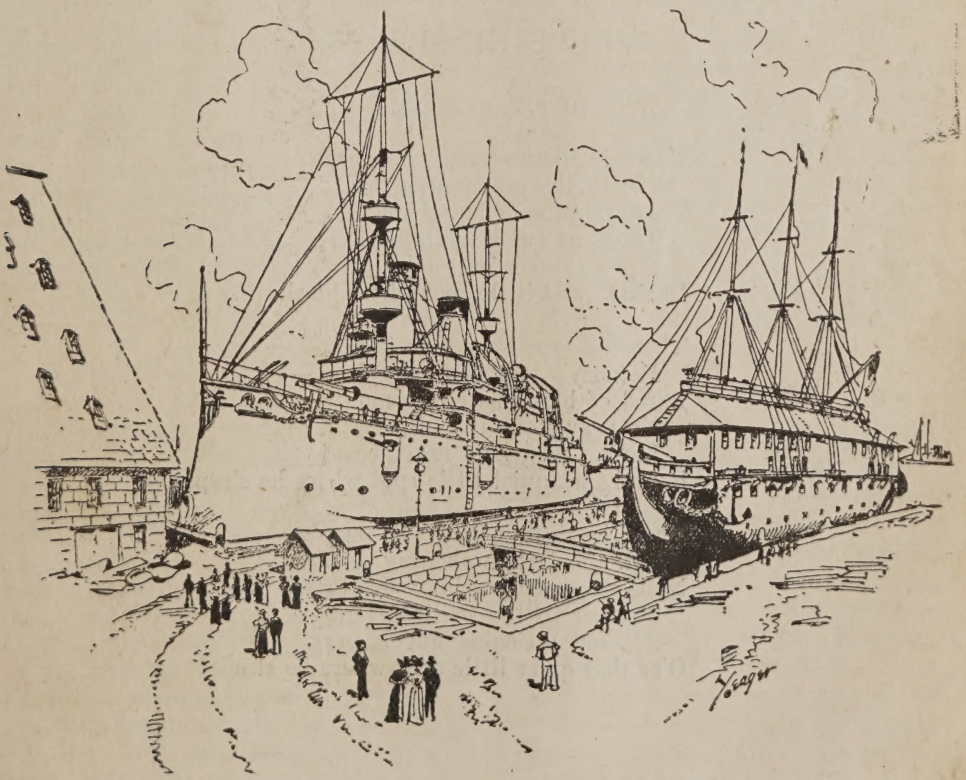
Father Reaney knows the sailor man thoroughly. There was no one else on the ship so close to the heart of the forecastle. He never preached to the men. His discourses could not be called sermons, although his ability as an orator is unquestioned. He gives what might be called a "friendly talk," a short, earnest, instructive homily with here and there a touch which reaches the heart.

It was my privilege to attend Mass on the *Olympia* during the voyage from New York to Boston and I shall never forget the emotions it excited. The little portable altar, formed of sections of gas pipe, was set up on the starboard side of the gun deck, almost amidship. It was draped with the Stars and Stripes and covered with linen and lace. Over the tabernacle hung a crucifix, and on either side was a single lighted candle. One side of the altar was flanked by the frowning breech of a gun. On the other side, and only a few feet away, was the galley, where the cooks were busy preparing dinner. Behind the altar was located an orchestra composed of members of the ship's band. The devotion with which the sailors and marines followed the Mass was something remarkable to behold. Father Reaney's little discourse was an instruction based on the devotions of the month of October. He referred to the power of the Blessed Virgin as a mediator, and how, as the Star of the Sea, she had a special oversight of those who went down to the sea in ships. Then there was a deft touch in referring to the earthly mothers, and the sermon was ended.

It was apparent that here was a man who read human nature as an open book and who knew the short roads to the hearts of other men. He seemed to be the confidential friend and adviser of half the men on the ship and the head and front of all popular move-

ments. If routine duties became dull and irksome, Father Reaney was the man to devise some sort of diversion to break the monotony. He sought among the crew those who could sing, or dance, or recite, or box, and then presented a bill of entertainment which appealed to every taste. If somebody was to be presented a sword, he was the man to start the plan; if a gravestone was to be purchased for a dead comrade he was the one to arrange all details. At the senior mess he was the most companionable man at the board, and if any of the officers desired a course in calisthenics with boxing gloves, the best boxer in the roster was Father Reaney. It was he who assisted in bringing together Admiral Dewey and the Archbishop of Manila, and he was one of the most powerful factors in disabusing the mind of the Archbishop of his preconceived prejudices regarding Americans. Father Reaney was the friend of everybody on board, and that such should have been the case is easily understood by those who have read this brief outline of the man.

Father Reaney is an expansionist. He is a great believer in Dewey and all that Dewey accomplished. He believes furthermore, that the kindest fate for the Philippine Islands will be the subjugation of the present insurrectionists. He says that Aguinaldo, Pio del Pilar, and several of the leaders of the rebellion are venal instead of patriotic, and he gives utterance to these opinions after a careful study of the situation at close range, with opportunities for personally meeting several of these leaders. So far as the Church is concerned he believes this subjugation will be entirely beneficial, in that it will take the power from the crafty Chinese-mestizos, who are the promoters of all



OLYMPIA AND CONSTITUTION AT CHARLESTOWN NAVY YARD.

the present discord. The genuine natives he regards as tractable, with an abiding faith in the priesthood, which even the half-breeds with all their carefully concocted calumnies have not been able to entirely shake.

The crew of the *Olympia* has already been sent ashore and in a few days her flag will be hauled down and she will have been declared out of commission. Already many of her officers have received assignments. She has been stripped of her equipment, and all of her accounts adjusted, even to the last pound of coal. Before she will leave Charlestown, all her present wooden interior finish will be ripped out and supplanted by a chemically treated wooden finish which will reduce the danger from fire. Various other changes have been recommended, and it is estimated that $50,000 to $75,000 will be spent in perfecting them. When she again sets forth it will be under new officers and a new crew. Perhaps another opportunity to distinguish herself may never be vouchsafed her. Be it so, her fame is secure. She can rest on her laurels, and in the memories of the American people find a perpetual abiding place. But should she again be called upon to uphold the dignity of the United States it is a safe prediction that she will do so in a manner creditable to herself and the country she represents.

WHERE HE SLEEPS.

BY P. J. CARROLL.

There is silence where he sleeps
'Neath the ivy-mantled wall;
There no pine or laurel weeps,
There no sunbeams ever fall;
But a calm is over all,
In that quiet little spot where he sleeps.

There no cypress wreath is found,—
Memory's tribute to the dead,—
Bared of blossoms is the mound,
No gray stone is at the head.
Loving mourners never tread
Round that quiet little spot where he sleeps.

There he resteth thro' the years
Till the last awakening day.
None remembering him with tears,
Thither in the twilight stray.
Ah, but watching angels pray
O'er that quiet little spot where he sleeps!

LOOTING IN THE PHILIPPINES.

BY JOHN J. SULLIVAN.

"The thing is simply awful, and not susceptible of any apology. And if there be one American citizen who holds it to be of no account, or of little, that American citizen is greatly to be pitied, but also he is greatly to be blamed. The thing is of the most enormous 'political significance.' "—The New York Times.

There could be hardly anything done so certain to disaffect the Roman Catholics there as to use their churches for barracks and headquarters as has been done. The military authorities should stop this scandal at once.—The Buffalo Commercial.

"I see that President Schurmann says there was no looting of the churches. Let me ask him where he was when the churches in Beliuag, Gigaa, Bockave, Marillo, Pasig and Guadalupe were taken. I was in the raids and know that all valuables were taken, silver from the priest's offerings among it. Gen. Lawton said to me: 'We have as good men as there are in the world, but they will loot.' "—The Rev. Peter McQueen, pastor of the Day Street Congregational Church of Boston.

The evidence that outrages have been committed in Catholic churches in the Philippines is ov rwhelming and defies denial. Yet there are Catholics ready to minimize it, palliate it, and even to deny it. How idle it is to talk about uniting Catholics to act as a body..—Catholic Record, Indianapolis.

The wanton and sacrilegious desecration of Catholic churches in the Philippines by persons wearing the United States uniform is beginning to elicit the condemnation it so richly merits. Even in non-Catholic circles a feeling of indignation has been generated by acts which disgrace the American uniform.—New York Freeman's Journal.

"Resolved, That if, upon proper investigation, these rumors should be found true, in whole or in part, we demand:

"First—The punishment of those guilty or responsible for such outrages upon our religion, and

"Second—That the necessary measures be adopted to prevent the recurrence of such desecrations."—The Catholic Young Men's National Union, embracing 50,000 men in the United States, assembled in twenty-fifth annual convention on Sept. 20, at Newark, N. J.

These extracts chosen at random from a mass of data on the looting of churches in the Philippines indicate the trend of public feeling at the present moment. Donahoe's desiring to learn the actual condition of affairs among the returned regiments commissioned a San Francisco journalist (whose reliability is vouched for by one of the most prominent clergymen in that city) to find out to what extent looting had been practised. The results of his observations are given in the following statement of facts.—Editor.

Although many of the papers favorable to the administration have denounced and condemned as false the reports, made by the Catholic press and Catholic societies, that the Catholic churches in the Philippines have been looted and desecrated by the soldiers of the American army, I will prove by facts, names, locations, and the character of the sacred vessels and the priestly clothing stolen, that the allegations made by the clergy are true and are founded not on rumor, but on fact. My information is not founded on nor is it the outgrowth of prejudice, or an inclination to sully the name of any private or officer in the American army, without cause and conclusive proof of his guilt. Every article that I will describe in this expose has been seen either by me or by Richard Kline, an army hospital nurse, who has been assisting me in my investigations. I have written nothing as a fact which has come to me in the form of rumor. Where I did not see for myself I have

not taken the assertions of others as absolute truth. Some of the information that has been given me by others, who witnessed the desecration of the Catholic churches in the Philippines, I believe is absolute truth; but I will not say that all is, but will quote the information as it was given and allow the public to judge of its veracity and authenticity.

In describing the character of the stolen property I have named the desecrator, his company, and regiment. In many instances, in fact where possible, I have named the exact location of the looted church and the time the articles were stolen.

My investigations have led me to the trunks of officers and men. There, under the pretext of securing a purchaser for the stolen property, I have obtained a description of the relics in the possession of each individual, relics taken from the Catholic houses of worship, by men sent by the government to protect the rights and property of a nation of oppressed people whom they were supposed to defend.

The American army has been sent on a mission of humanity to a persecuted and down-trodden race, and has no authorized power or right to distort and misconstrue this mission into one of cruelty, persecution, rapine and devastation. Although the administration may be honest in its purpose, it is receiving the censure of every true American for permitting the perpetration of the outrages in the Catholic churches in the Philippines, by American soldiers.

San Francisco is the great landing-place of the returning troops and consequently the people see and know more about the outrages than do the people of the East who receive their news through the well-intentioned press or from the tongues of the volunteers who have returned to their homes.

From the time of the return of the Oregon regiment, the first to arrive from Manila, down to the late return of the Kansas Volunteers, I have traced and will prove as a result of my investigations, that the Catholic press of the Eastern cities is not arguing a groundless cause or making false and ungrounded accusations when they claim that the United States soldiers are guilty of desecrating the sanctuaries of their God and destroying and plundering the sacred edifices.

Many of the Oregon men, who had relics in their possession, succeeded in disposing of much of their plunder. Several valuable articles including chalices, vestments, etc., were purchased by Jesuits and priests of other communities who were eager to get possession of the sacred vessels and clothing in order to save them from falling into the hands of pawnbrokers and curio hunters, who it seems, were eagerly buying, at a ridiculously low cost, as much of the plunder as possible.

I have interviewed many Catholic priests of this city and have obtained from them descriptions of many valuable church relics that they saw in the hands of volunteers of the United States army. Prominent among these is the Rev. Father Dempsey, of St. Mary's Cathedral. In speaking of the devastation and the looting of the churches he said:

"I have considerable hearsay evidence of the outrages practised by the volunteers and members of the regular army who served in the Philippines. In addition to what many have told me I have seen hundreds of relics in the hands of the soldiers while in camp, after their return, at the Presidio."

"On casual visits," he continued, "both around town and at the Presidio, I have seen a glass adorned sanctuary lamp carefully packed in old copies of a Protestant publication called 'Christian Unity.' The lamp was sent to this city addressed to a soldier by the name of Littlejohn. It was taken from a church in Cavite, as the card inclosed in the wrappers indicated. Immediately on seeing the relic I called a Catholic officer's attention to it, and as a result the stolen lamp was confiscated."

"Among the other relics that I have seen were a bronze altar crucifix, a Roman Mass book, a silver and gold Host box, parts of vestment sets, and two statues. A brother priest in this city met a soldier in whose possession was a tabernacle veil valued at five hundred dollars. The veil was covered with solid gold lace. Although I have seen, and other priests have seen these evidences of the looted churches, General Otis has repeatedly sent official cablegrams that no church has ever been molested. Such an assertion, in view of the abhorrent outrages committed, is, I think, a gross violation of his office as commander general of the American army."

With the above quotation I will now forsake hearsay and rumor and present the results of an investigation founded on fact. In describing the stolen articles I will give the name of the soldier and repeat his remarks concerning them, where remarks were made. Following is the result of my investigations and the inquiries of my assistant, Mr. Kline:

Private John Potter of Company K, 23rd Infantry, has in his possession a magnificent sanctuary lamp four inches in diameter, which he stole from a chapel, while encamped in the vicinity with his regiment. The exact location of this chapel he is unable to give, not knowing the name of the town. In speaking of his prize he said: "This is a souvenir that I would not part with under any circumstances. Nothing that I could possibly procure in the islands would so completely remind me of the Filipino war and the people of the islands as this lamp that I secured while serving as a soldier in the American army. Nothing can more remind a man of that country than the Roman Catholic Church for as Captain, (now General) Charles King rightly says 'the natives are fanatically Catholic' and their religion forms a most important part of their civilization, their traits and their daily lives."

Private H. F. Thompson, 13th Minnesota Regiment has a bronze crucifix, twelve inches in length, that he took from the sanctuary of a church somewhere on the road to Malolos. He values his prize highly as a priceless relic of the campaign in the Philippines. Mr. Thompson thinks so much of this crucifix that he refused to part with it for a fabulous price promised within a few days if he would consent to the bargain. He deemed it no crime to loot the Catholic churches in the island and lame ts his ill luck that he couldn't carry more of the sacred articles home with him. "What harm is there in taking these church furnishings," he said, "I'd just as lief sanction and participate in divesting a Catholic church of its articles and forms of idolatry as assist in the burning of a statue erected by the Chinese to their god, Confucius."

Private Abe J. Ralston, Company G, First Montana Regiment, has in his possession a lace surplice and a stole which he took from the church at Caloocan, about six days after the Philippine insurrection broke out. "I took these articles," he said, in an interview while encamped in the Presidio after his return from Manila, "because I consider that they are the most appropriate souvenirs of the war. All the Christianized natives are Roman Catholics. And, as their religion forms an important part of their daily lives, a piece of priestly clothing is also a good souvenir of the people."

General Funston has in his possession a blue silk, gold-ornamented robe taken from the statue of the Blessed Virgin in the Caloocan church on February 11th. In stripping this robe from the statue the figure was mutilated and almost hacked to pieces. The glass case in which it was encased was broken into a thousand pieces.

Although there is a doubt as to whether Funston himself stole this robe from the statue, Mrs. Stevens, a hospital nurse from Colorado and Thomas Fox a voluntary nurse in the hospital corps, who is now employed in the Hall of Records, in the city of Oakland, Cali-

fornia, claim that they were eye witnesses to the theft and that Funston is guilty. Mrs. Stevens who has a son in the army was ambitious to get possession of the robe, its beauty having been described to her by her son. She went to the church for the purpose of obtaining it, but on the way she was told that Funston had heard about the robe and at that time was engaged in divesting the statue of it. On entering the church this report was confirmed. At the time the sacred robe was stolen Mr. Peters, a sketch artist for either Harper's or Leslie's Monthly, was engaged in sketching the police station in Caloocan and it is claimed by Fox that the artist was an eye witness to the theft. The robe was subsequently presented to the wife of General Funston by the latter who considered it a most extraordinary and valuable gift. Fox served in the ambulance corps under Captain Black of the North Dakota Regiment.

Lieutenant Abernathy, formerly of the 3rd Artillery, but now Captain of a company of the 30th Volunteer Regiment, entered the church at Pasig in the latter part of last February and broke open the glass case that contained the statue of St. Augustine. Finding nothing of unusual value he left the church in charge of a guard. Later he returned hoping to find something of value on the statue. The black robe of little value in which the figure was dressed was torn into shreds. The gilt beading which the Captain hoped was gold was taken, after which the statue was broken into many pieces.

The members of the 20th Infantry entered a church at Malolos on March 5th or 6th and treated the statues, erected to various saints, in a manner similar to that pursued by Abernathy in the church at Caloocan. A statue encased in glass in a recess of the wall was removed and broken into pieces by the soldiers, the ivory hands and head being taken. The empty casket was utilized as a bed by one of the soldiers.

Private F. L. Bishop, Company E, Tenth Pennsylvania Regiment, claims that he would not hesitate to steal anything in the way of sacred articles from the Catholic churches. The Catholics, particularly the Catholics of the Philippines, he claims are fanatical in the extreme and their religion is nothing more than absolute idolatry. During the time he served with his regiment in the campaign against the Filipinos he managed to secure from the Catholic churches, that were in the line of march, a sanctuary lamp, a missal, a piece of valuable lace from the main altar and several blessed candles. He makes little of his theft, not hesitating in the least to dispose of his plunder for a couple of five dollar pieces that were promised him in a few days subsequent to the day on which he exhibited his prizes.

Private E. M. Coates, Company I, 10th Pennsylvania has in his possession two censers, a dozen or more highly ornamented wax candles, a piece of the base of a monstrance, and a bronze cross. The censers and the candles he admits he stole from a church on the outskirts of Manila, but claims that the rest of the relics were bought at Manila from a Filipino woman who had received them from some soldiers of the Minnesota regiment. "I value these things highly," he said, when asked whether he would sell them, "and I woud not part with a single one at any price. I deem them invaluable as they are the best possible souvenirs that a soldier could take home to remember in future days the war that is now raging in the Philippines and the queer people that inhabit the islands. No, sir, you can look at the articles if you wish, but you can't buy them for all the money in California."

Private Frank Ellis, Company D, 10th Pennsylvania, has in his possession a lace altar cover valued at two hundred dollars. It was taken from one of the churches in Manila. "I had a merry time the day I took that lace," he said, discussing the relic. "The padres had to skip to save their lives, and we boys took care of their bright

ornaments for them. I am going to take this lace home as a present to my sister, and maybe she won't look swell when she has a dress decorated with it."

Private S. Moyer, Company H, 10th Pennsylvania, has an ivory crucifix taken from the shrine of a Filipino home. It measures three feet in length and a foot from end to end on the cross tree. The looted home was situated in the resident section of the city of Manila.

Private W. A. Henin, Company A, 10th Pennsylvania, has in his possession a miniature statue taken from the church at Ilolio.

Private E. W. Heald, Company D, First South Dakota, has a piece of the altar stone of a Manila church, a stole, and chasuble. He was willing to sell the articles for forty dollars and I closed the bargain promising him to pay in two days.

Private Manning, Company B, First Washington Regiment, has in his possession a miniature painting of the Blessed Virgin, taken from the convent in Manila. It is a work of art and very valuable. The soldier was willing to part with it for $2.50.

Corporal Kavanagh, Company C, 13th Minnesota Regiment, has in his possession an ivory crucifix taken from the home of a Filipino woman in Manila. "I don't mind showing you this relic," he said, "as I know you will keep it a secret. The home from which I procured this relic was owned by a Filipino who had joined the insurgents. His wife was the only person in the house when a number of the boys made a raid upon it one afternoon, and we had little trouble in taking possession of the house and thoroughly enjoying ourselves. Before we left I took this cross from a little altar in the woman's bedroom. The thing itself is not worth a great deal, and if you want it I will part with it for a couple of dollars." Judging from the appearance of the cross it was worth at least twenty times what he asked for it.

Second Lieutenant Lapp, Company C, First South Dakota Regiment, has a surplice taken from the church at San Pedro Macati. It was taken from the sacristy adjoining the sanctuary. A number of other vestments were also taken, but were lost or mislaid on the voyage from Manila to the United States. Lapp claimed that he would not sell the article at any price as he considered it a valuable relic of the Philippine campaign.

Private Keoms, Company D, First Idaho Regiment, has a stole which he took from the sacristy of a church at Pasig. It is highly ornamented with gold lace and studded with precious jewels; the value of the relic is estimated by Keoms at five hundred dollars. "I am taking this home to my folks," he said, "as a souvenir of the Philippine Islands. Some of the boys are either afraid or ashamed to show the church relics that they collected during the campaign but as I see nothing wrong in looting a house of idolatry, I take pride in showing this thing to all my friends."

Sergeant Knight, Company F, First Idaho Regiment, has in his possession a valuable chasuble which he claims was given to him by a Filipino woman of doubtful character. "The Filipino lady," he said, "was infatuated with me and on one of my visits she presented this relic to me claiming that she received it from an Oregon volunteer. Here is the lady herself," he continued, producing the photograph of a young native woman. "I don't consider this thing as valuable as if I had taken it from the church myself, but it is better than nothing and if I tire of looking at it I can dispose of it at a good price."

Private Joseph D. Waingle, Company C, First South Dakota Regiment, has in his possession a bronze cross three feet in length, taken from a church in Manila. "This cross," said Waingle, "tells the story of the Filipino war. The United States army is fighting to protect the interests of the Catholic church in the Phil-

ippines, and every soldier knowing this fact should do his best to tear down, demolish and desecrate these houses of idols and mysteries, taking as many relics as he can carry as souvenirs of the cause in which he has risked his life. Every church in the Philippines should receive the fate of Paco. If this were done the power of the church that is feeding the fires of the insurgents would be broken and the war would be brought to an early termination. The people are fanatics and will do as their priests tell them. Now you wonder," he concluded, "why I would not part with this cross, but I am almost certain, now that you have heard my story, that you concur with me that the relic is priceless."

Private Lloyd Ryall, Company D, First North Dakota, has in his possession an ivory crucifix taken from the shrine of a Filipino home. The cross stands three and a half feet in height and measures more than a foot from end to end of the cross tree. The form of Christ is a masterpiece of carving and is unusually life-like in expression. "There is a cross," he said, "that is worth two hundred dollars if it is worth a cent. It came from a rich Filipino home that had been looted and robbed by a number of the volunteers. Although the other boys were looking for more substantial plunder, I, knowing the great value of this crucifix, contented myself with taking it as my share of the spoils. I would not part with it if I knew I was receiving a price ten times its value. I am going to take it home as a souvenir of the war. Before you leave me you must give me your word that you won't say anything about this crucifix as I am afraid if the other boys know I have it they may put up a scheme to get possession of it."

Private Andrew Dalton, 20th Kansas Regiment, has in his possession a maniple taken from a church in San Pedro Macati. It is of gorgeous pattern and magnificently ornamented in gold and silver. Its value is inestimable. "I can thank a Filipino for this vestment" he said, in telling how he procured it. "The regiment was encamped in the church for several days, and during that time nearly everything of value was taken by the boys. Although I was with them I was unable to secure anything save a piece of the altar. One day I noticed a native crouching in one corner of the vestibule leading to the church. Although he was detailed to clean the church I noticed that he was unusually quiet, apparently hiding from the boys. I accosted him and ordered him to leave the place and get to work. No sooner had he left than I began to investigate the cause of his hiding. After scattering a heap of rubbish from the corner of the vestibule I found hidden underneath, carefully covered with old newspapers, the vestments you now see. I took them to the basement of the church, where I hid them until we left our quarters."

Private John Ferguson, Company A, Montana Regiment, has in his possession a robe taken from a statue of a saint in a Manila church. The relic consists of a velvet material covered entirely with silver and gold lace and studded with precious stones. He claims that an officer stole the robe and that he subsequently found it hidden under an army cot in the army hospital in Manila. He was taking it home as a present to a relative. He absolutely refused to part with it.

Corporal Charles Liechte, Company F, First Washington Regiment, has in his possession a large section of an alb stolen from the sacristy of a church in Manila, and an ivory cross from a Filipino home. He considers his relics as the best possible souvenirs that he could procure. "Although many of the boys," he says, "received poor food and bad treatment in the army, they compensated themselves by looting the churches and carrying away relics that they can sell in America for hundreds of dollars. All of them without exception have some keepsake of a church or a priest's clothing and many of these

are almost priceless. You couldn't buy my things for a roll of bills a block long, as I consider them not only curios but souvenirs of the war and of the people."

Private C. C. Jackson, Company F, First Washington Regiment, has in his possession a bronze cross taken from a church in Manila, the exact location of which he is unable to give having merely stopped there over night on a march across the island. He claims that everything of value in the edifice was stolen, many of the statues being destroyed by the men in their eagerness to strip them of their sacred robes.

Private R. Rowley, Company F, First Montana, has in his possession an ivory cross taken from a church near San Pedro Macati. It is very valuable, being about two feet in length and about ten inches from either end of the cross section.

S. Bercovich, Troop E, Fourth Cavalry, has in his possession a chalice stolen from the Catholic church at San Pedro Macati. The sacred vessel is extremely valuable being of solid gold. In relating how he secured the chalice Bercovich said: "The Fourth Cavalry was encamped in the vicinity of San Pedro Macati for nearly three days. During this time the boys had ample opportunity of visiting and plundering the city churches. Nearly everything of value, however, was taken by the commanding officer, the men receiving very little except probably a crucifix or surplice. This chalice which you now see was once owned by the commander of the Fourth Cavalry. He was careless enough however to leave it around and it was stolen by one of the Utah Battery boys. I bought it from the latter for five dollars, but you could not have it for a hundred. I do not know whether I will take it home or sell it to some priest who no doubt would be glad to get it at any cost."

Private George E. Fleming, First North Dakota, has in his possession a stole taken from one of the churches in Manila. Although he at first denied that he stole it, claiming that he bought it from a Filipino merchant, he finally admitted his guilt. "I don't know," he said, "that I should be ashamed to acknowledge a theft which I think every man in the army is guilty of. The churches in the Philippines are being looted daily by men, who, were it not for the fear of being punished, would openly avow their guilt. If one does it, why shouldn't all do it?"

Private George Hubbard, Company L, 14th Infantry, has in his possession a piece of the foot of a statue of the Blessed Virgin, which formerly stood in the sanctuary of the church at Caloocan. Over the statue was thrown a magnificent robe which was stolen by a man of the same regiment. Hubbard thinks a great deal of his relic and considers it a valuable souvenir of the Philippines.

Private Edward Price, 14th Infantry, has in his possession a lace surplice which he claims he received as a gift from a Filipino woman, she having received it from a member of the same regiment.

Although Price says that this woman gave him this surplice he does not hesitate in admitting that if he got the opportunity he would steal anything in the way of a sacred article from the Catholic churches in the Philippines. He corroborates this statement with a vivid description of how he, with a number of other men of his regiment, looted a native dwelling and carried off the sacred articles of the household shrine. Among these is an ivory cross which he admits he sold at Nayaski for $2.50.

Private Edward C. Bayshaw of Company A, 18th Infantry, has in his possession two sets of ivory rosary beads and a stole which were taken by him from a church near Iloilo. The rosaries are particularly valuable, the beads being of pure ivory and hand carved.

Private F. Becker, Company A, 18th Infantry, while encamped near a church at Malolos, looted the edifice of a chasuble valued at five hundred dollars. When he returned to San Fran-

cisco the vestment was still in his possession. He values it for all and perhaps more than it is worth as he refuses to part with it for any inducement.

Private M. F. Wilson, 14th Infantry, has a miniature statue of the Blessed Virgin, taken from a Catholic church at Qunta Rita. The figure is about four inches in height; stands upon an ivory base and is encased in glass. He claims that he took it as a relic for a relative.

Private J. E. Broughton, Company K, 14th Infantry, has in his possession an alb and maniple stolen from a church somewhere in the vicinity of Manila. "I took these things," he said, "because I considered them the best and most appropriate souvenirs of the war. In taking them I do not think that I am guilty of sacrilege or a violation of military law. If the American soldiers did not take possession of these church furnishings the Chinese that hung like vultures on the tail of the army would. Consequently I think the authorities should encourage rather than condemn the looting of the Catholic churches in the Philippines by the American troops."

Private Harrison, Company A, Montana Regiment, has in his possession an ivory cross taken from a church in Caloocan. The value of the article is estimated at about one hundred dollars. It is of pure ivory, two and one-half feet in height, and erected on a base of solid ivory six inches in diameter.

Private E. Ellworth Carey, First Wyoming Regiment, has in his possession an ivory crucifix stolen from a church in Manila. It is of solid ivory and valued at one hundred and twenty dollars.

Private Flutow, Company G, Colorado Regiment, comes from Cripple Creek, from which place in fact all the members of this company hail. Their depredations among the churches in the Philippines are known to nearly every citizen of San Francisco. From General McCoy to Private Flutow every member in the regiment has some relic from a Catholic church in the Philippines. Flutow has a rosette in the centre of which is an exquisite miniature painting of the Blessed Virgin, taken from a Manila convent. The central painting is surrounded by about ten crosses worked in gold lace. The whole is encased in glass and is one of the valuable relics taken from the Manila convents.

Flutow, in speaking of his prize, said: "This is the only souvenir I have of the war. Although I had the same opportunity as the other men of procuring more valuable church relics I neglected to do so. I am sorry that I did not pay more attention to the things when I went with the boys to the churches on a looting expedition, but my whole attention was devoted to breaking down the d—n statues and idols."

THE PLAYTHING OF FATE.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

PART II.

CHAPTER II.

"What are you two talking about?" asked Miriam, greatly amused.

"Mrs. Harris is a base, unscrupulous person, the daughter of one who began life little better than a beggar, and who has, despite her education, travels, and association with her betters, never been able to divest herself of her inherited tendency to get something for nothing. That is what we were talking about," said Clifford, angrily, "only——"

"You phrased it more politely," said Miriam, and they laughed and forgot the subject.

While the artists were standing before Miriam's picture, two men had entered the long room. They were evidently strangers and though properly armed with catalogues it was apparent neither was interested in the display. The eyes of one rested rarely on the pictures but instead swept the room in long, penetrating glances until once a separation of the throng showed him Miriam Hale standing in the distance with the amorous Willie Barlow by her side. He gazed earnestly at the girl, noted every change in face and form, and after the silent contemplation, he sighed; then his eyes traveled to her companion, and a half-smile crossed his face, as almost unconsciously he drew himself up to his full height. It was the smile which he, whose manhood is of the finest physical type, and whose work takes him to man's proper sphere of conflict calling for the constant exercise of sharp intellect, alertness and unflinching courage in the assertion of his rights, entertains for him of physical puniness and less manly occupation. Then he saw the two other men join her, and as he studied them he felt that they were of the type that no right-minded man can overlook. His friend here began to move down the room, casually observing the pictures as he went, until they came to the one that Miriam Hale had painted, when he said: "That bit of country wears for me a familiar face."

At the words Harold Stewart turned his eyes to the picture his friend designated, and he felt the blood go through his veins in bounds. He saw before him the low stone wall, the strip of level sward, the broad stream crossed by white stepping-stones and the hill, her hill! crowned with its majestic oaks and walnuts. He went forward as if to view it more closely—he who knew every spot of its dimpled ground by heart,—that he might screen his face with its momentary emotion from his friend; but the latter was not thinking of him for he was searching the catalogue for the name of the artist.

"Number forty-four," he then read out. "'The Land of Happy Illusion,' by Miss Miriam Hale,—say, Harold, isn't that the young lady you spoke of when you suggested that we should take this exhibition in?"

"Yes," replied Harold, who now had his emotions well in hand. "And this picture is well worth going far to see! You said it wore for you a familiar look? Don't you remember that turn in the Paynesville pike before you reach Judge Woods'? That is the spot. I recognized it instantly. Miss Hale is from my town and I see that she remembers," and unconsciously his voice grew soft, while an expression of joy crossed the face that in the pitiless

light of the September afternoon looked old and careworn.

His friend stood before the picture in silent admiration. "I may not be capable of judging according to the critic's standard," he said, "but to me it is the best one in this collection of pictures."

"The critic agrees with you," remarked Harold Stewart, "for I noticed yesterday's paper stated that Miss Hale easily carried off first honors in her 'Lost Land of Happy Illusions.'"

"What a name!" exclaimed the other gentleman. "There is something about it, picture and name, that attracts me strangely. I wonder if there is anything of the artist's heart-history haunting that scene. Harold, how do those artists get their pictures so perfect? Now, looking at this scene, you know that there has been a shower, and that the stream is running a little swifter in consequence; the grass is wet, and that magic light is the wonderful radiance from a sun that is hurrying down into its bed of clouds in the west."

"You are poetical, John," said Harold Stewart in a voice he strove to make light, for the words brought that lost hour all the clearer before his eyes.

"No," he returned, "I am rather reading a poem—'The Land of Happy Illusion.'"

"The 'Lost Land,'" corrected Harold, whereupon his friend again consulted the catalogue.

"There is no 'Lost' here," he said. "Where did you get it?"

"Oh! I made a mistake, that is all," returned Harold, carelessly.

It was then Willie Barlow said, interrupting Miriam:

"Pardon me, Miss Hale, but if Mrs. Harris' friend fails to buy your picture, Fortune is certainly going to send you another purchaser. Do look at those gentlemen. They have been standing before your picture for the last ten minutes and from the close attention with which they are inspecting it, I should judge them to be connoisseurs."

Miriam and the other artists paused in their conversation to look at the men who were standing with their backs turned toward them.

"Yes," his friend was saying to Harold Stewart, "I am fascinated by this picture. I wonder if the artist would sell it?"

"You might inquire," said Harold.

"Of whom?" he asked.

"Of Miss Hale herself. I thought I saw her here a few minutes ago."

"You know her then?" asked his friend.

"Yes," said Harold Stewart, slowly. "That is, we used to know each other. Maybe she has forgotten me. It has been five years since she left home."

"Let us look for her," said the other gentleman, eagerly. "You can easily introduce yourself. I want to meet the woman who painted that picture. I want to know what she meant by calling it 'The Land of Happy Illusion.'"

It was then that they turned from the picture, and glancing toward where he had seen her standing, Harold Stewart met Miriam's eyes, into which there flashed an expression he could not interpret.

He made a step toward her and, instead of the long gallery, with its rows of pictures and groups of men and women, all softened, beautified, by the delicate September sunshine, she saw a low square bare room with the sunset pouring a broad stream of crimson light across the carpetless floor, and a young girl standing with arms outstretched toward the retreating figure of a man; and then a feeling she could not analyze swept across her heart and carried from her forever all the old clinging associations of that dead past, while the future seemed pouring in on her, now with joyful shouts and laughter, now with low moans and sobbing, as each step brought Harold Stewart and his friend nearer. Instinctively she made a movement as if to take

Clifford's hand, then she drew herself up and went forward with a smile. Ah! those smiles that women wear! what they cover! With the smile came back the character that the life of the past five years had formed, and Miriam the woman had become Miss Hale the artist.

"Why, Mr. Stewart! This is an unexpected meeting!" she said, extending her hand.

"And not an entirely unpleasant one, I hope?" he replied, for the benefit of their audience, while his eyes, wearing an expression that brought back again the bare room and burning light, searched her face for something he had not caught in the voice.

"What an accusation in that question!" she exclaimed, smiling again. "Do you know you are the first person I have seen from home since I left it for four years? that in itself ought to assure you that I am pleased to meet you!" and she saw his face grow ashen under her light words, while the expression died in the blue eyes.

"Permit me to introduce my friend, Mr. Preston;" he said; adding; 'though not exactly from home, he comes among us so often we regard him as one of ourselves," and glancing towards him to acknowledge the introduction, Miriam met John Preston's eyes dark, soft and winning, from which a clean, honest soul looked out.

Other introductions followed, and then John Preston said, "Do not think me rude, Miss Hale, because of the question I am going to ask. It's been tormenting me ever since my eyes fell upon your face. Why did you call your picture 'The Land of Happy Illusion'?"

"What connection is there between my face and the title of my picture?" she asked, her beautiful brown eyes meeting his with a gleam of wonder.

"None, whatever!" he replied promptly; "That's why I asked my question. What do you know of illusions, happy or otherwise?"

She laughed, but not bitterly as she would have done had another been the questioner, for somehow only what was sweet and womanly came to the surface under the enfolding tenderness of those eyes.

"Do you imagine any woman so fortunate as to reach my age without having had illusions, happy and otherwise, and having them shattered, too?" she asked.

"How many years have you reached?" he questioned, with a smile, for life had shown her one favor in keeping from her young face and brown hair all marks of its cruel passage.

"Somebody has said," she answered, "that there are two women no man can trust: the woman who doesn't slam a door when she's angry, and the woman who tells her age. I want you to trust me," she finished with a little laugh.

"Till the end of time," he said laughing, too, "Let us go to the 'Land of Happy Illusions'," but as they were nearing the picture the bell rang the hour of the gallery's closing.

"That's a polite way they have of ordering us out of this monumental shrine to man's illusions," said Clifford in explanation.

"He's a combination," laughed Jack, looking from Harold Stewart to Preston, "the gentlest of lambs with the big growl of a bear. Come to his studio tomorrow, and get acquainted with him over the tea Miss Hale will make and the bread his negro factotum will butter. You'll be at home, Clif?"

"I suppose I'll have to!" he growled, and then, in accordance with the law of like attending like, the three artists went forward and left the woman to follow with the men of affairs.

CHAPTER III.

It was an afternoon in late December, and mild and balmy as an April day. Over the hills that circled the towns on the Kentucky shore of the Ohio were hung misty banners of purple against which the red oaks glowed like

columns of flame, and as Miriam paused in her walk over one of the bridges spanning the river and lifted her eyes to the heights beyond, an expression, at once sad and wistful, crossed her smiling face. She quickly looked back to her companion and said: "I do not like the sight of the hills. I am glad," with a gush of happiness in her voice and a pink glow coloring her dark face, "that there are no hills encircling Lexington. Oh! to lose forever the sight of the hills and banish forever all that is associated with them!"

Her companion lifted herself from her leaning position on the iron railing, and said:

"Then rumor has not misinformed me; you are really going to marry Mr. Preston?"

"I really am," assured Miriam. "Isn't it surprising?"

"Yes," said her old friend, Margaret, "I remember a certain young woman telling me not many moons agone that art was husband, children, home to her. Strange!" and her eyes went back to her contemplation of the rippled sun-kissed water below, where a few fisher boats were idly drifting. Miriam too leaned over the iron railing, and answered;

"But that was before I knew John. A woman always feels that her art or occupation is all-sufficient until she loves."

"Or after she has loved," remarked Margaret, giving her companion a swift glance.

"Yes," said Miriam, slowly, "I suppose so." Then she lifted herself, and said, "Margaret, between you and me there must never be any restraint. Speak out to me what is in your heart. I have felt that you are not satisfied with my intended change of life—why?"

Margaret sighed, then turned toward her friend and replied:

"Because I love you so well and because Harold Stewart is a free man now."

"Harold Stewart was a free man once before," said Miriam; she shivered then, and turning her brown eyes, with all their intense light on her friend, she half whispered:

"Margaret, do you remember how rebellious I was against my fate? Think! what if God had heard my prayers, and, and then, afterwards I had met John!"

"But you did love Harold once. Miriam, tell me how love is killed."

"By pride in a woman's heart, satiety in a man's," she replied.

"Harold Stewart has gone into politics," said Margaret. "He is running for the Legislature, and if elected, will be one of Senator Blackburn's bitterest opponents for re-election. Mr. Preston is in the Legislature and is one of Mr. Blackburn's warmest friends."

"And what is that to me, my sweet?" laughed Miriam. "Have you grown political?"

"It's in the atmosphere at home," she replied. "My husband is a politician, and you remember papa? But this may be much to you," she added, "so much that I purposely came down to see you, to ask you to postpone your marriage until after the meeting of the General Assembly."

"A whole year!" exclaimed Miriam. "We are to be married on New Year's Eve, that we may spend our happy holidays together on his plantation. But what has our marriage to do with the General Assembly?" laughed Miriam, and seeing her perfect joy, Margaret repressed a sigh and made no answer.

After a pause she said, "This is sudden, is it not? How long have you known him?"

"Four months counted by time, since our lives began measured by the joy his love has brought me."

"Miriam, there are many questions in my heart, you can answer some of them by telling me how it happened that you, who claimed to have closed your heart against love, came to admit it a second time."

(To be continued).

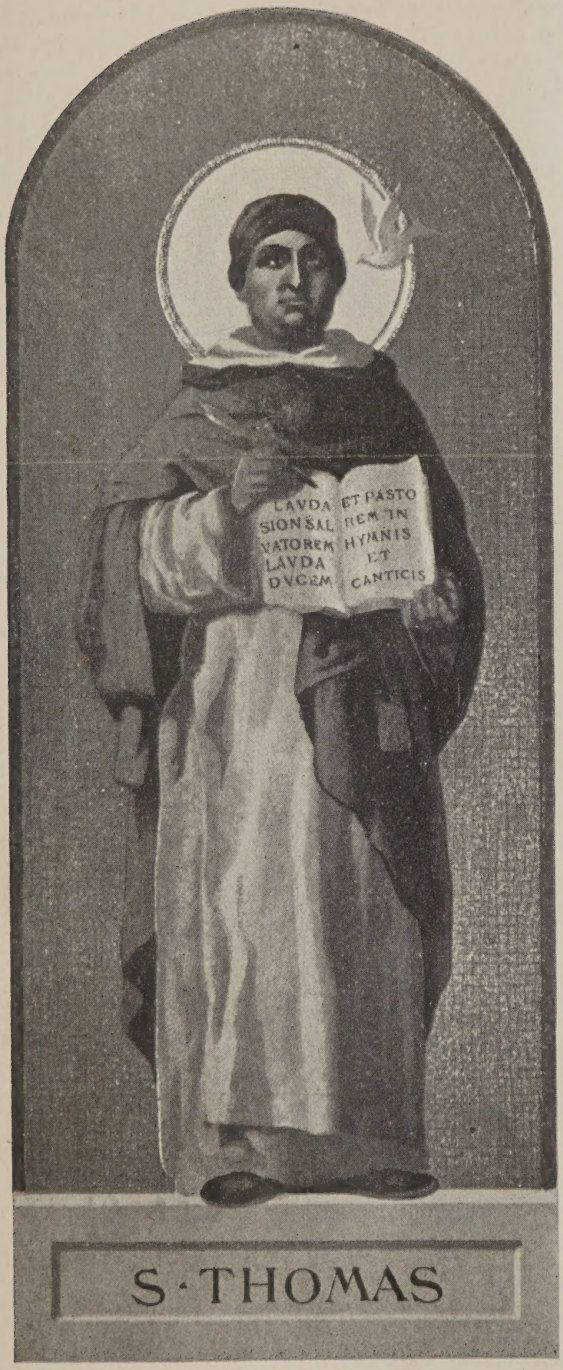


FIGURE ON FACADE.

THE SIXTH CHURCH IN ROME.

BY WILLIAM J. D. CROKE, LL.D.

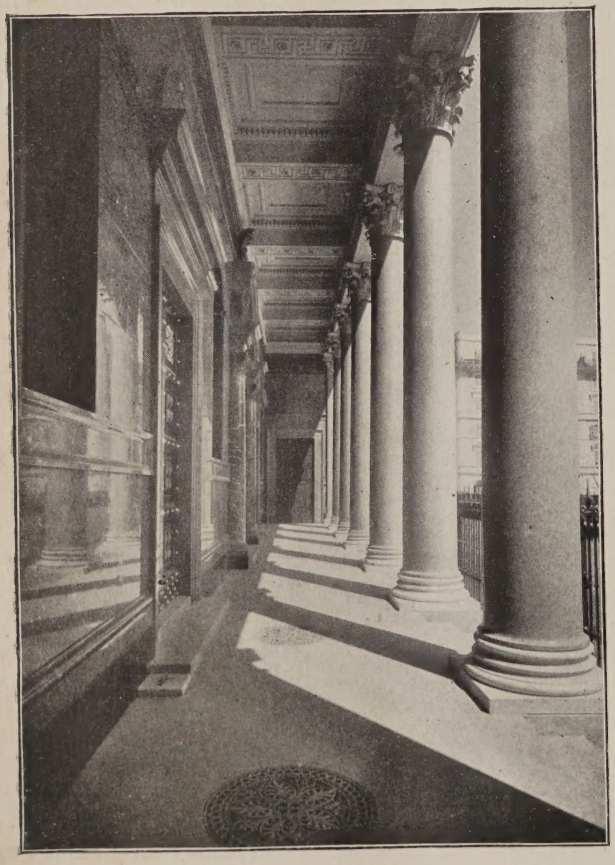
It is only necessary to consider the number and the variety, the splendor and the dignity of the churches of Rome in order to appreciate the proud preeminence of St. Joachim's, which is sixth in the general order. In his well known work on *Pagan and Christian Rome,* Professor Lanciani writes: "Rome, according to an old saying, contains as many churches as there are days in the year. This statement is too modest —the "great catalogue" published by Cardinal Mai[1] mentions over a thousand places of worship, while 918 are registered in Professor Armellini's *Chiese di Roma*[2]. In a recent lecture, the Reverend Bernard Vaughan, S. J., said that there are six hundred churches and two or three thousand chapels and altars in Rome, yet the the Romans say that there is only one church, St. Peter's, only one chapel, the Borghese chapel at St. Mary Major,and one altar,the altar of St. Ignatius.

These churches have been rising, growing and expanding in dignity and in beauty since the third century.

1 In volume IX of the "Spicilegium Romanum," pp. 384-468.
2 Chapter iii, pp. 106 and 107.

The lists of their great builders and restorers include, besides those of the Popes, many such names as Constantine, Helena, Theodosius, Ealla Placidia, Honorius, Arcadius, Charlemagne, and a long and interesting account could be written merely about the imperial aspect of the churches of Rome. All the unending work of Papal church-building and church-restoration and church-decoration fills pages and pages in the *Liber Pontificalis,* which is a quasi-official account of Papal munificence during the first half of ecclesiastical history.

These popes, emperors and imperial ladies took care to secure to the churches of their construction lofty and befitting dignity. Thus the title of "Constantinian Basilica" means the highest and greatest of churches in the world. And the titles and dignities, once attained, were thereafter not less securely retained. We all remember the curious contest between the prelates of Fulda and Hildesheim, mentioned by Cardinal Newman[3]. Something similar once occurred in the Lateran—such was the importance of the title and dignity of the Basilica. The Chapter, which now has an American member in the person of Mgr. Keane. Archbishop of Damascus, was for a long time filled by the Augustinian Canons Regular who still bear the title of Canons Regular of the Lateran[4].



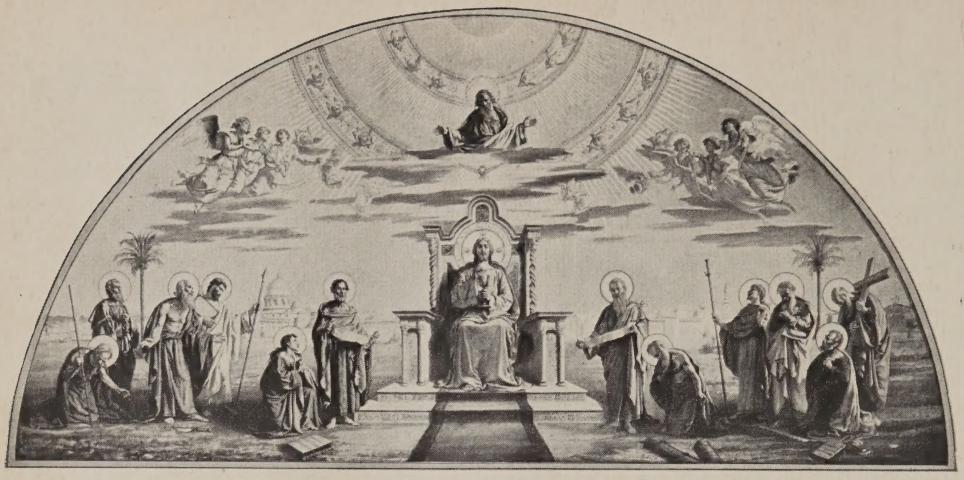
SIDE VIEW OF THE PORTICO.

Now in all the history of these churches it is probably impossible to find more than one which was erected by popular contributions. The case which is generally regarded as an exception is so singular that it proclaims its quite extraordinary and indeed individual,and therefore unique, character by its name: that of the *popular, of the people.* It is Santa Maria *del Popolo.* The explanation of its quite exceptional condition and name is that it was built by Paschal II, in 1099, to purify the locality from the defilement of Nero's remains, interred in the garden of the Domitii on the Pincian. The people believing the place haunted by the troubled spirit of Nero, and infected by demons, cheerfully bore the ex-

3 Pp. 258-9, "Reformation of the Eleventh Century" in Essays Critical and Historical" by John H. Newman, vol. II, edit. 3rd.

4 P. 242, vol. I, Donovan, "Rome Ancient and Modern."

ST. JOACHIM'S CHURCH. GENERAL VIEW OF THE FACADE AND EXTERIOR.



GRAND FRESCO IN THE APSE.

pense of its erection, and hence its name of *del Popolo*" of the people[5]. But this account is now doubted by the best critics[6]. There are some other exceptions, other instances of popular subscriptions in Rome, but they are all partial. No church, so far as I can remember, was ever completely built by popular contribution.

It is the most signal peculiarity of St. Joachim's that, founded and erected, as well as partially decorated, at

5 P. 563, Donovan, referred to above.

6 See beginning of "Le Posterule" by Professor Corvisieri, first published in the "Archivio Romano di Storia Patria."

GENERAL VIEW OF THE INTERIOR.

popular initiative and at popular expense, it has received standing among the imperial and Papal churches. It would be sufficiently remarkable as a new church among the Papal churches; as a new-comer among the Imperial churches; as an engrafted and adopted as a church in being. Seen in this light, and after the vicissitudes which marked its construction, it seems to have somewhat unmeritedly gained its place of lofty honor.

These its vicissitudes: its belated completion; its mismanagement; the

VIEW OF THE CHIEF ENTRANCE.
(Doors of Cedar of Lebanon, the Gift of the Sultan.)

scion among the oldest heirs of privilege and dignity—the churches of the Christian centuries—but as a church erected by popular almsgiving and ranking thus highly, it is doubly and especially remarkable. It is a *nouveau-riche* ennobled on arriving at its majority. Its signal dignity fell to it, as destined, on the day of its inauguration undue expenditure over it—not undue, however, when compared with the results — and the misunderstandings which will always be remembered as its characteristic history, are all facts that affix a sort of stigma to the work, but the stigma could not endure after reparation had been made by the person momentarily at fault; when the person

had been replaced; when the church had been handed over to one of the most distinguished religious bodies, and when with the entrance of the Redemptorists upon its full possession, saving only the superior rights of the Pope, has come the complement of the church's long promised honors.

So, as a Papal church, it comes immediately after the Patriarchal churches. There are five churches for Rome and the world, wearing the title of Patriarchal "because erected in honor of the five Patriarchates of the Catholic Church, viz., of Rome, Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch and Jerusalem." These are St. Peter's, St. John Lateran, St. Mary Major, St. Paul's and St. Laurence's, and they may be remembered by the distich:

Paulus, Virgo, Petrus, Laurentius atque Johannes:
Hi Patriarchatus nomen in Urbe tenent.

The accompanying illustrations, reproduced by special permission from the photographs taken for the Pope, the plates of which have been destroyed, will show the reader that the beauty of the new church makes it not unworthy to rank after its great sisters.

ROME, FROM THE TIBER.

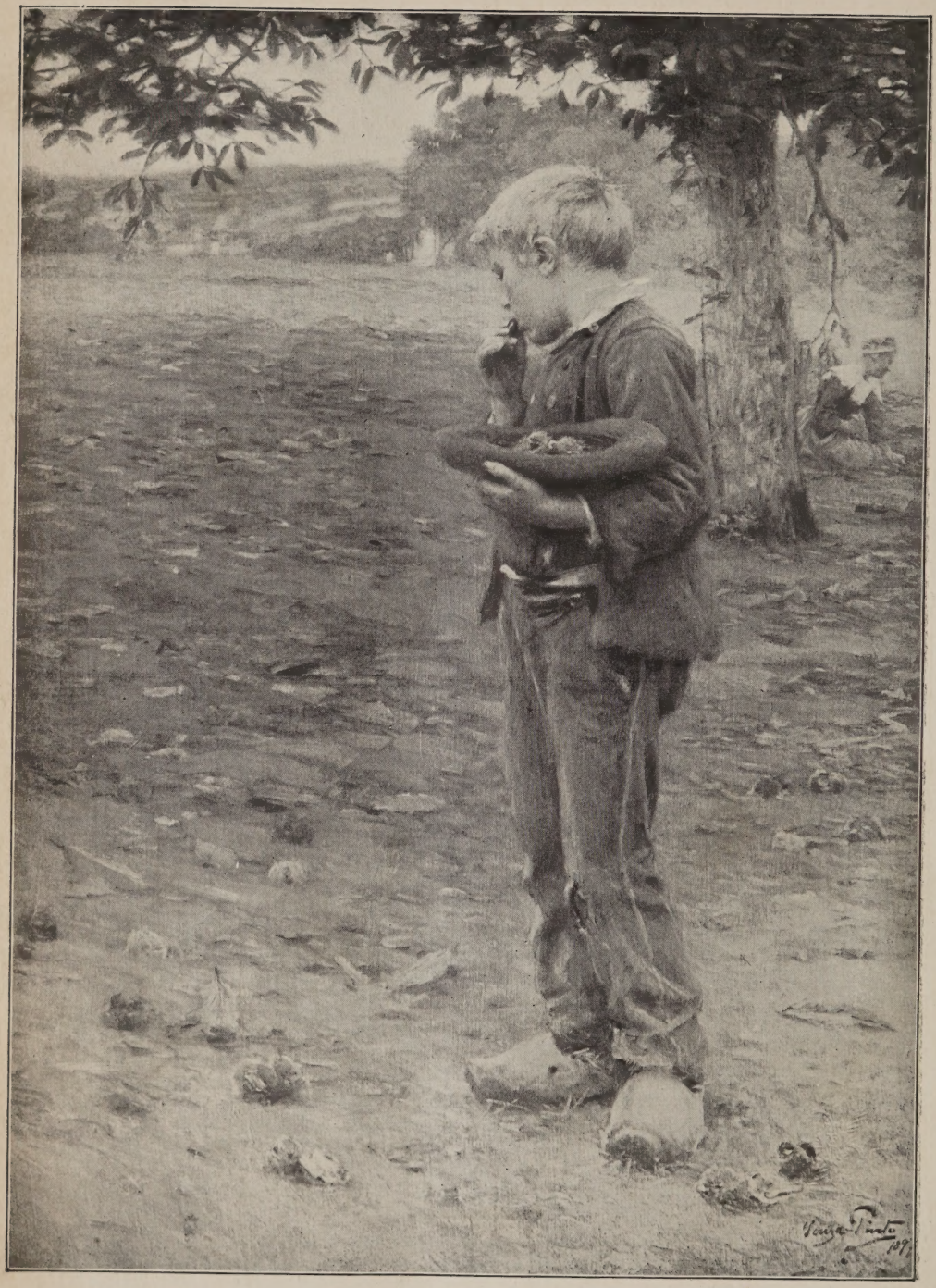
CHRIST THE CONSOLER.

BY MARY A. DESMOND.

The poor, the weak, the dumb, the blind, the lame,
All sufferers, to the Master's dwelling came.
Like withered flowers, they cluster round the door,
To kiss His hands, His mercy to implore,
Nor do they plead in vain.

He heals their wounds, their stricken hearts He cheers,
He weeps with those that weep, and dries their tears.
Consoles the sorrowing, clasps unto His breast
The loathsome leper, who, with grief oppressed,
Has sought man's aid in vain.

He loves them with a love ne'er known before;
He censures none, but bids them sin no more.
They know not that for man He soon will die,
They only know He loves them, that is why
They follow in His train.



AUTUMN JOYS.

THE FUTURE OF ELECTRICITY.*

BY PROFESSOR A. E. DOLBEAR.

A prophet is a foreteller of events, but there are two well-defined classes of prophets—one who bases his predictions upon knowledge more or less accessible to every one; the other bases his upon knowledge purporting to come from mysterious sources unknown to any but himself. The one takes for granted that the multiplication table will hold good, and that uniformity in nature's proceedings may be depended upon. The other takes nothing for granted.

One tells us to the second when the moon will be next time eclipsed and how long it will take Niagara River to wear away the falls. The ultimate reason for his prediction is that two times two are four and likely to continue to be four. Calculated previsions are possible because one may have all the data needful.

On the other hand, if one should predict a European war in May or that a diamond meteorite would fall on Boston Common next Fourth of July, he must need get his information from other sources than tabulated human knowledge, and such prophecies are radically different from the former sort. Any one may become one kind of a prophet if he be capable of forming a proper judgment, and will be to the pains to acquaint himself with the sources of human knowledge. Heaven alone chooses the man and the message of the other kind of prophecy. He may run away with his message like Jonah, or he may wonder at the mechanisms he describes, like Ezekiel. It hardly needs saying that in writing upon the future of electricity only human prophecy, based upon present knowledge of what has been accomplished, is attempted.

In scientific affairs fifty years ago is really olden times. Even those whose recollections go no further back than twenty years may well wonder what in the name of science one is likely to see or hear of next.

Historians tell us how in prehistoric times men made rude implements of stone, then of bronze, then of iron, the use of these serving to mark the advances in intelligence and skill, and so the bronze age succeeded the stone age, and the iron age succeeded the bronze. There was a time, called the Dark Ages, when men learned nothing new and apparently forgot many things before known; yet even that age finally blossomed out into great activities in many directions, literary, scientific and industrial. Like a century plant, though apparently standing still, it was gathering energy for the days to come. The past hundred years may be called the age of steam, and what the steam engine has been to the race it is impossible yet to duly reckon. Now we have entered a new epoch which may fairly be called the Electrical Age, inasmuch as electricity has fairly been made subservient to man's wants and control. The Arabian genii were summoned by rubbing a lamp, the modern genii by touching the button. Until a few years ago the chief service was for speed in

*This paper originally published in Donahoe's Magazine, Feb. 1893, is reprinted to supply numerous requests for copies. It was specially prepared by Professor Dolbear, of Tufts College, and at the time of its appearance created much discussion. In view of the recent developments in the Marconi system, this forecast, made six years ago, is a most interesting study.

message-bearing, but now like blind Samson he bends to the wheel and nothing is too difficult for him to attempt. Unlike Samson, electricity has no nerves, so one's sympathies are not drawn upon when the load is heavy and the grade steep.

ELECTRICITY IN ITS INFANCY.

Although electricity has now a commercial value next to steam power, and has been successfully applied to such a multitude of uses, one may often hear the remark that electricity is in its infancy. One would not like to think of it as in its dotage, but certainly one might think it had attained to vigorous youth and that its swaddling clothes were quite outgrown. If by the expression is simply meant that the possibilities of the employment of electricity have not yet reached their limit, it is true in one sense, but far from being true in another sense. There appears to be a vague notion in the minds of some persons that electrical energy is illimitable, so that with machines more perfectly adapted to electrical laws, more and more work can be done by a given amount of electrical energy. One may sometimes hear of an enthusiastic inventor who claims to have devised a dynamo or a motor two or three times as efficient as any other, or a galvanic battery which can take the place of a dynamo for extensive electrical work.

WHAT MAY NOT BE EXPECTED.

It is to be remembered that in order to obtain electricity for any purpose whatever, some kind of power must be provided to produce it. Steam, wind, water, or chemical action are antecedents. If a steam engine of fifty horse power is made to drive a dynamo, no more than fifty horse power can possibly be got out of the electrical current the dynamo generates; indeed not so much as that on account of the mechanical losses unavoidable in all machines. But the dynamo of to-day is one of the most perfect and efficient machines the art of man has yet produced. It will return as much as ninety-five per cent. of the power applied to it, which shows that no considerable improvement in its efficiency is possible. This is true also of motors and of so-called transformers, so one must not think of dynamos and motors as being in their infancy. They are full grown, and either may be designed to do any amount of work with even greater accuracy than is possible with a steam engine for the same service. If it were true that more work could be got out of an electric machine than is turned into it by an engine, then perpetual motion would at once be attained. If ten horse power of steam would produce eleven horse power of electricity, the dynamo could run itself and have one horse power to spare.

One may depend upon it no one will hereafter make dynamos more efficient than they can be made to-day, though doubtless machines may be made smaller and lighter, capable of doing the same amount of work. There is a doctrine in physical science known as *conservation of energy* which is so fundamental and is so well established, that every scientific man lets it dominate in his reasonings and does not entertain for an instant any idea which implies its denial. For such reasons he believes that this part of electrical science is not in its infancy.

Again there is also prevalent an idea that the knowledge of electrical phenomena and their laws possessed by electricians to-day is so far from completeness that one may look any day for an announcement of some newly discovered laws that will practically abrogate most which we now think well established. It may seem incredible, but this is nevertheless true, that there is not a single electrical action now in

such common use but has been known for a generation or more. Arc lights have been known for eighty years. Incandescent lamps for thirty years. Electric motors drove machinery sixty years ago. An electric locomotive was made forty years ago. The telephone was used thirty years ago. The patent was held on a legal technicality, not for intrinsic novelty.

There are plenty of electrical phenomena well known which are lying fallow. The illustrious Faraday made many electrical discoveries. One of them was a mechanical origin of electrical currents which has issued in the modern dynamo. Another was the action of magnetism upon light, and this has no commercial value at all as it has not been made to serve any economic purpose. The known mathematical relations of electrical phenomena make it very certain that in this direction nothing can come to materially modify present knowledge. This, in many ways, is as complete as the astronomical knowledge that enables one to compute the time of the next transit of Venus.

WHAT MAY BE EXPECTED.

These stated limits do not in the least imply that there is little or nothing more to be expected in the future in the development of electrical industries. Indeed it is certain that both improved methods and new uses for electricity will appear, and some of these are now very near. The man in the rigging can often see the hull of a vessel which is below the horizon to the man on deck, and there are several electrical crafts now visible from such an elevation. To describe such minutely is not, of course, possible: but the main features are discerned without difficulty.

TELEGRAPHING WITHOUT WIRES.

For many years telegraphic work was carried on in what is technically called a closed circuit, which means a continuous electrical conductor from the generator through the telegraphic instrument back to the generator. The ground has often been made a part of this circuit. When the telephone began to be used it was noticed that telegraphic signals could often be heard coming from circuits wholly disconnected, sometimes even a mile or two away. Professor Trowbridge of Harvard, showed how it was possible to telegraph across a river or even the Atlantic Ocean without having any connecting cable. An electric current in the earth spreads out in a wonderful way from its ground terminals, and when it comes to a conductor better than the earth a larger proportion will follow it wherever it may lead; hence a part of a current sent into the earth at one place may be utilized in another circuit quite apart from it, and the further apart the earth terminals of the first circuit the greater distance away may the second circuit be. Now if a telegraphic circuit had one terminal in, say Greenland, and the other in Brazil, and another circuit had its terminals, say in Norway and Liberia in Africa, any electric current in one would be felt in the other, and the signals with a Morse key made in one might be heard in a telephone in the other circuit. Such effects are due to conduction in the earth, and the observed phenomena has served to show that an intermediate wire is not essential for telegraphic communication. It was shown by the writer some years ago that a conducting circuit was not essential for electrical processes, for telegraph signals and talking have been heard in a telephone quite disconnected from any circuit, and fifty feet away from the nearest, and subsequently he found it possible to set up rapidly intermittent currents between two places several hundred feet apart, by discharging opposite terminals of induction coils into the earth, the second terminal of each coil being in the air so that telegraphic signals

could be heard in one circuit without what is called a complete circuit in either apparatus. There is no special limit to this method.

Maxwell pointed out from theoretical considerations more than twenty years ago, that what we call light was probably electro-magnetic in quality, and a few years ago Hertz showed how to produce such waves five hundred thousand times longer than common light waves; also that such waves were reflected and refracted like light with proper lenses. A beam from what is called a search light can be directed and may be seen in clear air in the night a hundred miles or more away. In murky air and fog such light is quickly absorbed, but the longer artificial waves are not thus affected. A beam of Hertzian rays can be thus directed and not suffer so great loss, and being received by a proper electrical apparatus can be made visible; signals thus can be sent where the eye can see nothing in the space, and curiously enough such substances as wood and brick walls are transparent to such waves. There is no limit to this method but the curvation of the earth and the delicacy of the receiving apparatus.

Another method of signalling depending upon electrical conditions will probably be common in a short time; namely, by projecting a beam of light from a powerful electric arc upon the sky or clouds. Such a shaft of light directed upwards can be seen many miles, and by making it intermittent a code of signals can be made useful, say for the weather bureau, in announcing the probabilities for the next day. Lighthouses and vessels at sea can thus indicate their whereabouts when direct light would be cut off by dense fog. With the aid of a long focus lens we shall soon see all sorts of advertisements and fantastic shapes in the sky.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING.

Everyone knows that the common steam engine is a very uneconomical machine rarely utilizing more than five per cent. of the energy of the fuel spent upon it, and the same thing must be said of the common incandescent electric lamp as it gives back in light generally less than five per cent. of the energy spent in it—a loss of over ninety five per cent. of the original energy. It is evident that here is a great field for improvement. Whatever waves are given out by a lamp either too long or too short to affect the eye are so far wasteful in the production of light. That high temperature is not essential for luminousness is evident from glow-worms, fireflies, the phosphorescent light on decaying stumps, and the luminous streamers in the wake of large meteors, where the temperature must often be many degrees below zero. When electrical discharges are made to pass through Geissler's or Crooke's tubes they glow and may give out a good deal of light yet not become appreciably warm. The efficiency of such tubes as light producers is very high, for most of the energy spent in them is visible. It has been known for a long time that such tubes are especially sensitive to electrical discharges, and that they do not need to be connected to the source of discharge in order to shine; relatively long electric waves are operative with them. Tesla has lately worked this out at length in many ingenious ways, and has been able to light an incandescent lamp held in his hand with an expenditure of energy not so much as one-tenth of that spent in an ordinary lamp for the same amount of light. This means that with proper appliances ten times as much light can be got as we get now with a given expenditure of power. These effects are the result of high tension and alternating currents. With such a system of lighting the ordinary apparatus and connections are dispensed with. Sheets of metal or the gilt paper on opposite sides of a room are connected with the terminals of a suitable induction coil.

The lamp may be an independent portable thing like a vase or book. If held horizontal it may be lighted. If placed vertical it will cease to shine; whether it is here or there in the room will not make much difference. With all this no one in the room need be conscious of electrical action, as such high frequencies—that is, number of alternations per second—produce no sensation. The details of this system are being worked out, and no one knows how soon common electric light apparatus will go to the dump.

HEATING.

The temperature of an electric arc may be as high as eight thousand degrees, but it is confined to a very small space. If the same amount of heat was diffused through a quart of water it would at best but keep it boiling, and it is found practicable to raise the temperature of a given wire to any assignable temperature below fusing and maintain it there with a constant current of electricity. So devices have been invented for both cooking and heating apartments. The mechanism is simplicity itself, and regulation is as easy as turning a stove damper.

An expenditure of about one horse power is needed for such cooking as, say frying griddle cakes, three at a time, costing at ordinary rates about ten cents an hour. This of course is much too costly for much work, but when the power is convenient and time more valuable than fuel and a cook, the convenience would balance the cost. Heating rooms with an electric current is also entirely feasible, and the only reason it is not now in common use is its cost. When methods of producing electrical currents are cheapened there will be no reason why houses should not be heated as well as lighted by the energy that comes in a wire. One may remember that the reason we did not have electrical lights thirty years ago was simply the cost of the production of electricity.

COOLING.

In the fable of the Man and the Satyr the man was reproached for blowing both hot and cold with the same breath, but that is precisely what a current of electricity can do. When the face of a thermopile is heated it gives a current of electricity. If a current from some other source be sent through the pile in the opposite direction the face of the pile is cooled and ice may be formed in this way. The same current at the table will keep the tea hot and the water cold, allaying apprehensions of deadly microbes in the ice now used.

RAPID TRANSIT.

The wants of civilized man have increased faster than his ability to supply them, and every increase in speed has increased business in a greater ratio. Fifty or sixty miles an hour has been considered rapid—and the average rate on railroads is only about half that, but we are now on the eve of a great change. Strength of mechanism to endure the strain, cost and safety are the conditioning factors. It has been shown that with properly constructed roads one may be safer at sixty miles an hour than on a poorly constructed road at twenty miles. The actual increase in cost at the higher ratio is but a small figure and with electric motor in place of the steam locomotive there is great advantage for speed in many ways. A five hundred horse power motor can now be made as readily as a five hundred horse power locomotive, and that the former can run safely two miles a minute there is no manner of doubt. It is altogether probable that within a year from this time electric trains will be run at this speed between Chicago and St. Louis and with as great safety as with present express trains. The completion of that

road will probably precipitate a rapid change in all railroad work. It should be remembered that the sudden adoption of such a new method which renders useless the present appliances would be ruinous to most roads in the country; nevertheless the time may not be so distant when all locomotives will have gone to the dump, save here and there one in a museum standing like an extinct mastodon. For transporting mail and express packages still other electric devices, like William's Portelectric system working at still higher speeds, will automatically travel from city to city.

GEM MAKING.

Diamonds, sapphires, rubies and emeralds are admired for both their scarcity and their intrinsic qualities; chiefly the latter. There are numbers of things scarcer than diamonds, for instance, the metals thallium and rubidium. Rubies and emeralds are but crystals, as are snowflakes and rock candy. They are extremely hard, and can be fused only in an electric furnace. They are composed of alluminum and oxygen. This compound is found uncrystallized in great abundance and when fused in an electric arc it becomes as hard as the ruby, and any color may be given to it. If not allowed to cool too quick it crystallizes and may then be polished, when it is an artificial gem. Dealers in gems have for commercial reasons agreed not to call such stones gems, because they were not so-called natural products. It should be remembered, however, that no one can endow matter with the physical qualities that make a gem an object of admiration; crystallization, density, hardness, color, refraction and so forth, are inherent in the substance and do not depend upon whether the material is assembled in the laboratory of Faust or Vulcan. Faust with a dynamo can turn out a product as good as Vulcan with his forge, and, if he be encouraged, will soon bring to the poorest in the land the most beautiful things; and will make the distinction between the rich and the poor to be only one of quantity, not the quality of one's possessions.

PLANETARY SIGNALLING.

Are the planets inhabited? This question every thoughtful person must often ask himself. The distances between the earth and even the nearest is so immense as to appall one to think of.

When our telescopes have apparently reduced the distance a thousand times they are still too remote to see any evidence of the existence of intelligent beings. If there was a city on Mars the size of London it would seem but a speck not distinguishable from other areas. If such a city had electric arc lights such as we possess, it seems very certain they would sometimes be seen with our larger telescopes, and in like manner their inhabitants could sometimes see our lights if provided with as good telescopes as ours.

With a good search light with a million candle power or more directed towards Mars, the beam could be made intermittent and signals could be sent the same as between two mountains. If such search lights were sent from the tops of high mountains here, the atmosphere would not absorb so much as it does at lower levels. Once out of the air, there would be no loss from absorption and the beam would fly on, taking but about four minutes to reach Mars when nearest to us. With similar facilities in Mars there would be no trouble in sending and receiving signals. We have the necessary outfit; it only waits for the placing and patient testing. If no response was made it might signify only that there was no observer there when we were signalling, or that there was no electric light known there or no telescope. It may

be drawing a long bow, but I will venture to add that what I have already spoken of as Hertzian waves of greater length than light waves can in like manner be directed to Mars or elsewhere, and there is nothing in the nature of things to hinder electric signalling between planets. One cannot but speculate upon the effect on the civilized world of the first signal from Mars or elsewhere, whether its full significance was understood or not, and one may well reflect upon what question he would like to have first answered by an inhabitant of another world if he could expect an answer. Are there not philosophies that could be exploded with such an electric signal? In any case, many would be made glad and many made sad.

A POSITION ON THE STAFF.

BY GEO. T. ROGERS

Roy Kendall had followed up the mails very assiduously these last few days, so this morning, when a thin letter was passed out to him by the postmaster, his fingers clutched it with eager, almost hungry anticipation. A thin letter meant a personal communication, perhaps something more; a thick one would have been merely a manuscript returned and so much postage lost. And of late postage had been a very serious consideration with Roy. His last bill had been changed, and the change itself was slipping away or giving place to fewer and smaller coins. The day before he had gone without breakfast and dinner, and had restricted himself to crackers for supper, just to indulge himself in a few more stamps to send out articles; and no matter how many returned, or how often, he was sanguine enough to think that perhaps the next would be a successful one.

Many times during these last few days he had wondered if it might not be a mistake—if the story accepted by the Boston magazine and the half dozen articles by farm papers might not have been merely a bit of good fortune instead of an assurance that he could make a fortune for himself as an author. As a farm boy he could earn a living. Could he do as much as a writer? An hour ago he would have answered with a discouraged negative; now, with flushed face and throbbing heart, he slipped into a corner to open the letter, which might mean much, because it was thin. But there was no check inside, not even the fraction of a dollar in postage stamps, which certain of the periodicals occasionally sent for short articles; and the letter itself merely stated that his story was held over for further consideration, but might be returned on account of pressure on the columns.

It was not much, but Roy sprang down the post office steps, with lightened heart. The letter was from a good house, and the fact that his story was held for future consideration showed that it was regarded as worthy of a place in the magazine. What had he been thinking of, to get discouraged so easily?

A rapid calculation convinced him that his remaining sixty cents would furnish crackers and cheese for three days, and still leave twenty cents, and

perhaps thirty cents for postage; and by that time he might hear from some of the articles sent out.

From the principal street he turned into a side one, and from that into an alley. Four dollars a week for board in a well-kept house had seemed cheap six months ago, but now fifty cents a week for a room in this alley was felt to be high; and his living had narrowed down to the cracker barrels of grocery stores, relieved occasionally by the luxury of a meal at a cheap restaurant.

He was not thinking of straitened circumstances as he hurried along, but rather of the elements of a new story which was shaping itself in his mind. In his stories he could almost forget himself and his hunger, and in his characters could shape success that it was easy to imagine his own. He saw little of the life around, the opulence that changed to indigence as he hurried along, the complacency and cheerfulness that became desperation and despair. Emaciated children moved listlessly upon the sidewalk, and hungry, despondent men and women stared drearily from doors and windows. He had been passing them for weeks now, but with absorbed mind and unseeing eyes. Even the great strike, which had caused apprehensive leaders in the newspapers, had meant little to him. His world had comprised the attic in which he wrote and the hurried trips between it and the post office, and little else. He had found no time to read the newspapers, and he had not yet learned to read the deeper pages of humanity around. He did not even see a mite crawling upon the sidewalk until his foot came in contact with it and he was brought to a dismayed stop by a weak, pitiful wail of protest. Then he emerged from his reverie, with an exclamation of self-reproach, and caught the child up in his arms. A doorway opened directly upon the sidewalk, and from somewhere within he could hear a low moaning. This was evidently the mite's home, and he hurried through the doorway into a room that had never seen sunlight, and where ventilation was almost unknown.

When he rushed out, five minutes later, and hurried away in search of a doctor the story and the possible amount he could save for postage were gone from his mind, and he was throbbing with the pity of his sharp contact with distress. It seemed strange that a mere wall could divide this outside sunlight from what he had seen within. When he returned with the doctor he made a quick calculation of his pennies, and then sought a grocery store and expended them to the last coin. Already the pedestal of his dreaming was crumbling away, but unconsciously he was raising another, that would reach up to the infinite heights of humanity.

When he returned to the attic he was unconscious of hunger, of the manuscripts that could not be sent out, of the unfinished story. He was thinking of this distress, which seemed almost beyond hope, of the despair and destitution, compared with which his own seemed weak and trivial. And it was not an isolated case, he realized, but only one of thousands that were not even concealed from the indifferent gaze of the street. The more he thought the more pitiable and terrible it all seemed, and he wondered if the opulent portion of the city could know of the utter destitution that almost reached their back entrances. Assuredly they could not, if they did they would not suffer it to exist.

Almost unconsciously he took paper and pen and began to write; but as he wrote his brain grew clearer and his ideas took more definite, more practical shape. Why not bring the poor people to the rich people and let them be fed? An account in the newspapers would be read by those who could not

otherwise be reached; and if only he could make them see things as he had seen them, then surely they would do as he would were he able.

He was not thinking of fine writing and well rounded periods; his thoughts were in the dark room opening upon the alley, and in the spacious homes fronting the avenues and parks, and he was longing to bring them together. He did not even remember that he had never in his life written an article for a newspaper, and that most of what he had written was now packed away in his trunk. His thoughts were rather of the crawling mite and its mother and their need.

At midnight he was still writing, his brain busy and his heart full of the pity of it all; and it was only when a new day began to sift into the attic that he gathered up his papers and went out. He did not send them through the mail, for he had no postage, but went directly to the office of the largest newspaper in the city and thrust them into the hand of a messenger boy, telling him to take them to the editor. Then he hurried to the dark room which opened upon the alley, to see if he might be of use.

By night he was very hungry, but he was less conscious of that than of the dark rooms he had seen during the day. Again he wrote, and again when a new day crept into the room he hurried to the newspaper office and thrust his manuscript into the hand of a boy.

He had not thought of the post office the day before, but now he went round that way, swaying slightly as he walked, for he was weary and faint with sleeplessness and hunger. When the clerk passed out an envelope that was bulky with returned manuscript he turned away, but was arrested by a "Hold on! here's another." This was a thick one, and he opened it with trembling fingers. Inside was a brief note, and inside the note a slip of paper that made his eyes glisten. The note read:

"Enclosed find twenty dollars for your article on 'Destitution at Our Doors.' Call at our office when convenient. We can offer you a position on our staff.

Managing Editor."

MRS. MORRISSEY'S TURKEYS.

BY NORA TYNAN O'MAHONEY.

CHAPTER I.

Mrs. Morrissey's little thatched cabin looked very warm and inviting in the gathering gloom of the November evening. A bright wood fire burned on the hearth, where already there steamed and hissed and spluttered a great pot of boiling stirabout, put down against the homecoming of "the lads" from their day's work in the fields. The floor was newly swept, the kitchen table scoured and freestoned, and the bright rows of delf on the little brown dresser glinted and gleamed in the dancing firelight.

Mrs. Morrissey's homely face lighted up as she saw me at the door. She was a little old woman, with rosy cheeks and shining brown eyes looking out from under the snow-white frilled cap still worn by some of the more old-fashioned Irish peasant women, and in her brown "linsey-woolsey" dress and big apron she looked as clean and as bright as any one of the shining blue and brown jugs on her own dresser.

"Musha, thin, its yerself is welcome, Miss Nora!" said she. "What ailed ye at all, at all, to be away from us this long time? Won't you come in, alanna, and sit down by the fire and warm yourself. Sure the evenings do be gettin' very cowld intirely now. An' how is the poor misthress herself, tell me?"

"Indeed, Mrs. Morrissey," I answered, "she is very little better, and that's just what brought me down to you this evening, for I thought you might have a few eggs to sell me. The doctor says she must take plenty of nourishment, and her appetite is so bad, I thought a fresh egg or two might tempt her. Our own hens have stopped laying, more's the pity."

"Troth, thin, I have a couple of eggs, and its meself is proud and glad to have them for you. But don't talk to me about buying thim; sure it would never be worth me while takin' the money for a couple or three eggs. Wait till I'll be havin' a dozen or so to sell you, and thin we'll talk about the money."

"Oh, but indeed, you *must* let me pay you for them," I protested.

"Tut, tut, child, what nonsense!" was the answer. "Indeed and I'll *not* let you pay for them. Pay for them is it an' they for the poor misthress! Sure it's only wishin' I could do twice as much for her I am, for its many and many's the time she lightened me heart with a drop of new milk when I had childer here sick with me, an' not wan to help me. An', indeed, it was only this morning I was thinkin' of her, an' sayin' to meself that I must send her up a present of a nice young hen-turkey. Now, not a word out of ye about it," as I again attempted a feeble protestation. "Sure I have beyant a dozen of them, an' its meself is tired feeding them too. It bates all, to think what a power of India male an' potatoes an' oats them birds can ate. Only I don't want to sell them yet awhile, till comin' near Christmas, when ther'll be somethin' good goin' for them. But here I am, botherin' your head with me foolish talk, an' you tired standin' there. Won't ye sit down a while, acushla, an' maybe now you'll take just the laste little taste of stirabout from me. I have a nice sup of fresh buttermilk too, just as sweet an'

as thick as crame, so I have. Oh, now do, alanna. That's right. Sure it does put me in mind of ould times to see you sittin' there, Musha. Do ye remember when you was a weeshie girl goin' to school, an' you used to run in to me on your way home for a bit of cakehead. Sure childer always thinks twice as much of the bit they get from the likes of me, as they do of the white baker's head their own mother gives them."

"Indeed, I remember it well, I answered, laughing, "and how mamma used to scold me for it, especially as you would always insist on my taking home a big blue duck egg for my tea, or may be one of your pretty brown jugs off the dresser. And do you remember the lovely little ducks you gave me once for my birthday; and the three little half-wild black ones among them?"

"Ay, indeed, I do, an' how bad I thought of havin' only seven in the clutch, instead of twelve or thirteen, as I was expectin'. Well, to be sure, never was I more surprised than whin thim three quare little black things walked out of the eggs that I knew to be laid be me own big white ducks."

"And how is Mary, Mrs. Morrissey?" I asked. "I have not seen her for a long time."

"Musha, the crature's pretty well, I thank you, miss, only gettin' a whole houseful of childer around her, all in a few years, too. An' himself not too steady, ayther. Sure, its hard on the likes of her when a man is fond of the drink, going and spendin' half the week's wages at the public-house, and the childer with not a dacent screed on thim. There's not a day he goes to Dublin but the two eyes is worn out of her head, watchin' him to come back, thinkin' maybe he'd fall off the cart an' get killed, like poor Tom Doyle beyant. Musha, sorrow's on it for the drink, its the curse of half the country. An' its little I thought the day me little girl was goin' off to be married that I'd ever see her heart-scalded the way she is. Here she is with another babby comin' home to her be Christmas, and hardly a stick of furniture in the house, let alone a dacent bit to ate. It's not her fault, poor thing. Sure, as I always says, its the empty dresser makes the bad housewife."

And poor Mrs. Morrissey shook her head sadly, and the kindly eyes were brimming with tears as she turned away and looked into the glowing embers.

"Well," she went on, "I want to give her a few shillin's, maybe a pound if I can, out of them turkeys be the time the babby comes home. Sure I think I ought to get fifty shillin's or three pounds for them anyway."

"Well, you'd want to get a good price for them," I said, "because you are so goodhearted, and will find more than enough to do with it."

"Troth, I will, again I gave a few shillin's to Father Tom too for his Christmas dues. Sure I hadn't a penny to give him last Easter, not that the poor man ever asked me for it, ayther—for he knew he wouldn't have to ask me if I could give it to him. And thin I want to have the price of a new suit for Paddy. I suppose you heard that he's goin' to get married when Advent is out. She's a good, dacent little girl too, Mary Brennan, and though a woman thinks hard of seein' her sons goin' from her, sure its a good thing to see them doin' well for themselves, an' settlin' down dacent in life. He's savin up a few shillin's every week for the marriage money, an' a few little things he wants, an' I'm not lettin' on anything about the new suit yet, so as to give him a little surprise. Sure its the good boy he has been to me, ever and always. Since himself died, laving me with the three helpless little craturs, and poor Paddy had to go out frightenin' the crows for Mr. Malone at sixpence a day, not a penny of his

wages did that boy ever keep back from me, not for tobacco nor nothin' else. Sure he desarves all I could do for him. But there, there, I am a terrible woman for talkin', an' no mistake, and I never as much as asked you would ye have another drop of buttermilk?"

"No, thank you, Mrs. Morrissey, although it was very nice buttermilk, indeed. I'm afraid I must be running off now, as it just dark, and mother will be anxious until I come back."

"Well, thin, darlin' child, I'll not delay ye, but wait a minute just, till I give ye the eggs. An' I'll throw me ould shawl about me, an' go a bit of the road with ye, just to see ye past the gander, as the sayin' is. It's time I was gettin' in them turkeys too."

The November sun was setting in scarlet over behind the trees on top of Ardnaglas as Mrs. Morrissey and myself made our way along over the high demense walls of Donard. There was a frosty chill in the air, and the brown carpet of dead leaves sank crisply under our feet. As we left the cottage, a lady and gentleman, in smartly-equipped dogcart with liveried footman behind drove up the road and passed us by. I looked with admiration at the high-stepping horse and the occupants of the dog cart, who looked so warm and comfortable in their driving-coats and furs. Both were young and good-looking, and I found myself wondering whether they were sweethearts, or young husband and wife.

"I wonder, now, who them can be," said Mrs. Morrissey, meditatively. "I never seen them before, to me knowledge, but whoever they are, they look to be rale quality, anyway."

Presently the horse slowed and came to a walking pace as they mounted the long hill winding round the foot of Ardnaglas. We could hear in the distance the alarmed "gobble-gobble" of Mrs. Morrissey's turkeys, confronted on their way home from the stubble, with the unwonted spectacle of this high-stepping horse and trap, surmounted by a wonderful lady in scarlet hat and feathers. Suddenly the car stopped, and we two, plodding far behind through the dead leaves and the gathering mist, were suddenly amazed, confounded, literally spellbound, to see the ineffable footman descend, quickly clutch hold of four of the best of the turkeys, and hastily jam them into the back of the vehicle. Then "mounting in hot haste" his seat, the driver in front whipped up his horse, and drove quickly up the hill into the darkness and out of our sight.

Mrs. Morrissey turned at last and looked at me.

"Well," she gasped, "if that doesn't bang Banagher! Who ever heard tell of quality doin' the likes of that before. 'Troth, its the quare pass the world must be comin' to! What am I to do now at all. Poor Mary an' her little babby! An' Paddy without a new suit for his weddin'! To think of me four finest turkeys bein' gone. I suppose I'll never see sight nor light of them again."

And I could only shake my head and sympathize, for I was afraid she never would, and I kept wondering, as I went slowly home, what manner of "quality" these people could be, and above all, on what sort of terms they must stand with their footman.

The very next morning, the whole of our usually quiet countryside was thrown into an unwonted state of excitement by the news of a great burglary which had been committed in the neighborhood. The victim was a Mr. Persse, who was better known to his poor neighbors as "the ould gintleman"; and he had the name of being fabulously rich, although he lived very quietly, his household staff consisting merely of a couple of maid servants and a sort of combined coachman and butler. He was a great collector of curios or rather "antiques" and it was said that his

house was stocked from garret to cellar with all sorts of valuable things, rare old books, old china, old pictures, some of them said to be hundreds of years old, and worth many thousands of pounds. One room would be furnished entirely in Chippendale, the walls of another would be covered from ceiling to floor with china of all sorts,—Dresden, old Chelsea, Sevres, Blue Worcester, Crown Derby—set out in the most fantastic fashion; and it was said that his dining room contained the most valuable collection of old Irish silver in the world. Here it was that the burglars had made the greatest "haul."

Under cover of the long dark November night they had coolly carried a ladder around from the stableyard, placed it against the front of the house, and effected an entrance through the dining-room window, which perhaps, owing to the long sustained reputation for honesty which the neighborhood possessed, may not have been over-securely fastened. They had carried away the greater part of the silver, old jugs and tankards and ladles beyond count, and they had made their way to the drawing room also, where with a commendable taste in art, they had appropriated some of the most valuable pictures, one a Correggio and said to have been bought at several thousand pounds. No trace whatever could be found of the thieves or their booty. Mr. Persse offered a reward of a hundred pounds to the first person who should give such information as would lead to their arrest, and the police were scouring the whole country. But it was believed that the thieves had got safely away with their spoil to the city, where evidently they belonged, as it was probably there that they learned of Mr. Persse's fame as a collector. Of course nothing else but the burglary was being talked of through the country, and many were the speculations as to who could have been the thieves, and as to the likelihood of anyone being so lucky as to gain the £100 reward offered for their apprehension.

On a misty cold morning, the second day after the robbery, I met Mrs. Morrissey trudging along the muddy road about two miles beyond her own little cabin. Very neat and comfortable she looked, with her short skirts tucked tidily about her, and the little brown bonnet, with its "border" of white lace inside, half hiding the withered old face, now looking almost rosy and fresh under the damp morning air; a big brown market basket hung on her arm.

"Why, where are you off to so early?" I asked, in some surprise, for I knew it was very seldom that Mrs. Morrissey journeyed so far from home.

"Musha, thin, I'll soon tell ye alanna. I hear tell yesterday of some new gentry comin' to live at the Black Castle beyant, and I'm bringing a pair of fat chickens and a couple of dozen eggs to try and make a sale of them there. It's a long time since I went such a journey for the like, but, to be sure, the times is getting harder every day, and a body must be doin' somethin' to get along at all."

"I suppose you never heard anything of your turkeys since?" I asked, for I had been half-hoping that they had been taken as a stupid practical joke, and that she would perhaps find them returned to her safe and sound next day.

"Troth an' I didn't, child; never a word, but no matter," with a knowing shake of the head, "there's no knowin' when I might get news of them; and if I don't itself sure there'll be turkeys enough and to spare when we are all dead and gone. But if ever I come across them blackhearted villians," and she shook her head ominously, "I won't say what I won't do to them."

An hour or two later, while I was busy at home, baking bread in the kitchen, I was told that Mrs. Morrissey "wanted a few words" with me. I

washed the flour from my hands, took off the big holland cooking-apron, and went in, wondering what she could have to say to me now. I found the dear woman all excitement.

"Oh, Miss Nora, darlint, I have some thin' great to tell you. Do you remember you askin' me this morning, did I ever hear tell of me four fine turkeys since, and of me sayin' "no", but that I hadn't given up hopes of them yet? Well, I had somethin' in my mind that I didn't want to explain to ye thin, but sure enough, I had my suspicions all along. You know I told you I was goin' up to the Black Castle to try and make a sale of me eggs and fowl to the new quality that come there, and so I was. But all the same, I made up my mind to keep me eyes about me as I went, for I couldn't help thinkin' it was a mighty quare thing for any gentry, supposin' they were in their right senses at all, to come and live in a tumble-down ould castle like that, and in the middle of the winter too. Sure the grass was up to me knees an' I walkin' up the long ould avenue, an' even the big stone steps going up to the hall-door is green with the weeds and the moss growin' on them. Not a windy in the bottom part of it but was shuttered up, with some of them an' hardly a pane of glass in them, an' others with ivy growin' in through the wooden shutters. 'Well, says I, its a mighty quare fancy for any quality to take.' An' with that, I walkes up the slippery green steps and gives a pull at the ould bell. No answer for a long time. Then, after a bit, I pulls again. And at the end of a while I heard somebody coming to the door. Then it was opened a weeshy bit, and a man's voice says, real rough, 'What do you want here?' For a minnte I couldn't see his face at all, but just as I was tellin' him me business, he takes a look out at me. An' I declare to ye, Miss Nora, I was that put about, that I nearly forgot what I was sayin'; for sure as I'm sittin' here, if it wasn't the same dirty-faced blackguard of a footman, askin' yer pardon, that whipped up me turkeys off the road. I couldn't be mistakin' him, for all he wasn't dressed the same way. But I came to meself in a minute, and asked him would the lady be wanting any chickens or eggs. "No," says he, quite fiery like, "when she wants them she will go and look for them, and you needn't come here again," an' with that he nearly slapped the door in me face. An' at that moment what should walk round the corner out of the ould meddy garden, but a fine big turkey, cryin' an' mopin' an' frettin' as it picked its way over the long grass, thinkin', I suppose, of the three others that were put in the pot. "Bedad, and its true for ye, me fine fellow, says I, to say, when she wants them she will go and look for them. Sure its not *buying* fowl the likes o' ye would be, ye daylight robbers, and I can tell ye, I wasn't too long shakin' the dust of the place from me feet, for I wasn't sure, till I got outside the big gate an' found meself on the dacent Christian public road again, that I wouldn't see them villains coming behind me with a blunderbuss, and then I thought I'd come across here, basket and all, to tell you me story, and to ask you what I had best do."

"And do you really think it was your own turkey, Mrs. Morrissey?" I asked in some doubt.

"My turkey, Miss!" in astonishment. "An' do ye think I could be mistaken in the blessed bird, an' me after rearin' it with me own hand from the shell. An' it belongin' to a special prize breed too, that I got from poor Mrs. Hagarty, the Lord rest her sowl! Now, what had I best do? Do ye think them could be the same robbers as stole poor Mr. Persse's silver?"

"It isn't at all unlikely," I answered. "And wouldn't it be a great thing if you were the means of bringing them to justice. I'll tell you what we'll do now. I'll put on my hat and cloak and

go with you to the police barrack; you can then make a charge against those people of having stolen your turkeys, and I'll help to identify them, if necessary, for you. We had better make haste too, for I should think they'd try and get away as soon as possible, and the man may have recognized you also."

Within an hour the police sergeant from Donard and three or four of his men had made a raid on the Black Castle, but it wasn't without some difficulty that they at last succeeded in effecting an entrance. When they got inside there was no one to be seen; the whole house seemed completely empty, even of any sort of furniture, except one could dignify with that name some old packing cases and torn up planks, improvised into temporary stools and tables. However on going up the big stone stairs, they found one room locked; they could not say whether on the inside or outside, as the key had been carefully removed. The united efforts of the constables soon, however, forced in the door; but when they got inside they discovered to their disappointment that this room was empty like the rest. There was nothing to be seen only a great heap of straw thrown in one corner, and it seemed to have been lain on, as though some of the robbers had used it as a bed. Young Constable Geoghegan, who certainly ought to have belonged to the detective force, went over at once and felt the straw all over with both hands, as though he expected to find some one in hiding underneath, "Bedad, an' its warm too!" he ejaculated, as he turned to look about him in surprise. Then he stooped down, coolly took up an armful of the straw, and placed it in the wide open hearth; struck a match and set the straw in a blaze.

"Now," said he, "if there's any wan up the chimbley, we won't have long to wait for them."

And he hadn't long to wait, indeed, for in less time than it takes to tell, the two male burglars came tumbling out of the big chimney stack, cursing and spluttering and choking with the smoke. They were able to make only a very feeble struggle before being safely secured and put under arrest, and after a while their female accomplice, seeing perhaps that things were hopeless, appeared from some hiding-place of her own in the roof and gave herself up with the rest.

When the constables made a thorough search of the castle, they found, hidden away in a dark hole of a cellar in the underground basement, all Mr. Presse's stolen property, including the Correggio, securely packed and evidently ready for immediate transfer. Doubtless the "quality" were only waiting for the excitement to die down in order to get their booty quietly away. Or perhaps they contemplated "cracking a few more "cribs" before they left the neighborhood. At any rate, thanks chiefly to their appetite for turkey, their scheme failed; they were tried and sentenced, the men to three years penal servitude each; and the woman, who turned out to be the wife of one of the thieves, and sister to the other, was let off with one year. The stolen property was all restored to its rightful owner, and the high-stepping horse and smart dogcart, with which the two hoped to make an impression on the neighborhood as to their "quality" were sold and the purchase money confiscated. Needless to say, Mr. Presse was very glad to fulfill his promise and handed over the hundred pounds reward to Mrs. Morrissey for, as he rightly said, if it weren't for her and her turkeys the thieves would probably have got away safely. As for Constable Geoghegan, he too came in for his reward, and was very soon afterwards promoted to a high position in the "force."

And so the whole of Mrs. Morrissey's hopes were fulfilled, after all, and her fine designs carried out by the help of Mr. Persse's money. Paddy got his

"new suit" and a substantial present as well for his wedding day, and poor Mary's new "babby" had a grand new outfit ready waiting for his homecoming. Needless to say, the poor little mother and the other children had many a comfort too, which they had never before experienced in their wretched lives, and to crown all, before Christmas came, Mary's husband, due perhaps to the old mother's prayers and to her kindliness and the good example she showed him, got the grace of God at last, and went and took the pledge for life, and though that is many a year ago, he has never broken it since.

THE RECALL OF PEACE.

BY GRACE L. M'CARTY.

"What shall I do?" the teacher sighed,
And from her weary heart she cried,
(For White-robed Peace had fled away)
"What discipline shall serve me best
To still the spirit of unrest
That dominates my school to-day?"

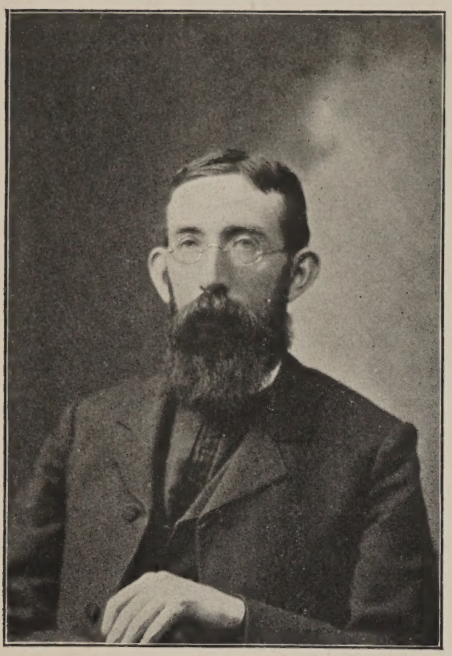
"These restless boys and girls, I fear,
Breathe mischief in the atmosphere.
What power shall quell this noisy sprite?
What word of mine can bid him go?"
A passing angel whispered low
The magic words, "Lead, kindly Light."

This watchword lingering on the breeze,
Her fingers sought the organ keys,
And played a dear, familiar air,
That soothed each ruffled childish brain,
And forty voices swelled the strain
That bore to Heaven Newman's prayer.

"Lead, kindly Light! Lead Thou me on!"
How soft its cadence fell upon
The weary teacher's listening ears;
And softer yet, "Pride ruled my will,"
And, with a pathos deeper still,
The plea, "Remember not past years."

Long ere the last sweet, dying tone,
The spirit of unrest had flown,
An unseen presence in the air,
Guided the teacher's gentle sway,
For White-robed Peace, content to stay,
Folded her snowy pinions there.

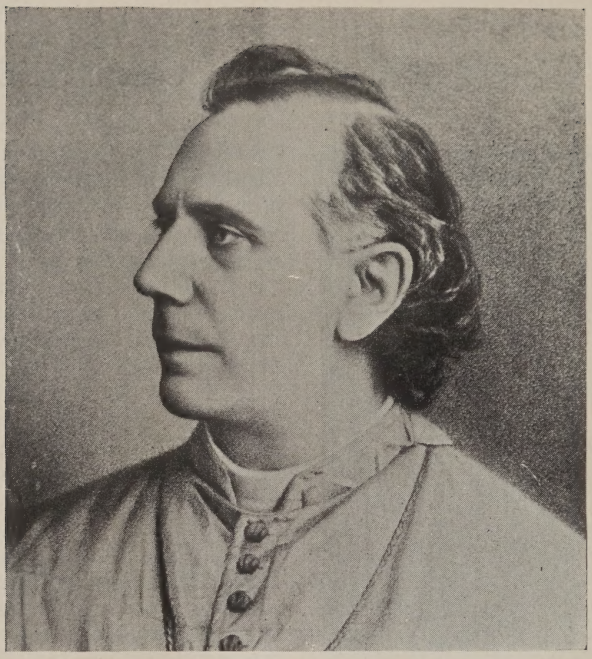
DEATH OF REV. EUGENE O'GROWNEY.



Not Gaelic leaders alone, but all interested in the progress of the race will mourn the early death of the Rev. Eugene O'Growney, one of the most eminent Gaelic scholars in the world. Though in failing health for some years and obliged to resign his chair in Maynooth, Father O'Growney never lost interest in his chosen work or left unimproved an opportunity for the intellectual advancement of his people. His scholarly mind was active to the end and accomplished an amount of literary labor so strong in character that the announcement of his death will come as a shock to many who knew him only through his writings.

Father O'Growney was a frequent contributor to Donahoe's and his papers on "Gaelic Greetings and Blessings," "Hallowe'en Memories, etc," were read and discussed in every place where the Gaelic movement finds support. Only a few weeks ago he mailed us the article "Irish Shrines," which appears in this issue and the cheery letter accompanying it left us ill-prepared for the sad news announced by despatch from Los Angeles on October 19th, the news of his death, which took place in Los Angeles, in which city and in Phoenix, Arizona, Father O'Growney had been residing for the last year, having been recommended by his medical advisers to try the higher atmosphere of the Rocky Mountain regions, for the restoration of his health. Father O'Growney passed away, consoled by the ministrations of the Church of which he was a faithful servitor, and by the recollection of patriotic duty to his people and his native land, well and fully discharged.

For the friends who mourn him there is a practical suggestion as well as much pathos in these words, so applicable now when the writer is one of the "host of the dead." "When the last candle is put out at night the prayer is 'God be good to the souls of the faithful.' The dead are always remembered in Ireland; no one would dream of passing a churchyard by the roadside without a short prayer for those who rest there, who in Gaelic phrase are "on the path of truth" and are numbered with 'the host of the dead'. In the Highlands they say of a dead friend, "Rest and ease to him who lives not!" in Ireland, when speaking English, "God be good to him!" or "God be with him!" in Gaelic "The blessing of God with his soul!" and "The light of Heaven to him!"



MOST REV. PATRICK A. FEEHAN. D. D.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

The past month has been a proud one for the Most Rev. Patrick A. Feehan, Archbishop of Chicago.

He has participated in the golden jubilee of his parish and has celebrated the silver jubilee of his cathedral. Archbishop Feehan is one of the pioneer prelates of the West, and the Cathedral of the Holy Name at Chicago marks a historic spot in the progress of Catholicity.

Mgr. Feehan was born in Ireland in 1820. He received his classical education at Maynooth college, where he distinguished himself by his intellectual acumen.

After ordination, his ambition was to devote his life to the American missions in the West, and in 1859 he was made pastor of the church of the Immaculate Conception in St. Louis. From the zealous labors of this mission he was called to the bishopric of Nashville, and only a short time later to the metropolitan see of Chicago. His Grace is an eloquent pulpit orator.

Archbishop Feehan is a splendid type of the Irish gentleman. He is more than six feet tall, and of commanding presence, his long flowing locks falling down upon his broad shoulders in truly patriarchal fashion.

After three terms of loyal service to the interests of the Catholic Young Men's National Union of America, Rev. Father McGuirl positively declined a re-election to the presidency. The union then cast about for a suitable successor. He was found in the very able Rev. Francis H. Wall, D. D., of New York, pastor of the Church of the Holy Rosary.

Dr. Wall was chosen unanimously for the high office, and he accepted the honor in a most graceful and eloquent address before the national convention, held this year at Newark, N. J.

The new president is a forceful speaker, a gentleman of strong personality and pleasant manners. These characteristics will go far toward advancing the interests of the great national union of Catholic young men of which he is now the leader; and, it is believed, the prestige of the Empire state will inspire other sections of the country to come within the fraternal bonds of the national organization.

Dr. Wall is a great social favorite in New York,and counts among his friends the prominent people of every creed. He possesses one of the finest libraries in the metropolis, and his hospitable home is the rendezvous for the most cultured priests and laymen.

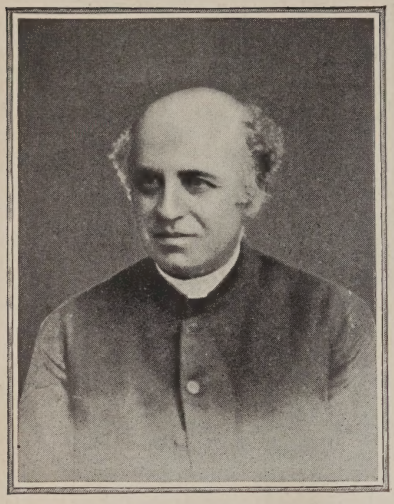
REV. F. H. WALL, D. D.
Pres. Cath. Young Men's National Union.

The famous Lord Russell of Killowen has a distinguished man of letters for his brother, the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J., who for many years has edited that admirable little magazine known as the "Irish Monthly."

Father Russell has done much for young Irish writers, and for Irish literature in general. He is always holding out a helping hand to and speaking a word of encouragement for the literary workers of his native land. His pen is full of hope and his heart is full of sympathy. Several of the most accomplished men of the Irish metropolis are contributors to his magazine, and its editor always keeps its tone up to the very highest standard of excellence.

Father Russell's new volume of poems, "Songs of Killowen," has made an instant and favorable impression upon the literary mind, and expectations are astir for other things from so gifted a pen.

Killowen is a delightful little village on the northern shore of Carlingford Lough, near which Father Russell and his eminent brother were born, and from which the latter takes his title, Lord Russell of Killowen.



REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S. J.

Courtesy of Benziger Bros.

Mrs. M. E. Henry-Ruffin, whose story of colonial Mobile recently appeared in Donahoe's, resides in that city. She was born at Daphne, Alabama, and is the daughter of the late Thomas Henry, a highly respected merchant and banker of Mobile. Mrs. Ruffin's early education was obtained at St. Mary's School, taught by the Sisters of Charity in Mobile. In 1877, she graduated from the famous seat of learning, St. Joseph's Academy, Emmitsburg, Md., as the valedictorian of her class, and ten years later was married to Mr. Frank G. Ruffin, son of Colonel Frank Ruffin, for many years State Auditor of Virginia.

Mrs. Ruffin is a frequent contributor to the Catholic and secular press. Mr. Henry generously encouraged the literary tastes of his daughter, giving her a liberal education. She is a trained musician and an accomplished linguist. Inheriting her father's affection for the land of her ancestors, she has made special studies in Celtic antiquities and literature, and is widely informed on these subjects. She has also given earnest study to the early history of Mobile, and has found a ready reception for her historical sketches, with colonial Mobile as a background.

It was a very cordial greeting that America gave Lord Mayor Tallon, of Dublin.

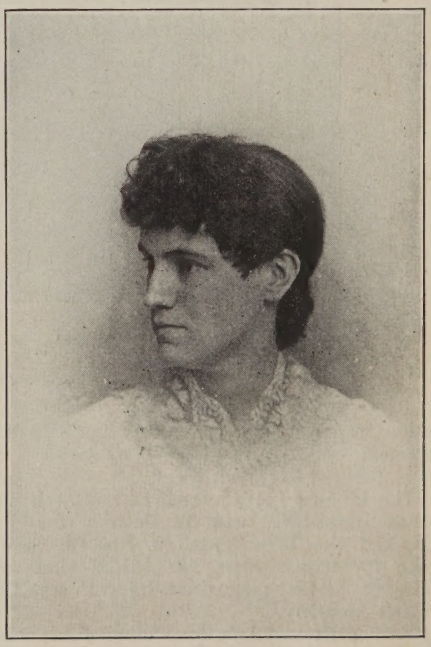
The right honorable gentleman came over with Mr. John E. Redmond, M. P., to collect funds for a memorial to Charles Stewart Parnell.

In connection with the visit of the lord mayor it should not be forgotten that the principal reason of his election as lord mayor was to secure in the person of the chief magistrate of Ireland's capital a genial and munificent host, who would dispense lavishly the welcome and hospitality of the city to the thousands who were to visit Ireland in 1898.

It is well remembered how universal were the preparations among the Irish people of America in connection with these celebrations, and how their hopes were dashed to pieces on the outbreak of the Spanish-American war.

He is a constant visitor among the poor as a member of the society of St. Vincent de Paul, and a zealous member of the oldest of Dublin charities, the Roomkeepers' societies. He at once signalized his advent to the civic chair by instituting a Mansion house coal and poor fund, which was largely subscribed to, and was of immense benefit to the poorer people of the city.

During the past year the principal efforts of the lord mayor have been devoted toward the creation of a greater Dublin. Within the present municipal boundary there are 250,000 inhabitants, and in the surrounding suburbs 80,000. These 80,000 carry on their business in the city, make



MRS. M. E. HENRY-RUFFIN.

their wealth and utilize the taxation, public institutions, fire department, hospitals, asylums, schools, etc., but contribute nothing to their support. The lord mayor promoted a bill in parliament, which passed the house of commons by a huge majority, adding those districts to the city, but the Tory majority in the house of lords defeated it. But the efforts of the lord mayor are bound to bear fruit.

"Dewey Day" in Washington was characterized by a very creditable showing on the part of the Catholics of the Capital City.

The very unique idea of having a Catholic division in the great Dewey parade originated with the president of Carroll Institute, Mr. Edward J. Hannan, who lent his valuable assistance in carrying out the demonstration to a most notable success.

It was a splendid moving picture of Catholic patriotism, calling forth not only the plaudits of the multitude, but also the personal praise of the president and of Admiral Dewey.

The parade committee was generously granted by Mr. Hannan the privilege of meeting in Carroll Institute, and here all the arrangements for the patriotic display were formulated.

Mr. Hannan was honored with a position of prominence in the parade, Mr. W. J. Frizzell, of Washington, representing the United Catholic Societies, under the leadership of Grand Marshal Halloran.

The division was a distinctive and pleasing feature of the national tribute to America's great Admiral.

LORD MAYOR TALLON, DUBLIN.

Very few church singers can show the continuous and faithful service of Mr. Henry Canning, for thirty-eight years bass soloist at St. Augustine's, South Boston.

All these years of devotion to sacred song he has passed with two choirs only, St. Joseph's, Boston, from 1861 to 1874, and ever since at St. Augustine's.

Mr. Canning has taken part in many light operas presented by amateurs for benevolent objects, and in not a few of these he achieved remarkable successes, notably as the "Admiral" in Pinafore, and as the "Judge" in "Trial by Jury."

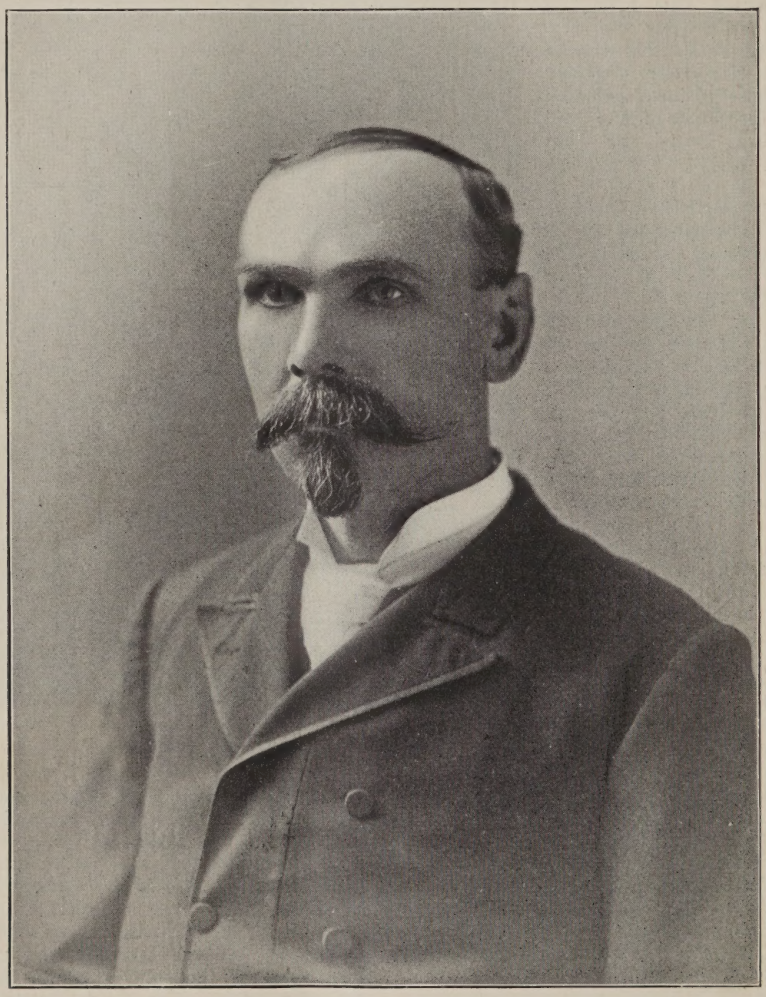
In 1873 he started a series of annual concerts for the benefit of the Carney hospital. These concerts were maintained for eight years, from the very beginning with pecuniary profit for the hospital, and until the formation, at the solicitation of the Sister Superior, of a general aid committee, the members of which took upon themselves the work of raising funds in a more permanent and systematic manner.

Mr. Canning's repertoire of church music has been extensive, embracing the works of the great masters of sacred melody. He was a member of the board of directors of the Boston choral society and was selected by the eminent Professor John Falkenstein, the society's director, to sustain the principal bass roles when it was determined to

give oratorios with the society's own talent exclusively. Of this distinction Mr. Canning says that no moment of his musical life ever afforded him the happiness he received from this compliment conferred by such an authority in matters musical.

dreds of concerts and other musical entertainments, has been freely given in the cause of religion and charity.

James T. Gallagher was born in County Sligo, Ireland, in 1857; was educated in



EDWARD J. HANNAN.

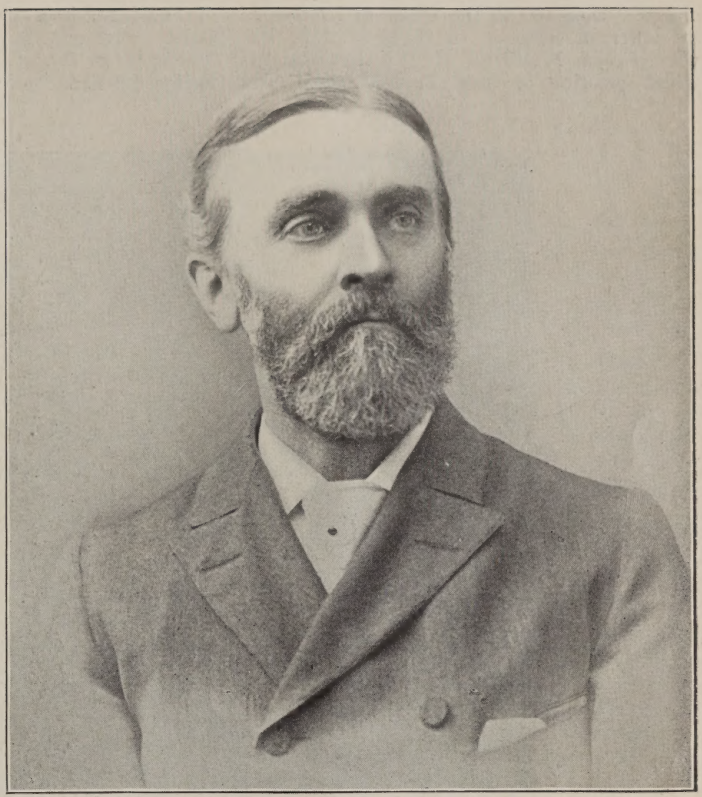
He was a member of the select choirs made up of solo singers of the parishes of the archdiocese, at the consecration of Archbishop Williams and at his silver jubilee as bishop, and at his sacerdotal golden jubilee.

During his thirty-eight years of continuous service Mr. Canning has participated in more than 4000 church services. This service, and also that connected with hun-

Queen's College, Galway; was connected with the Dublin "Freeman's Journal," "Nation" and "Shamrock" from 1877 to 1880. In the great political battle in Roscommon, in 1879, between Parnell and the O'Connor Don, Dr. Gallagher distinguished himself by his vigorous speeches and writings in favor of the great Irish leader, which so pleased Parnell that he publicly thanked

him and offered him the representation of his native county, in Parliament. This honor Dr. Gallagher declined, considering himself too young.

Coming to New York in 1880, he continued his literary work, contributing stories and poems to several metropolitan magazines. In 1884 he entered Bellevue Medical College graduating therefrom four years later. In 1890 he settled in Salem, Mass., where he practised his profession of medicine, and was elected for two terms of three years each to the School Board. In 1896 he removed to Charlestown, where he still resides as a practising physician. He is a member of the Essex Institute, Salem, K. of L., A. O. H., M. C. O. F., Catholic literary and social bodies.



HENRY CANNING.

Dr. Gallagher's new book of poems, "At the Gates of Noon," is meeting with eminent success.

A distinction which evidences the high regard in which he is held by His Holiness has been conferred on His Grace, Archbishop Chapelle of New Orleans. In the last days of September, news reached the diplomatic and ecclesiastical circles at Washington of his further appointment as Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines.

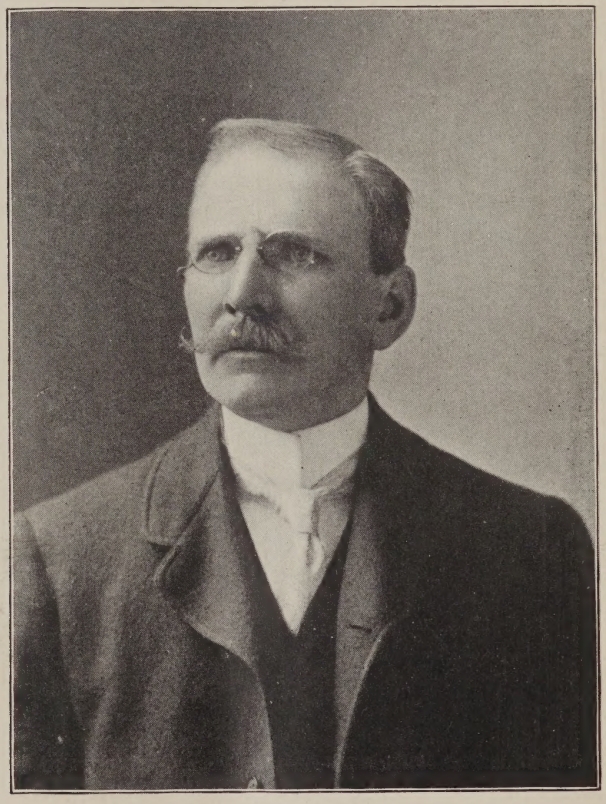
Commenting on this appointment The Literary Digest says: "There is scarcely another American who at the present moment has so weighty an influence in determining the trend of future conditions in the new American possessions in two hemispheres, and it is thought that especially in the Philippines the advent of an American prelate will prove a powerful factor in the establishment of better religious and civic conditions. Monsignor Chapelle is said to be admirably equipped for his difficult mission. He is master of Spanish and an able church historian and canonist, qualifications very necessary for his work." When appointed Papal Delegate to Cuba and Porto Rico, about a year ago one of His Grace's most important acts was the consecration of a new Archbishop of Santiago de Cuba who was in sympathy with American and Cuban ideals, and of an American priest, the Rt. Rev. James H. Blenk, as Bishop of Puerto Rico.

Rt. Rev. James Hubert Blenk, S. M., D. D., Bishop of San Juan, Puerto Rico, the first American Prelate of this ancient See, was born in the City of New Orleans, August 6, 1857. After receiving a primary education in the schools of his native city, the future Bishop Blenk entered Jefferson college, La. Thence he passed to France and was received into the Society of Marist Fathers at Lyons. His ecclesiastical studies were completed at the Marist House, Dublin, Ireland; where he was ordained priest Oct. 16,1885, by Archbishop Redwood, of New Zealand. Immediately after ordination Father Blenk returned to the United States,

and was assigned to the Chair of Professor at Jefferson College. In the year 1891 he was chosen President of this institution, which position of trust he held until his transfer as pastor of the Church of the Holy Name of Mary, in New Orleans.

At the Consistory held in Rome, June 19, of this year, His Holiness preconized the Rev. James Hubert Blenk, S. M., Bishop of Puerto Rico.

Most Rev. F. Barnada, D. D., Archbishop of Santiago, is a native of the island of Cuba. Previous to his elevation to the Metropolitan See of Cuba and Puerto Rico. Father Barnada held the office of Canon of the Cathedral of the Assumption of the B. V. M. at Santiago de Cuba. But the greater portion of his priestly labors had been spent in the Diocese of Havana, from which he had passed to the Archdiocese of Cuba some twelve years ago.



JAMES T. GALLAGHER, M. D.

A MAINE VENDETTA.

BY HARRIET A. NASH.

They stood, surveying each other across a narrow valley that cut the range of Eagle Hills in two parts. Mountain View House (originally Sawyer's until it was re-christened by a boarder of a few summers past) looked toward the mountains and the sunset. Griggses (which had stubbornly remained Griggses in spite of all efforts at rechristening) commanded from its broad veranda, a wide view of wooded hills and gleaming ponds. But Griggses found the wide outlook marred by the white walls of its rival; and Mountain View House was often so occupied in counting the chairs on Griggses veranda, that it forgot to lift its eyes to the snow-capped peaks beyond. Not even the parties most interested knew just the reason for the feud; its origin was lost in antiquity. It could not have been that long-suffering bone of neighborly contention—a line fence—since a narrow brook made a division line, clear and unmistakable. But feud there had been ever since the first Griggs and Sawyer followed the brook's bed upward from the Canada road, and planted their log cabins on either side of the valley. That was in the old days when Eagle Hills were the extreme limit of land known to civilization, and the unknown wilderness beyond was left to the undisputed possession of moose, deer and bear. Today there was little outward change in the valley, since time, which in the settled portions of the State had wrought new features with every decade, had moved more cautiously in the forest and left little impress upon the face of nature. The old wood road had given place to a smooth highway, marking the trail of the capitalist who had breathlessly pushed his way through the valley to the rich lumber fields beyond; and the gun of the sportsman echoing through the woods had driven the bear to the far north, and made the deer more timid of approaching man. But today, as of old, Griggses and Sawyers were the only representatives of human habitation for miles around. Little by little the log cabins had changed. First to low red-walled farmhouses which made two bright spots of color against the green hillsides. Then, as lumbermen began to pour through the valley and demands for hospitality became more frequent, each threw out a wing here and there and added a second story for the accommodation of its guests. Long dining rooms, wide verandas and white paint had come later to meet the requirements of city guests. For that purely American type—the summer boarder—seeking each year some new sensation, found his way at last to Eagle Hills, and, yielding to the combined charms of pine breezes and trout fishing, had returned again and again, bringing with him his family and friends; cautiously, lest the region's fame be spread abroad and a vulgar horde invade his Eden. So that his world of acquaintances only knew that he was "down in Maine," vaguely locating him at Poland Springs or Bar Harbor as fancy dictated, and never dreaming of this green retreat in the heart of the forest, where the gates were barred against fashion by common consent, and emancipated man lounged in to a six o'clock supper in the same costume he wore fishing.

The original Griggs and Sawyer had long since finished with this life; perhaps in some other, where quarrels are unknown, had met and exchanged a neighborly hand-clasp, each with a guilty consciousness of the inheritance of strife he had left behind him. But the quarrel, whatever its cause, had

lived and thrived. Not entirely without nourishment; there had been plenty to feed it, ever since the earliest Griggs and Sawyer youths had pelted each other with pebbles across the brook; when a Sawyer underbid his neighbor Griggs and secured the stage route by a shrewd trick; and Griggs promptly retaliated by opening a road through his richest farm land, that he might turn the tide of travel away from Sawyer. The present families shunned each other with dignified reserve; the "hired help" of both families declared open war on each other; even the boarders caught the infectious spirit, and the gay New Yorkers at Sawyers made sport of the serious little maiden from a sister city, as she sat on Griggses veranda, fortified against ennui by her volumes of Emerson and Carlyle. As for the little maiden herself, on the rare occasions when the Sawyerites came within her range of vision, she seriously analyzed them, and pronounced them lacking in the one quality above all others to be desired—repose. Which decision, the three daughters of her host, all of whom had been given "down river advantages," regarded as unquestionable.

The Griggs family had "run to girls" even as the Sawyer family had "run to boys," until in these days it had come to pass that a Griggs no longer reigned at Griggses, but only a Baker from the vague region known as "down river," who had married a daughter of the last surviving Griggs, and cheerfully accepted the family quarrel, along with the goodly estate which came to him with his bride.

Summer boarders, after all, were but an incident in the valley, since for at least eight months in the year it knew them not. And during that long period of cold and frost and snow, the two families had little to occupy them save as each devoted it to the other's movements. Mrs. Baker, as she hung the last curtain in its place one May morning smiled complacently, realizing that her own house cleaning was over, while carpets and curtains swinging in the spring breezes across the valley, indicated that her neighbor had but just commenced. Mrs. Sawyer, deep in dust and cobwebs, realized it too, wondering how she came to be so behindhand this spring. Though to be sure the grippe had visited them and the two younger boys insisted on having the measles late in April. Then she had waited for the men folks to repair the kitchen chimney, until it happened that the kitchen stove was down just as the parlor carpet was up, and at this very time of all others a large wagon load of relatives arrived for a visit, from the Forks, twelve miles below.

"We started the minute the roads were settled," explained a cousin, "for we wanted to make sure of our visit before the boarders began to come. And now don't make any excuses, for we're sure of getting a plenty to eat in your house and we don't care if things be up in arms."

Mrs. Sawyer retired to the pantry to look over her stock and meditate. It was past the supper hour and healthy boyish appetites had made serious inroads upon the supply of food that was to have lasted till tomorrow. She looked despairingly up at her empty shelves, down at her useless stove, then across the valley to where the last rays of the afterglow were caught and reflected in Mrs. Baker's shining windows. For a moment she wished intensely that she were Mrs. Baker—with housecleaning all done and no company to wait on.

"She's prob'ly got a whole cupboardful cooked up," sighed weary Mrs. Sawyer enviously. Then a daring thought struck her. Annoyed with the guests who had chosen this inopportune time for their visit, out of patience with her husband who believed house-cleaning quite unnecessary, she determined upon a desperate act. The boys were busy at the barn; she could hear her husband's voice in the front room gaily chatting with the guests. Two minutes later, Mrs. Sawyer with

shawl over her head, slipped out of the side door into the twilight. Down the hill she hurried until a friendly group of pine trees hid her from sight of the house. Across the meadow, where frogs were shrilly sounding their evening song, the swollen waters of the brook covered all stepping stones from sight, but a dead log, caught and held among the rocks of either bank, offered a safe passage over, and in a moment she was climbing the unknown shore on the other side; swiftly lest time be given her to repent of the undertaking. Mrs. Baker herself opened the door to her knock.

"I don't know what he'd say if he knew," began Mrs. Sawyer, before her astonished hostess could speak. "But we've got company come unexpected, and could you lend me such a thing as a pie." Which was not at all like the ceremonious speech she had rehearsed all the way up the hill, but since speech is merely for the conveyance of thought, answered the purpose quite as well.

It is said that the surest way to any heart is not through favors given, but a favor asked. Certain it is that Mrs. Baker's inherited prejudices, strengthened by years of personal jealousy, went down in a moment before that touching appeal, and she answered, "You don't say so. Yes indeed I've got both mince and canned raspberry and you're welcome as the day is long. What a shame! with you right in the midst of house cleaning and your kitchen chimney down as I can but see, though I'm not one to watch my neighbors. Come in and sit a minute for you're beat out." She carefully closed all doors as she ushered the caller into the kitchen.

"I hope you understand," went on Mrs. Sawyer apologetically as she dropped into the offered rocker, "that it's visitors. I wouldn't consider it right to ask such a favor if 'twas payin' boarders, we bein' in rival business and all that. Not that boarders expect so much anyway. None of mine ever touches pie except at noon, and most of 'em prefer gingerbread to cake. But Eliza Sawyer'd spread it all through the family, if I set her down to the table without both."

"I know jest how it is," replied Mrs. Baker, er swelling flood of sympathy bearing along half a loaf of cake which she added to the pie in spite of remonstrances. "Baker's one of a large family and as they say they come and visit us and then they come and pay it back. O don't mention the cake, Mrs. Sawyer. It's made by a new recipe I cut out of the County paper and it don't taste jest right. I thought maybe you could tell if I left out anything. Must you hurry? I wish you'd come in some time when you could stop."

"I'd be glad to have you come over and see me any time," returned Mrs. Sawyer cordially. She paused in the doorway a moment looking across the valley at the lighted windows of her home.

"I wish things was different," she said hesitatingly. "But he'd be terribly put out if he knew about this."

"What he don't know needn't worry him," returned Mrs. Baker composedly. "There's no call to tell menfolks all that goes on in the kitchen, and not unlikely he'd expect you to have been cooking all day without any kitchen chimney. I shan't mention it to Baker either. Men are a good deal more set than women and when Baker married into our family he married grudge and all. I've often thought he held it harder than even father and grandsir did. Well if you must go. But do run over again."

Mrs. Sawyer's guests sat down to a late supper, sounding, as they ate, praises which the hostess accepted without a blush. But as she went to bed at a late hour, she looked gratefully across the valley. "How good it seemed," she thought. "I do wish David would consent to our being neighborly."

While at that moment Mrs. Baker

was saying to herself, "She's a pleasant spoken litle woman. How did she ever come to marry one of those Sawyers."

The pie and cake were duly returned at the first opportunity, and Mrs. Baker walked down to the brook with her neighbor on her return home. But after that meetings between them were rare. For summer came on apace and each had her hands full with her own increasing household. The feeling between the guests was more intense than ever that summer, and gentle Mrs. Sawyer was more than once pained by hearing unkind criticisms of her neighbor's household. While Mrs. Baker, thoroughly out of patience, one day assured her daughters that to her mind people of one city were quite as good as those of another, if they paid their bills, no matter which hotel they stopped at. And she really thought after all the money that had been spent on her daughters' education they should be broad-minded enough not to pick at their neighbors all the time. Whereupon the daughters, ignorant of the episode of pie, looked up at the portrait of Grandfather Griggs, expecting him to step forth from his gilt frame in righteous indignation.

A farmer with a flourishing summer resort on his hands, has a busy summer in the Maine woods where haying time and the best trout fishing come together, and his services in a dozen varying capacities, are demanded at one and the same time. It was a matter of no little annoyance therefore when in the height of the season messages arrived in the valley summoning the heads of both hotels to the county seat, as witnesses in a law suit involving large tracts of timber land beyond Eagle Hills.

"It's a great trial," complained Mrs. Baker, who, making a tour of the pasture fences one day, encountered her neighbor picking late strawberries in a field across the brook. "For our help this summer is just come through from Canada and don't understand one-half I tell them. Lucky I was the boy of the family and brought up to such work," as with a nail from her apron pocket and a few dexterous strokes of the hammer, she fastened a loose rail in its place.

"I'm far better off," returned Mrs. Sawyer, sympathizingly. "Though the boys need a good deal of remindin' of what their father said. But they're good workers all of them. I wish I could send one over to help you out, but you know how it is. And it seems as if every generation gets worse. If women folks only had the settling of these things."

"'Twould be a far more peaceable world if they did," sighed Mrs. Baker.

Meanwhile the two husbands journeyed southward; by different routes fortunately, so that each was spared the annoyance of the other's company. It was late afternoon of a sultry July day that Israel Baker wearily dismounted from the lumbering three-seated vehicle known as the "Forks Stage," in the side yard of the little hotel he was accustomed to patronize on his rare visits to the town.

"We're pretty full," explained a stylish-looking clerk who had been added to the establishment since Mr. Baker's last visit. "You see there's a Sunday-school convention this week and some kind of a big grange meeting. I'm afraid we can't give you a single room." But Israel, who well knew the many trials of hotel keeping, assured him it didn't matter. He was quite willing to share his room with another if it helped them out, and followed the clerk up the dim stairway with a glowing sense of his own accommodating spirit, and wishing he had a houseful of guests like himself. His enthusiasm cooled a little and he was not so sure that it didn't matter, when a few minutes later he was ushered into a tiny back room, on the third floor, a room containing two beds, two chairs, one table, one dressing case—and David Sawyer. For a moment the two gazed

at each other, while the affable clerk explained that being from the same section, the brilliant idea of putting them together, had occurred to him. Neighbors generally knew how to put up with each other. He was sorry there was only one key to the door. But they could probably arrange that between them; and he departed leaving the key on the dressing-case where it remained undisturbed throughout their stay, while the door stood unlocked and the occupants and their effects were at the mercy of any who chose to enter. Fortunately there were none who did.

Israel Baker stood in the doorway and meditated. Should he go or stay? His strongest impulse was to leave the house and seek accommodation elsewhere. But a fear lest he should seem to be driven by the enemy coupled with his masculine dread of "making a fuss," overcame the impulse. Sawyer had already turned his back and resumed the polishing of his boots which the new arrival had interrupted. And Baker with the most nonchalant air he could assume walked over to the opposite corner and commenced unpacking his bag. Neither spoke.

From the cool hillside to a dusty street in a manufacturing town is not a pleasant change in midsummer; and the homesickness induced thereby is not allayed by being shut up for at least eight hours of the twenty-four with one whom you hold in deadly enmity, an enmity whose depth is far beyond the luxury of quarrelling, and can only be expressed by the most intense and stony silence. For three days and nights, while they waited during the adjustment of some legal red tape ere the machinery of justice could be put in operation, each of the two roommates remained apparently unconscious of the other's presence. Even when the case at last was called and the examination of a multitude of witnesses commenced, it was weary work. The court room, deserted by all save those interested and those obliged to stay, (for the general public has no interest in anything so unsensational as a land suit) was close and warm. There were long monotonous examinations of young surveyors who had been over the ground; of old surveyors called for expert testimony; of woodsmen old and young who had worked on the disputed lands in winters past. It was morning of the second day that Israel Baker who had been summoned by the plaintiff gave his testimony; late afternoon of the third day before Sawyer was called by the defense. Sawyer was received with flattering interest by the audience, for Baker's testimony, to the consternation of the prosecuting attorney, had been most damaging to the plaintiff's cause. The prosecuting attorney felt it a blot upon his reputation forever, that he had not more carefully examined the witness beforehand. He had assured himself of the testimony he would give on one line, never dreaming of the unwelcome information which his own carelessly-worded question would bring forth upon another, information eagerly followed up and enlarged upon by the opposing counsel, and remaining unshaken through long hours of closest cross-examination.

Thereafter Sawyer's turn was waited with interest; for the old feud was well known among lumbering men, and as the plaintiff assured his remorseful attorney that night, Sawyer, though a man of truth, would rather lie than agree with Baker. Moreover there were suspicions of bribery and double-dealing which it was hoped to unearth through Sawyer's evidence. But any who had looked for sensational developments were disappointed. David Sawyer's testimony, direct and matter-of-fact like himself, agreed word for word with what his rival had said. The plaintiff's counsel desperately plunging at the old man from every possible point of attack, could find no weak place.

"Mr. Sawyer," he said at last with sarcastic emphasis, "I understand that you and your neighbor Mr. Baker are not on friendly terms. Is that true?"

For the first time the witness hesitated and looked confused.

"I don't know's we be," he answered slowly, and further pressed admitted the enmity.

"Yet I understand that you occupy the same room at the D—— House. Do you mean to tell me that you and Mr. Baker had no conversation since coming here?"

David's embarrassment increased so manifestly as to arouse the interest of all observers; he looked appealingly at the counsel for the defense, but he, playing idly with a paper cutter, seemed to have lost all interest in the case.

"No we ain't spoke," he answered at last. "Neither since nor before since we was boys."

"Yet your testimony is so identical it might have been written by the same hand," continued the attorney forcibly. "How do you account for that Mr. Sawyer?"

David's embarrassment vanished. "It accounts for itself," he answered cheerfully. "The truth, the whole truth and nothin' but the truth is always identical and don't need no gettin' together and plottin' over."

There was a murmur of applause. The Judge who had himself followed the questioning with interest smiled approvingly, as the old man stepped down, and the court adjourned after a verdict which was practically a compromise.

"If you hadn't made such a mystery of it all," Baker was saying indignantly, to the prosecuting attorney, "I could've told you in the first place I shouldn't help you none. You counted on my knowin' the little you wanted told and bein' a fool for everything else."

David Sawyer sat on the side of his bed and then his roommate entered. Israel crossed to his own side of the room and seated himself, tilting his chair against the wall. Then he looked across at David and suddenly both laughed.

"Look here, Baker," said David Sawyer after a moment's embarrassed silence, "can't you and me somehow work out a reason for this state of things? I was expectin' every minute that feller'd ask me what the row was between us, and I snum I couldn't have told him."

Baker laughed sheepishly.

"Gettin' off at a distance makes most things look smaller," he said. "And I calculate that's what ails the old quarrel. Up home the valley ain't big enough to hold it. But off down here it's a mean little thing, that you can't help feelin' ashamed of, and when it comes to draggin' it into a court of law and holdin' it up by the corners like a pocket handkerchief, you see it's plumb full of holes. I couldn't look anybody in the face hearing him dig it out of you and expectin' every minute to have it brought out that we was rowin' because my great-grandfather-in-law had a notion against your great grandfather, though we didn't neither one of us know what 'twas about."

Sawyer nodded approvingly. "There was an English fellow at my place last year," he said slowly, "that had a lot to say about their laws of inheritin'. It seems he'd been thrown out of a good thing by his uncle and great uncle gettin' together and fixin' things so the property needn't come to him. Cuttin' off the entail, he called it. Now what's to hender you and me sittin' right down here and puttin' an end to that old row the same way or else hatch up a new one so big that we needn't be ashamed of it."

Israel considered. "I don't seem to see no good ground for a new one," he said. "But I'm agreed as to endin' the old one. So fur as you and I are concerned we'll call it done. Only——I don't know just how it'll strike the women folks. Women is narrower-minded than men anyhow and setter about all such things. And my wife being a Griggs herself kind of holds that I'm nothin' but a graft on the family tree after all."

David Sawyer stroked his chin thoughtfully.

"That's so," he said. "Women need to be worked easy with. I can manage the boys all right if their mother don't work against me. Three of 'em are pretty well over the "know it all" age, and the other two ain't yet begun to see that they know more'n their father. But we may have to go easy with the women folks and not tell it all out jest at first."

The two journeyed amicably home together, in David Sawyer's own team, to the great astonishment of all acquaintances along the route. Though Israel thought best to walk the last two miles "jest to rest himself," and David drove on without objection.

Neither found it easy to introduce a new condition of things. For the feud was so well-established that most daily occurrences were seasoned with it. And though Israel refrained from comment when informed that Sawyer's boarders had trespassed on fishing grounds, which the laws of courtesy had always left to patrons of Griggses, and David listened calmly to the story of Baker's cows which had escaped from pasture and trampled his wheatfield, no further attempts at establishing peace were made.

It was the quiet little boarder at Griggses who started the ball rolling at last. Wearying a little of her printed companions she sighed for social fields wherein to conquer, and joyfully hailed the anniversary of her hostess's wedding day as an excuse for something unusual, finding ready allies not only in her own party but among all the Griggs' guests. But something unusual, demanded guests outside the house. And for sometime the plan was threatened with failure because they were lacking. It was the host himself who ingeniously dropped a suggestion that they might be found at Sawyer's! There was much consultation and weighing of pros and cons before the little maid and her assistants decided that an old established household like Griggses owed some social duties to its neighbors, even though those neighbors might not be all it could desire.

"But you won't ask the Sawyers themselves of course," said the oldest Miss Baker. The mistress of ceremonies looked inquiringly at her host, who cleared his throat in an embarrassed manner. Mrs. Baker interposed.

"Why certainly," she said. "I hope we're above showing any petty spite at such a time as this."

"Maria," said David Sawyer next morning, in the tone of one whose word is law. "The Griggses have invited us all over to Mis' Baker's silver weddin' next week, and I want we should go."

"Very well father," returned Mrs. Sawyer, submissively.

"You see it worked round all right," said Israel to his friend Sawyer as on the night of the silver wedding they sat together in a secluded corner of the Griggs' lawn. "Women folks are easy managed if you only know how."

"Just so," replied David. "And now I spose the proper thing would be what papers call a matrimonial alliance wouldn't it?"

"That would be the story book way," returned Israel a little regretfully, "but my girls are all spoken for."

"And my boys have got ideas of their own," said David with a sigh.

But as they sat the little maiden came down the steps leaning on the arm of a tall New Yorker from across the valley, who looked down upon her with an expression which, anticipating the words he might speak by and by, told his regret at the weeks he had lost in making her acquaintance. So the matrimonial alliance may not have been impossible after all.

THE UNITED STATES AND ROME.

BY ELMER WATSON.

"The church must open her arms to these hundreds of thousands of persons who are seeking to come nearer to God, and are spelling out new words for old supernatural cravings and old supernatural beliefs. In times past the church would have been their refuge, and they would have strengthened the church. Even now, the next Pope, like him who saw in his dream St. Francis propping the falling walls of St. John Lateran, may see that among those enthusiasts is the power to establish the church."—*H. D. Sedgwick, Jr.,* in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October.

During the last quarter of a century the position of the Catholic Church in this country has aroused the keenest interest among students of men and manners in Europe. Non-Catholic observers of the progress of social and religious institutions especially, have been amazed at the marvelous advance made by a creed which, in their eyes, might suit the spiritual requirements of a Spanish or Italian peasant accustomed for ages to believe and act according to the direct momentum of an authority he had never even thought of questioning but which could not possibly harmonize with the intellectual tendencies of a people whose mental and moral energy is supposed to spring from its republican institutions, its absolute independence and its capacity for basing all its decisions on its own judgment. But then, except there was a mutual adaptability of some sort or other between this Republic and the Catholic Church, how explain the extraordinary and increasing prosperity of Catholicity in the United States, its astonishing progress from such humble beginnings, its potent organization in the present after such struggles for existence in the past?

Of course, the history of the Church through the ages accounts for a good deal in the eyes of these non-Catholic publicists. That wonderful Catholic hierarchy which has been able to find its place in the midst of the most diverse surroundings, to adapt itself to all constitutions, and give formal and scientific expression to the same truths in all human languages, might be expected to find points of contact even with a people so different from the nations the Church had hitherto controlled. It would not be the first time in her history that she had to deal, and to deal successfully, with nations to whom she was an utter stranger. Certainly, the condition of the people of the United States, perhaps the most civilized people now in the world, has little resemblance to that of the barbarians who overthrew the Roman Empire and substituted chaos in its stead. Yet in the opinion of a distinguished Protestant German writer, the Catholic Church is confronted by the same problem in America which she solved successfully in the fifth and sixth centuries of our era. Just as the Roman world perished and the strength and life it once possessed passed into the blood of younger and more vigorous races, so, according to this writer, the discipline and religious ideals of the Roman Church, while growing weaker in old Europe, are destined to have a brilliant and, probably, a triumphant future during the twentieth century in the young Republic of the West.

Catholic writers in Europe, interested in the religious movement in the United States, do not all regard the catholicization of the country with unmixed feelings. Some of them seem to feel a little alarm. They fear that the absorption of the American in the pursuit of riches and his excessive individuality of character may produce a type of Catholic who, in his religious

ideals, will contrast unfavorably with the type produced for centuries in the Old World, where self-denial and detachment from material considerations have always been recognized as marks of sanctity. Such apprehensions do not seem to have much foundation; they are, at least, premature. The important point is that so many distinguished observers of our religious tendencies in Europe, Protestant as well as Catholic, recognize the probability of the Church making enormous gains in our Republic during the coming century. And we may be quite sure that, if American Catholics are true to themselves, these predictions will be largely realized.

A remarkable exposition of the future relation of the Catholic Church to the Republic appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly" for October, under the caption: "The United States and Rome." It is written by H. D. Sedgwick, Jr., and is a significant indication of the impartial and almost sympathetic attitude of thousands of the best class of American non-Catholics towards the Church at the present day.

Mr. Sedgwick considers that during the next century the political relations between the United States and the nations of Europe will be as close as those between Massachusetts and New York, thus necessitating its definite action not only on all European governments but on all European institutions as well. "Of those institutions," he says, "the greatest is the Roman Catholic Church."

He proceeds to describe the relations of this continent to the Church ever since its discovery, but shows that nothing in the past will equal in importance the relations that must be assumed by each to each when the great modern democracy and the great Latin Church stand face to face. Questions of the most momentous interest to civilization, which have again and again been adjourned, will then seek for their solution.

To measure the wonderful progress made by the Catholic Church since George Washington's day to the close of the present century, Mr. Sedgwick quotes these statistics: "The proportion of Catholic to the whole population was in 1783, one in eighty; in 1829, one in sixteen; in 1844, one in fifteen; in 1890, one in ten, or, according to some, one in seven. . . The slightest inquiry shows that the growth of the Roman Catholics in numbers, education and wealth has been steady; that their political power has increased in even greater proportion than their numbers."

We think recent events hardly bear out Mr. Sedgwick's contention that the sentiment of American nationality is beginning to wane, and that its place in the next century will be taken by cosmopolitanism, other bonds than those of a common country grouping men together. Surely, it is the sentiment of a common nationality and not of cosmopolitanism that leads the citizens of a country to freely sacrifice their lives for its welfare and glory. In the late war, men of all races, Irish, German and English, showed equal loyalty to the idea of American nationality; and, in fact, ever since the civil war, this sentiment has been growing in intensity year after year. Mr. Sedgwick is correct enough when he says: "There is but one church whose priests visit every people and hear confessions in every language. There is but one cosmopolitan church." But, though the Church be cosmopolitan, in the higher sense of the term, she has been the real founder of most of the great nationalities of Europe by her skillful, energetic and persistent action in welding different and often antagonistic races on the same soil into one solid unity. The national unity of France, inhabited by Celts, Teutons, Romans, Basques, etc., was entirely due to the Catholic bishops, who, in the words of the great Calvinist statesman and writer, Guizot, made France as the bees make the hive, by slow, constant and unremitting toil. And it is unnecessary to allude to the important part played in England by its church, not only in founding its liberties on a solid basis, but in producing that na-

tional unity among hostile races which made these liberties possible. Mr. Sedgwick tells us that "In the midst of cosmopolitan indifference and disagreement the Church of Rome will be there, as she has always been, the one church which draws to herself men of all European races." But a little observation of what is taking place before our eyes at present ought to convince Mr. Sedgwick that she will be much more than this. She will be the great bond, making for national unity among the different races, the great solvent, fusing and blending them into one common body with all the distinctive characteristics of a homogeneous nationality, yet not compelling them to forget the races from which they sprang, just as she has done in the past. The intense pride which the Breton and Norman have in their Celtic and Norman blood does not hinder them from feeling a pride still more intense in their common French nationality. And the Church which was the first to inspire them with this fruitful sentiment is doing the same work here in the United States, not only among the Irish and Germans, who, indeed, have all the feelings of American patriotism as soon as they touch American soil, but among Italians, Poles and strange Eastern races whose very names were unknown to us fifty years ago. The work she is doing among these races in the cause of national unity as well as of religion is a matter of notoriety among her own members; it must have attracted the attention of observers outside her fold, especially as it is a work for which not one of the innumerable sects into which Protestantism is unfortunately divided in this country has shown the slightest capacity.

Mr. Sedgwick proves from the Church's history in the past that when her time comes for controlling the life of the American people "she will have girded herself for the task," just as she had girded herself for her great victories in the past: her conquestof the Roman Empire and her struggles with the Teutonic emperors. Looking at the undiminished vitality with which she has arisen from every disaster, disasters from which, in several cases, no recovery seemed possible, he does not wonder that "many who think that some divine power stood behind the early Christian Church, should believe that the same power guides and preserves the Church of Rome."

Although it is barely possible, the writer seems to imply, that she may be vanquished by the spirit of American democracy, he cannot shut his eyes to the fact that there are great advantages on her side.

"The Roman Church has always been cosmopolitan. There have been Popes from England, Holland, Germany, France, Spain, Italy. Her churches lift their spires from Norway to Sicily, from Quebec to Patagonia. Her missionaries have sacrificed their lives over all the world. Her strength has been that she is the Church Universal. England recognizes the Queen as the head of the Anglican Church; Russia the Czar as the head of the Greek Church; but the Roman Church has never been bounded by natural boundary lines; she alone has been able to put before the Western world the ideal of a church for humanity. This has been the source of her peculiar attraction; and in the next century, with national barriers broken down, her claims to universal acceptance and obedience will be stronger than ever. Americans cannot kneel to an English king nor prostrate themselves before a czar of Russia, but many will do both before him who has the only claim to be considered the High Priest of Christendom."

These are weighty words and speak for themselves. Mr. Sedgwick follows them up with an expression of opinion that the Pope's residence in Rome, the only city in which his residence cannot excite any national jealousy, the head of Europe and of the civilized world, adds enormous force to the attractiveness and influence of the Church. But when he proceeds to state that the loss of the temporal power affords the Pa-

pacy the greatest opportunity it has had since the Reformation, he gives expression to a view which Catholics will not be at all inclined to accept. It is true the Church now occupies a position of grandeur which may be assimilated to that which it held during the Middle Ages when the Gregorys and Innocents were carefully and painfully tending the plant from which has sprung the flower of our nineteenth century civilization. To argue that this has been the result of the loss of the temporal power is to fall into the logical fallacy, *Post hoc; ergo, propter hoc.* If the Pope were satisfied with the present occupation of Rome, he would be regarded by other nations as little better than the chaplain of Umberto I. As the spiritual ruler of the world, he can never sink to such a position. He resides in Rome, but as the prisoner of its usurping king. If it were otherwise, he could not have the respect of Catholic and Protestant governments which he enjoys at present.

Mr. Sedgwick points out with equal clearness and force that the first great step to a "Parliament of Nations and federation of the World" must be a universal church, appealing to all who are susceptive to the influence of a religious organization, American, Teuton and Slav. The Teutonic people contributed nothing to Christianity for centuries, and then they offered it personal independence, and the Teutonic church broke into a hundred sects. The clerical labor of the future must, according to the author, be to combine unity and independence, and for this the help of all races is needed. We think that every Catholic will grant that here Mr. Sedgwick gives utterance to a profound truth. It is not unlikely that the Catholic Church will allow a great latitude to individual action among those non-Catholic bodies for whose reunion with the Holy See Leo XIII is laboring with such splendid energy and charity, will leave to the Greek Church a good deal of its austere immobility, and to the Teutonic and English churches as much of their individual initiative as may not endanger unity, the Latin Church leavening the whole with its principle of authority, and that whole forming the most powerful and radiant unity of which the world has ever dreamed.

The changed attitude of Protestants and Agnostics towards the Church, during the last twenty years, receives strikingly effective treatment at the hands of Mr. Sedgwick. He shows that even strong Protestant sects, like the Methodists and Baptists, are growing less antagonistic to the Church of Rome. He might have added that even those of their members who retain the old malignant bitterness not only defeat their purposes but are actually rendering great services to the Church by their vulgar exaggeration of ludicrously false pictures of her doctrine and discipline. We know some converts whose attention was first directed to the Church by the extravagant assertions of preachers of their own communion.

The Episcopal Church may be nearer to Rome than any of the other Protestant sects, but is Mr. Sedgwick correct in his statement that she is constantly gaining ground? We have only to point to certain incidents that recently occurred in New York to prove that she is rent asunder by internal dissensions to quite as great an extent as are the Congregationalists and Presbyterians, while it is evident that the bishop and clergy of her most important diocese have abandoned most of the beliefs that a few years ago were considered essential within her communion. It is true ideas of union with the Catholic Church prevail among many of her members, but they must know very well that the first condition of union is submission. As Mr. Sedgwick cogently expresses it: "The great original church may open her arms to receive; but she will never turn aside her feet to tread the *Via media.* How shall we ask the church that claims its authority from the Apostle Peter to

humble itself before the church which derives its independence from Henry VIII?"

The distinguishing dogmas of the Church are discussed by the writer with candor and fairness. We are not quite sure whether a theologian would accept in their entirety his definitions of Indulgences, the Immaculate Conception, the Infallibility of the Pope, etc., but his exposition shows, we think, wonderful acumen as well as eloquence and a capacity for subtle distinctions of which any theologian might be proud. Standing, apparently, outside all Christian churches, he does not consider the separate dogmas of the Catholic Church more difficult of acceptance than those she shares with the Protestant sects. Indeed, he considers that the fall, the atonement, the divinity of Christ, the Trinity, the clauses of the Apostles' Creed, are larger and more exacting beliefs than the authority of the Fathers, the Immaculate Conception, or the infallibility of the Pope in matters of faith and morals. "To the outsider," he says, "the dogmatic Protestant seems to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel."

He touches with a good deal of gentle sarcasm on a subject which is a source of perpetual wonder to Catholics. Take the most ignorant Protestant, the more ignorant you find him the better, and you discover that he has a sense of innate superiority, at once pathetic and ludicrous, derived from his consciousness that he is not "priest-ridden," that his belief in the most abstruse doctrines is based on his own personal, unassisted investigations in an open Bible, "without note or comment." It never seems to strike him that he has received any portion of his spiritual possessions from his nurse, or grandmother or clergyman. But how few, even in the ordinary affairs of life, and putting side the deepest mysteries of Revelation, owe their beliefs to any real investigations of their own, is well shown by Mr. Sedgwick.

"Most beliefs in ordinary matters of life are fashioned out of the experience and knowledge of the few; then they are imposed upon, or taken up by, the many. Matters of chemistry; astronomy; physics; the benefits of medicine; the merits of Shakespeare, of Wagner, of Raphael, are all incorporated into portable hypotheses and pass current. Individual experience has very little weight as against convenience."

But the social action which the Church is sure to exercise in this country will be a mighty factor in her progress. Unions of working men during the next century will not only spread over the whole United States, but will include all races; the great causes of dissension among men will no longer coincide with national divisions; there will be no fellow-countryman of all the disputants; cosmopolitan quarrels must be made up by cosmopolitan counsels, and only the priests of a cosmopolitan church will be acceptable mediators. To show that the creed of the Catholic Church points her out as the natural and only possible mediator in the gigantic quarrels that are sure to arise between labor and capital, Mr. Sedgwick asks us to "witness Manning in England, Lavigerie in France, Ireland in America, and in Italy the Pope himself."

There are many statements in this important and suggestive article which we might take exception to and we think, disprove, did our space allow it. Mr. Sedgwick believes that there are only three classes of citizens who will not come under the sway of the Church: Men of scientific knowledge; men of independent character who are resolute to manage their own affairs—a class which he admits to be on the wane—and (at the opposite pole) the negroes. As to men of science, it is only necessary to examine the list of converts in England since the Oxford movement to demonstrate that men of science are as much attracted by the claims of the Church as others. Great scientists like St. George Mivart have found spiritual peace within her fold, without discovering that their independence in scientific investigations

was in the slightest degree hampered or controlled. What has happened in England may well happen here. In fact, one of the reasons why we are a little inclined to fear that the future of the Catholic Church in America may not be all that Mr. Sedgwick anticipates is that most of her gains during the present century have been made among the highly educated, among scientists, clergymen, authors, graduates of universities, etc. In England her success among the middle and lower classes has not been at all equal to her success among the refined and enlightened. Most of her converts in the United States have come from the same class as in England.

It is undoubtedly true that the tide of reaction against materialistic beliefs is rising fast. But whether this overflow will result in the conquest of America by the Catholic Church will depend, as we have said already, a great deal on the American Catholics themselves. When St. Paul spoke to the Athenians of the Unknown God, he was addressing pagans whose inmost feelings, whose every prejudice, were up in arms against his doctrine, but yet he had discovered that, deep down in their hearts, there was, in spite of their hostility, a sentiment, an aspiration which brought them near him. The aspiration towards something higher, "the desire of the moth for the star," in other words, the ideal, is the Unknown God of today in our Republic; it is for those who are in possession of the truth to prove to their fellow citizens, by their example and by their works still more than by their words, where the searchers after the ideal are sure to find that which they seek so ardently. The idols that usurped the place of this ideal cannot now satisfy their worshippers, who are getting weary of running after phantoms, weary of gross realities, weary of the high-sounding and strange names of Christian Scientists, Faith-curers, etc., weary of the mirages that have too long lured them into waste and desolate places.

Meanwhile, Catholics, curious as to the attitude of observers who stand outside the Church, but who are yet keen and sympathetic students of her position, will do well to read this article carefully, an article notable for its suggestiveness and stimulating quality as well as for its fine literary form.

BOOK REVIEWS.

One cannot but regret, after reading "The Roman Primacy" by Rev. Luke Rivington, D. D., that the gifted controversialist was not spared to us for some years longer to complete his defence of the rights and prerogatives of the See of Peter. From the time, when, convinced of the utter hollowness of the claims of the Anglican church to be considered as a part of the true Church of Christ, he gave his adhesion to the Roman Catholic faith, he was a strenuous assertor of Catholic principles, especially of the primacy of the Roman See, and three volumes, replete with learning, of which the above was issued shortly before his death, bear witness to his profound study of this crucial question and his singular ability in handling it and to the consequent loss which the Church, especially in the English speaking world, has sustained in his untimely death. The question of the Roman Primacy is a fundamental one for all Christians. Is there in this world a guardian of the body of truth revealed by Christ for the welfare of the race? Where is this guardian? These questions go to the very root of the divisions which have rent Christendom asunder. The question is one of fact and its solution depends, in a great measure, in ascertaining where was this guardian in the past. As in all historical questions, where there is a want of full evidence, the wisest method is that which advances from the known to the unknown. The great advance in historical studies for the last few years has come about from a wise following of such a method. From an examination of the developed constitutions of later republican and

imperial Rome judicious investigators have worked backward to the earlier period. So must it be in the study of Church history. No one, who stops to consider, will expect to find in the first ages of the Church the full manifestation of that perfect organization which we know today. The state of the times rendered such a thing impossible. The Church was for a long period kept underground under the ban of the civil law and it was only after the accession of Constantine that she could reveal to the public view the precise form of her polity. When, however, she emerged into the light of open day and without hindrance held her general councils in furtherance of the interests of the universal Church, it must be supposed by the honest investigator that she displayed that form of government which she would have manifested from the very beginning had occasion demanded it and opportunity allowed it. Should these first public assemblies reveal the fact that the guardianship of the faith was vested in the episcopate of the Catholic Church in subordination to the bishop of Rome, as the successor of St. Peter, no sane reasoner should dispute the fact that such was the case from the beginning, well understood by the early Christians, and that, consequently, the headship of the bishop of Rome over all the other bishops is something inherent in the very constitution of the Church, and is, as a consequence, by divine appointment. A study of these earlier general councils on this point assumes, for this reason, great importance and this makes Dr. Rivington's volume especially valuable. The period which is considered is the one which runs from 430 to 451 A. D.; and the two general councils of Ephesus and Chalcedon are subjected to a critical and searching study. The events, which led up to them, the summoning of the bishops to meet in council, the acts and records of these meetings, the part which the Bishop of Rome through his legates took in these councils—all these things are brought out from the original documents and the argument is honestly, though strongly adduced. The work is a supplementary study to the two other volumes which Dr. Rivington has written upon this same subject, the arguments of which were impugned by Dr. Bright, Regius Professor of History in the University of Oxford. In this present volume Dr. Rivington demolishes the contentions of the Oxford divine and shows the utter futility of reading into historical records one's own preconceived impressions. To maintain the Anglican claim Dr. Bright was forced to twist the meaning of the Byzantine Greek in which the acts of the council were written—a fact which Dr. Rivington is not slow to observe, and which, with all delicacy, he urges against the Oxford scholar. This work is valuable not only for its subject matter but for the number of original documents which are found scattered through its pages and the clear and candid way in which they are interpreted and their meaning brought forth. Dr. Rivington is an honest controversialist. He writes not for the sake of gaining the victory over his opponent, but in the service of truth. He never loses his temper at the hard things which his adversary says against him, but pursues his way serenely, more intent upon his search for the truth and the proving of his thesis than upon the unkind way in which his opponent puts forth his objections. He believes strongly in the power of clear, judicial exposition; and refuses to take up the gauntlet of personality thrown down by his more heated critic. He has produced in this volume a strong proof in favor of the claims of the Roman Primacy, and his strong and persuasive way of expressing it will bring conviction to many, who are still groping and seeking for the light of truth. Longmans, Green & Co., New York, London, Bombay.

The public is indebted to Rev. Joseph Brady, C. M., for his English version of the "Life of St. Vincent de Paul" by Bishop Bougaud of the French hierachy. The style and form of this biography render it especially acceptable to the taste and temper of the present generation. We have in these two volumes more than a mere biography; it is a splendid contribution to the discussion of the social question which at present engages the attention of the foremost thinkers of the world. The inequality of present social conditions, the sharp dividing line which separates employer and workman, the sense of power dominant in one class and the sense of injury which holds place in the mind of the other, the gradual despotic tendency of riches and the sullen combining on the part of the workmen to wring by threats and pressure what ought to be granted in deference to Christian sentiment, cast a sombre light on modern society and make serious men, who have at heart the welfare of society, tremble for the future. This threatening state of things has been brought about by the rejection on the part of modern society of the supernatural virtue of charity. Men live for the present; struggle with a fierce zeal for riches; live their lives according to merely natural standards; and in the fierce pursuit of wealth forget the ties and obligations of a common brotherhood. This life is published at an opportune time. St. Vincent de Paul was an apostle of supernatural charity. He recognized the bond of brotherhood and dis-

cerned the image of God in the meanest child of Adam. The range of his work was truly admirable; it embraced all ages and conditions of humanity. The young, the outcast, the criminal, the widely ignorant, the helpless aged, the rich and the poor—all were objects of his loving thought and care. He was, in the highest sense, a regenerator of society, a Christian social reformer. But his keen discerning spirit perceived that no lasting renovation of society was possible, unless it were purified from within. Men must be first taught the essential obligation of practising the supernatural virtues, of placing manhood and womanhood on a Christian basis, before society could be purged of its evils. For this reason the clergy and their training for the high office to which they were called demanded his special care and the foundation of the Congregation of the Mission and of the Sisters of Charity was the practical outcome of ideas which had long been working in his mind. What he was able to accomplish, the extent and power of his influence, even beyond the frontiers of his native France, the effect of his life-work upon the masses and the classes are revealed in the pages of this well-written biography. The study of this life will be helpful to this generation and an adoption of the principles and methods of St. Vincent de Paul will go far in giving a solution to the modern social question. This life is a warning and an object lesson. Mere philanthropy or alms-giving will never settle the social difficulty. Personal love of the poor, founded on a supernatural support, personal interest and sympathy for the toilers, springing from divine motives, are the only true solvents which will bring about the union of the discordant elements of modern society. The application to social life of the "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" will be found to be the only remedy for the disorders which are disintegrating society; and the life of St. Vincent de Paul was a splendid exemplification of this principle. The translation has been well done by Fr. Brady, and the publishers' work is admirable in every respect. Longmans, Green & Co., New York, London, Bombay, $6.

In a small volume of one hundred and fifty pages Rev. Ambrose Coleman, O. P., gives a most interesting account of the work of the Friars in the Philippine islands. "The Friars of the Philippines" is the title of this work, which should be read by all who are interested in finding out the truth about the work of the religious bodies in these new possessions. So much has been written upon this question on information supplied from suspected sources, so many charges have been made as regards the conduct of the Friars in their dealings with the people, that it is a relief to turn to these pages and read the simple story of the self-sacrificing work of the religious orders in bringing the natives under the influence of Christian teaching and Christian civilization. Their work speaks for itself; and the later testimony coming to us from those who have studied the conditions on the spot fully confirm what was known before but to few that the Filipinos, owing to the devoted work of the religious orders, compare favorably in education and morality and the capacity for self-government with races to which we have already accorded freedom, if, in fact, they do not surpass them. The work of the religious was hampered by the work of anti-Christian secret societies and by governmental stupidity, and the charges made against the Friars may be traced to the same sources. The noble protest which the Friars addressed to the government of Madrid in the spring of 1898, just before the breaking out of the Spanish-American war, and which has never been answered gives a vivid picture of conditions in the Philippines, as they came under the observation of men, who were best fitted to judge, and is a terrible indictment of the carelessness and cruelty of the Spanish government and a vindication, solemn and striking, of the work of the Friars. The author does not hesitate to quote Protestant testimony, and this, coming as it does from a source which cannot be considered partial, bears striking witness to the good work accomplished by the religious amid untoward conditions. The book is neatly gotten up with yellow cover and a map in red of the Philippine islands in the foreground. Boston; Marlier, Callanan Co.; cloth, 60 cents; paper, 25 cents.

A clear and exhaustive explanation of the Catechism has long been desired. That want has now been supplied by the publication of "The Catechism Explained" by Rev. Francis Spirago. Professor of Theology, translated and edited by Rev. Richard F. Clarke, S. J. Seven hundred and twenty pages of well-arranged, well-written matter, suited to the needs of the day, make this practical manual of Christian doctrine the best catechism which has ever appeared in English. The treatment of the questions is clear and orderly, following the well known divisions of theological treatises; special reference is frequently made to present conditions and the spirit of the age; copious illustrations and comparisons, quotations from the Holy Scripture, the Fathers and other writers bring out more vividly the meaning and spirit of the truth expounded; the principal devotional exercises of the

Church, including pilgrimages, the Way of the Cross, missions and retreats, Catholic Congresses and Passion plays, to which is added a short, pithy account of the better known religious associations, such as the third order of St. Francis, the society for the Propagation of the Faith, the League of the Sacred Heart, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul and many others are briefly explained; in fact, this manual is a small encyclopaedia of Catholic doctrine and practice, written in attractive style and admirably adapted to present needs and conditions. The whole work is divided into three principal parts. The first part treats of faith, the second of morals, the third of the means of grace. Thus Our Lord appears before us as Teacher, King and High Priest. We should like to describe in detail the different parts, but where there is so much rich material, we shall have to be content with a look at the way in which the author makes use of principles to meet the needs of our day. He combats, throughout the whole course of the work, the self-seeking and pleasure-loving materialism of the day. The precepts of great importance, which bear upon the evils of our time, are elaborately explained. Thus under the fourth commandment, while treating of our duty towards lawful authority, the duty of Catholics in regard to elections is expounded. Under the fifth commandment the nature of human life and the sinfulness of injuring one's health for the sake of vanity or pleasure are shown. Under the tenth commandment, a plain statement is made of socialistic principles, and the proper use of money and duty of almsgiving are duly set forth. In speaking of the occasions of sin, the author censures with severity the exaggerated craving for excitement and pleasure, love of dress, the desire to be fashionable, society papers, plays that are objectionable and other modern hindrances to holy living. Civil marriage and cremation do not escape the censor's eye. The essential truths, the substance of Christian teaching are in large, leaded print, while the fine print is explanatory and, while appealing to the intellect, likewise tends to warm the heart and make it responsive to the goodness and beauty of Christian teaching. This book is a treasure-house of holy thoughts and is destined, once known, to take the place of all other catechetical treatises. It should prove to be a blessing to every Catholic household. The clear print and neat, substantial binding reflect credit upon the publishers. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago. Benziger Bros. $2.50.

Some years ago Mr. Henry C. Lea of Philadelphia, published a bulky three-volume book on the History of Auricular Confession. The numerous quotations from the Fathers and early writers gave the work an appearance of real erudition and impressed many by its show of learning. But those who went to the labor of verifying the quotations were not to be deceived and quickly discovered that Mr. Lea was a special pleader, without the sense of common honesty, ready to twist to his own preconceived notion every text which could be made to serve his purpose. Rev. P. H. Casey, S. J., Professor of Dogmatic Theology in Woodstock College has held up to the pitiless light of public exposure the methods of this pseudo-historian by the publication of a little hand book which is entitled "Notes on a History of Auricular Confession." In this small treatise of critical analysis, he takes up passage by passage Mr. Lea's chapter on "The Power of the Keys in the Early Church," shows his utter disingenuousness, his faulty translations, his failure to grasp the point in Patristic declarations and his generally discreditable way of writing history and of reading into his quotations the meaning which he wishes to convey. Fr. Casey's evident intent by this minute analysis of one chapter is to show how untrustworthy the whole three volumes must be according to the old saying; "ex uno disce omnes." In fact, in an afterword we are reminded that Mr. Lea's other extensive works, "A History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages" and "A Historical Sketch of Sacerdotal Celibacy in the Christian Church," are written according to the very same methods which are reprobated in the handbook. Mr. Lea's reputation as a historian is gone, if he fails to answer the stinging indictment brought against him in these few pages. Should he refuse to reply, he degenerates into the bitter reviler of the Catholic Church, distinguished from the common crowd by a parade of learning which need only to be tested to reveal its utter hollowness. Philadelphia. John Jos. McVey. Cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents.

A simple explanation of the truths contained in the small catechism has been written by a secular priest under the title of "Catechism Made Easy." The language is simple and adapted to the understanding of young minds, while it tends, at the same time, to warm their young hearts to the truths of holy faith. This little book will prove useful to the priest in charge of a Sunday School and will help him in his office of instructing the young in the truths of their religion. New York. P. J. Kennedy.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"Early in my career as a book hunter, the most delightful of avocations," says Walter Lecky in his "Birds and Books," "I was warned by a devotee of thirty years' experience to cultivate memory, tact and patience, the requisites for success in this gentle art."

Of the requisites for success in an even gentler art, that of winning the love of his feathered friends, he says nothing, but we recognize them one by one as we turn the pages of this charming book of bird stories. Evidently the author possesses in a rare degree appreciation of the little things that help to brighten life. He blends with fine effect the grey of an Irish sky, the yellow of the swaying stalks, and the burnished hue of the furze; and having prepared his color scheme endows it with animation in the song of the lark, the carolling of the mavis, the piping of the Irish blackbird, the soft, low crooning of the little river, and the flute-like notes of the bullfinch—"my first bullfinch—that caught my boyish heart." There is a tone of regret in the reminiscence, felt even now, that pursuit availed nothing. The gay fellow "went into the sunshine as if he were part of it."

The Tyrolese bird, above price, and the New York Bully, bought for a dollar, exemplify the extremes of circumstances in bird life. One thrills with pleasure to learn that the hungry, gloomy Bully became a "lightly skipping fellow full of pleasant ways." Here is transition: "His tail grew, his breast shone; he changed his ragged cap for one as showy and glossy as a beaver."

In the following pages we begin to understand why the title "Birds and Books" was chosen. This lover of both books and birds brought home more than one treasure on the occasions of his literary rambles. In this way he found his chaffinch while searching for Pater s Marius.

"All memories of vanished days are sorrow-crowned" he says recalling scenes in his early home. We are told of the giant sycamores, the nesting place for birds; the window looking out upon them; and the shaky oblong table where sat the father, "whose soul was in his books." He read Scott, Dickens and Cooper to the children. As a result, one of them asserts" I have no regrets that I was coddled on the literature he loved, for I am bold enough to put forth, even at the risk of being called a heretic, the opinion that if all juvenile literature was lost, it would matter little. And my ground for this opinion is that the old masters of English fiction and poetry constitute by far the best reading for boys and girls."

The story of the setting free, in the cold of a Christmas morning, of the pets he had harbored in his garret home, rouses indignation, and a sincere sympathy with the young student, subsisting on a mere pittance, but happy with his books and birds until the edict of a cruel superior banished the latter. Readers will derive genuine pleasure from the information that after years of wandering the birds' friend secured a permanent home where his pets dwell in sunshine and peace.

To know more of those pets—very much more, and very delightful telling it is—read the book for yourself. It will take you out into the open, away from the frets and worries of life, and will also reveal to you how a man of letters employs his rare moments of leisure in learning the ways of those lesser things of creation.

Incidentally the book abounds in witty sayings, and philosophic conclusions, and expressions of kindly tolerance as, deploring the theft of his seed by a mouse he says "I could not blame him for getting his living and that the best within his reach"; and again in condoning the offence given by Polly to the pious lady, whose piety was unpleasantly obtrusive, "Of all bores none is more wearisome than the Pharisee." Angel Guardian Press, Boston, Mass. Price, 70 cents.

"Peasants in Exile," by Henryk Sienkiewick, is the story of the wanderings and hardships of some Polish emigrants. We catch here and there glimpses of the author's power, but the story as a whole is inexpressibly sad. Notre Dame, Ind.: Ave Maria Press, 75 cents.

A striking picture of Russian official life in the time of Catherine the Great, is given by Fred. Whishaw in his latest novel, entitled "At the Court of Catherine the Great." The turbulence of the times, the intrigues and plotting, are well illustrated, while the story never loses its interest for the reader. New York, London: Frederick A. Stokes Co., $1.25.

A clever detective story is "The Sturgis Wager," by Edgar Morette. The whole plot is cleverly conceived and the action of the story goes on increasing in interest until

the climax. New York, London: Frederick A. Stokes Co.; Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 50 cents.

"The College Boy," by Anthony Yorke, is an excellent story for boys. The author's college boys are to be found in real life and we recognize at once the existence of the type which he brings up before us. There is a spirited account of a base ball game in which the college nine comes off victorious. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros., 85 cents.

A series of interesting fairy tales, which should prove especially entertaining for the young, is from the pen of Adrienne Roueolle. The book has for its title "The Kingdom of the Good Fairies" and is published by the Editor Publishing Co., Cincinnati, O. Price $1.

Selections from Fr. Gallway's celebrated "Watches of the Passion," have been published under the title of "Only Remember Me." These selections have been made for the benefit of readers, who might be deterred from reading the larger work from want of time or because of its copious and exhaustive treatment. The present brochure has the imprimatur of the Bishop of Manchester.

"The Talisman of Unity," a sermon by Rev. William Reed Huntington, D. D., is issued by the Thomas Whittaker Bible House, New York.

"At Lake Monona, an Episode of the Summer School," by M. A. Naverette, is a pleasing story for young readers. It is dedicated to Our Lady of Lourdes, in grateful acknowledgment of favors received through her intercession. Beginning with that modern accident, a bicycle collision, it runs entertainingly through the series of events terminating in a wedding trip to Lourdes. D. H. McBride & Co., New York, Akron, Ohio, Chicago.

A pleasing story for the children is "More Fun Than Huckleberries," by Felix J. O'Neill. It relates the adventures of two boys and incidentally teaches lessons of kindness and thought for others. The book is attractively bound and the printing is well done. William H. Young & Co., New York. 50 cents.

Another book recently issued by the same firm is "The Old Patroon," a collection of plays. Three of the four plays contained in the little volume, have been specially prepared for use in colleges. Price 40 cents.

OUR IRISH IMMIGRANT GIRLS.

A NOBLE MISSION.

The administration of the Immigration laws is a deeply interesting study, involving as it does the safeguarding of thousands of strangers whose ignorance of their new environment is in itself the greatest menace to their safety. From a recent report issued by the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary we glean some deeply interesting facts relative to the progress made in improving the methods of receiving and caring for immigrants in general and for one class in particular, the young Irish girls who are the special charges of the Mission at State street. Recalling the dangers that formerly beset these innocent travellers, the Rev. M. J. Henry, the present honored head of the Mission says:

"Matters grew so deplorable that public conscience cried out for a remedy. It came when Cardinal McCloskey appointed Father John Riordan to protect the immigrant at Castle Garden. The appointment was a most happy one. Of Irish parents, with the enthusiasm, pluck and energy of the race, he gave himself heart and soul to the work. In a short time the forces of injustice and vice were routed from the field. He established at No. 7 State Street a Home exclusively for immigrant girls. After a few fruitful years saintly Father Riordan died and his successors, Father Kelly and Father Callaghan, have since passed to their reward. As, in the early days of Christianity, the Church, watered by the blood of its martyrs, flourished, so has the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary become more firmly established as one by one its Directors laid down their lives in the work.

In the sixteen years of its existence there landed at New York 476,149 Irish immigrants of both sexes. Of this number 250,000 were females. The Irish seldom emigrate in families. The parents and the little ones remain at home while the adult members of the family one by one cross the Atlantic to America. This is borne out by the fact that the ages of nearly all female immigrants from Ireland range from 15 to 40 years. The record, then, of the Mission is this, that in sixteen years it has protected the faith and guarded the virtue of a quarter of a million of Irish immigrant girls.

The work of the Mission in detail may

be summed up as follows:—1st. It exercises a moral influence over steamship lines to protect the immigrant on board their vessels. 2d. It watches over, guides and assists at the landing-depot those immigrant girls who intend to proceed by rail or steamboat to destination. 3d. It examines the claims and fitness of the relatives or friends who call for the immigrant. 4th. It provides a Home "free of charge" for those girls whose friends do not call on the day of arrival or who have no friends at all, or who are unable to proceed on their journey. 5th. It tries to locate relatives of those who bring indefinite addresses. 6th. It secures positions in good families for those ready to go to work. 7th. It supplies the good offices of the priest who alone can bring confidence, encouragement and hope to the heart of the Irish exile. Although our Records were burned a few years ago in the fire at Ellis Island, it is safe to calculate that 70,000 Irish girls were guests of the Home since its foundation.

Two representatives of the Mission are always present when the trans-Atlantic liners discharge their passengers at the landing-depot. In the sixteen years these lines made 5016 trips to this country, or nearly one arrival every day. A little calculation will show that on an average about 95 Irish people landed at the immigrant depot every day since. During the year ending June 30, 1899, 21,637 Irish landed at the Barge office—an increase of 4063 over the corresponding period, a year ago. Of this number 12,470 were females—mostly young girls. Under the protection of the Mission all these girls either reached their destination in safety or found their friends or secured employment. Sometimes during the year the capacity of the Home was overtaxed. On the 19th of May last 172 Irish girls came to the Home at 9 P. M. The Leo House for German Catholic immigrants cordially received those whom we could not conveniently accommodate. These statistics speak louder than words of the extent and greatness of the Mission's work.

The Mission is dependent entirely upon charity. From its institution to the present time no money has been asked or expected of the immigrant girl. This is a splendid tribute to the generosity and chivalry of the Irish race in America. Each year on the 1st of October (the month of the Rosary) we bring our claims to the notice of the public. We appeal for funds to carry on the good work during the coming year. Everyone interested in the welfare of the fair daughters of Erin ought to give a subscription to the cause. Every Irish girl in America must not forget the Home that receives her sister and whose friendly threshold she perhaps has crossed. We rely on our good "Collectors" throughout America. Our Lady of the Rosary Society is fast growing in popular favour. Membership, entitling one to many spiritual benefits, is only 25 cents a year. The "Collectors'" work is to secure as many members as possible. The revenue from this source is a powerful aid to the Mission. May we retain our old friends and enlist many new ones!"

QUESTION BOX.

W. J. H. writes:

I would like to be enlightened on a question which was brought up in argument. One of the persons present claimed that the Catholic Church interfered with the rights of a man in the outside world, backing up his assertion by saying the Church refuses to permit a member to join certain societies, such as the Masons and the like. Could I trouble you for a little light on this subject, a copy of your magazine being the cause of starting the discussion.

W. J. H. knows certainly that the Church forbids her members to join the Masons or other secret societies. We have frequently in these columns explained what is meant by "secret" societies, and need not dwell on that issue. The point at question is this: "Is such action of the Catholic Church an interference with the rights of a man in the outside world? We confess to being puzzled by the term "outside world." But we regard W. H. J.'s antagonist in the argument, as supposing that the Church goes outside her spiritual powers and jurisdiction in the matter referred to. To a Catholic the solution of the question is quite simple. The Church is a teacher. Christ so appointed her, when He told the Apostles: "Go, therefore, and teach all nations." The Church is an infallible teacher in matters of faith and morals. Her duty of teacher extends to the regulation of her children's belief and moral conduct not only on Sunday, but on every day. She tells her children what they must believe and do to be saved. Children must obey their Mother. A disobedient child is a bad child. The child's liberty is not interfered with, when the mother forbids him to associate with bad companions, to read bad books, or to eat poisonous food. Or, if you call that interfering with his liberty, in the same breath you condemn the child who

WHY WOMEN ARE NERVOUS.

[British Medical News.]

The frequent cases of nervous prostration or utter collapse of the nervous system under which women "go all to pieces," as the saying is, have caused much thought and investigation on the part of physicians.

Certain inorganic substances are well known to cause various forms of nervous diseases which are readily traced to the poisons producing them. Further research leads to the belief that alum is a prevailing cause of so-called nervous prostration, for the symptoms it produces on the nervous system after its absorption into the blood are very remarkable indeed. Experiments physiologically made upon animals by Orfila, Professors Hans Mayer, Paul Seim and others, show that alum frequently produces no visible symptoms for many days after its introduction into the body. Then follow loss of appetite and other alimentary disturbances, and finally a serious prostration of the whole nervous system. The most prominent physicians now believe that "nervous prostration" and many affectations of the nerves from which both men and women suffer are caused by the continued absorption of alum into the system.

It is probable that many medical men are unaware of the extent to which salts of alumina may be introduced into the body, being under the impression that the use of alum in bread is prohibited. Alum, however, is still used surreptitiously to some extent to whiten bread, and very largely in making cheap kinds of baking powder. In families where baking powder is generally used great care should be exercised to procure only those brands made from cream of tartar. The alum powders may generally be distinguished by the lower price at which they are sold.

QUESTION BOX.—Continued.

demands liberty for evil, and the parent who grants it. Now, the Church says to her children: "You must not band together against authority, legitimate authority in State or Church." The Masons, at least in Europe, have over and over again, been determined enemies of the State, and are today the most persistent and powerful enemies of the Church. How can she permit any child of hers to conspire against herself? She must disown such a child. If he wants his "liberty," let him take it, but let him also be honest and sever his allegiance to the Church. He cannot serve at the same time the Church and her deadly opponent. But you will say in the United States the Masons are not so bad as in Europe. Perhaps not. And if they never had proceeded even in Europe to such wickedness, still the Church must condemn them. Their principles are bad. The Church says to her children: "You must not surrrender your liberty of thought and of action. The secret societies she condemns require the surrender of such liberty, when they demand an oath of blind obedience to superiors for present and for future actions. No intelligent man should ever take such an oath. The Masons do take it. They who demand it interfere with a man's liberty: he must obey as a tool, a blind instrument, if ever his obedience is wanted. No use in saying he will never have to obey. He must never give up his freedom of thought and action, even in an oath that man might tell him is only a mere formula. And why in this country should there be any oath-bound and secret society?

Your opponent may retort by saying that the Church does not allow you freedom of thought or action in requiring obedience and submission to her teachings. Is this true? No. The Church wants no one except he be convinced that she is the divinely appointed Teacher of truth. Show your friend how he might proceed if he wished to become a Catholic. He would apply to a priest, who would devote time to explaining to him the doctrines and claims of the Church. When this explanation had been sufficiently advanced, the priest would ask him if he were convinced that the Catholic Church is the true Church, and that there is no other, if he were satisfied that God Himself had appointed her to teach men, and if he therefore were willing to submit to her guidance and her laws. If he says yes, the priest will admit him to her communion. But if he says no, the priest will assure him that there is no compulsion to be exercised upon him, that it is only in case of his intellect being convinced, and his will following the lead of his intellect, that he will be acceptable to the Catholic Church. If he sees the light, he must not call it darkness, nor close his eyes against it. The intellect must acknowledge truth wherever it perceives it, then it will possess the highest freedom, that which is pronounced by Him who tells us He is Himself the Truth: "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

R. G. inquires: "Does the Catholic Church believe in the inerrancy of the Scripture?"

From the character of an author we judge the character of his book. If his reputation is low, we freely reject his teaching; if high we receive what he says with respect, but with clear remembrance that every man is of himself fallible; if the author be all-perfect, our only reasonable attitude of mind is that of absolute acceptance of His statements. Since, then, God is the author of the Scripture, whatever the Scripture conveys to us is true. The principle holds without distinction of the nature of the matter disclosed, of its greater or less importance with reference to what we conceive to be the principal purpose of the writing. It is an imperfection in an author to insert irrelevant matter; still greater is the imperfection, and impossible in God, to insert what will lead the attentive reader into error. This inerrancy cannot, of course, be asserted of every word which is attributed in Scripture to the characters mentioned, as when we read the question of the Jews (St. Mark ii: 7): "Who can forgive sins, save God only?" We no more accept their doctrine than we accept it when these same people in the same verse say of our Lord that He blasphemed; all that the inspired writer is pledged to is the use of these words on this occasion. In certain cases there may be a doubt whether what on the face of it would seem to be the meaning of a passage is its true meaning, and commentators must apply all means of interpretation, and yet occasionally the doubt will remain. It is tolerably clear that Isaiah in his fifth chapter is not writing about any particular existing vineyard, while commentators differ as to whether the prophet Joel in his first chapter describes an actual visitation of locusts. Extrinsic knowledge may show ground for not accepting the surface meaning of a passage, and the result is that there is now more difficulty than formerly in the way of a satisfactory explanation of the history of the Creation. The critic must also be on his guard against errors of translation and errors of transcription; but when all allowances are made, the principle remains true that the meaning conveyed to readers by the original document did not contain the smallest error. It is no less certain that Jacob divided his substance into two companies, as told in Genesis xxxii: 7, than that Absalom was slain as he hung in an oak (2 Kings xviii: 14.)

God, by His supernatural influence, so stirred and moved the human writers, and so assisted them, that they rightly conceived in their minds that, and that only, which He bade them write, and they willed to write it faithfully, and with unfailing truth they expressed themselves aptly; for otherwise God would not be the author of the whole of the Sacred Scripture.

James writes: Were any Catholic Bibles printed before the Authorized English Version?

The Latin Vulgate, printed in 1642, was the first printed edition of the whole Bible in any language, bearing the date and place of its execution, and the name of the printer. The first printed edition of the Holy Scriptures in any modern language was in German, in the year 1467. Note how long this was before Luther's revolt, and consider the foolish statement that the Church opposed the use and knowledge of the Bible. She opposes only the dangerous use of it, whereby the unwary turn God's own teachings to their hurt and destruction. The New Testament, by Luther, revised by Melancthon, appeared in 1521. Up to this time all the Bibles were Catholic. In England, as on the continent, the printing of the Bible, in whole or in part was quite extensive. In 1582, the Catholic edition of the New Testament in English appeared at Rheims, and in 1609-1610, the Old Testament at Douay, in France. The Protestant Authorized Version of the Scriptures appeared in 1711, and the "revised" edition of this version was made by a committee appointed in 1870.

WOMEN ARE GLAD TO SAVE LABOR.

It is claimed that women are slower than men to take hold of labor-saving devices. But this claim is contradicted by the experience of The Enterprise Manufacturing Company of Pa., a Philadelphia firm which manufactures the Enterprise Meat and Food Chopper. Any woman who has spent a day making tomato ketchup or Chili sauce with all its tedious chopping and cutting by hand, and then has seen the same work done rapidly and easily with the Enterprise Machine is a convert to the new method at once. Consequently these machines have had a big sale all over the country and they are in use in thousands of kitchens for chopping sausage, mincemeat, hash, scrapple, Hamburg steak, hog's head cheese, croquettes, chicken and lobster salad, also for chopping suet, tripe, codfish, clams, vanilla beans, scrap meat for poultry, corn for fritters, stale bread and crackers for crumbs. The makers send for 4 cents in stamps "The Enterprising Housekeeper," a useful book containing 200 choice recipes.

WHICH HOLIDAY DO YOU LIKE BEST?

THE PRIZE CONTEST.

The winners' names were announced last month, but are re-printed here for the benefit of readers who may not have read the October announcement.

Sallie A. Dowling, Solomon, Kansas.
Margaret Millea, Salem, Mass.
Catherine Duberly, Bloomington, Ill.

We wish that it were possible to print in one number all the interesting letters received in answer to our question. They were mailed from cities and towns, and —what pleased us most of all was proof of our wide-spread circulation—from remote places where one would not expect to find so many friends of Donahoe's. Many were the opinions expressed. Some of course favored the Fourth of July, others preferred Memorial Day. Thanksgiving had many to sing its praises, and some Charlestown contestants were decidedly in favor of June 17th. But the great majority expressed their firm conviction that Christmas, being both holy-day and holiday, was The Day of all the year. After much careful consideration and comparison it was decided by the judges that the winning letters were from Christmas advocates. Of the fairness of this decision readers will have an opportunity to judge for themselves, as we intend to publish a number of the most interesting letters. At present we can find space for the winning letters only, and the list of those competitors whose contributions were so good that we regret prizes could not be awarded to all.

Bessie O'Neill, Oakland, Me.; Miriam E. Barnes, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Katie Donegan, Chicago, Ill.; Daniel Kerr, Mt. Leonard, Mo.; P. F. Smith, New Britain, Conn.; Vincent, Eastfield P.O., N.C.; Antoinette, Mansfield, Mass.; Mrs. Jas. Sullivan, Fort Benton, Mont.; E. Lauretta Mangan, Lynn, Mass.; Jane E. Elderdice, Stewartstown,Pa.; Bernie A. Fitzgerald, Washington, D.C.; Kate E. Mullen, St. Louis, Mo.; Mary A. Hanley, Charlestown, Mass.; Virginia McSherry, Littlestown Pa.; J. O'Rourke, Portsmouth, Va.; Ita C. Keefe, Galesburg, Ill.; Minnie Haggerty, N. Brookfield, Mass; Mary J. Barnes, Grand Rapids, Mich.; E. A. Geele, Pubnico, N.S.; Dora De Lude, N. Brookfield, Mass.; Marie M. Bolton, Lowell, Mass.; Ellen V. Keon, Charlestown, Mass.; Alice McGowan, Moncton, N.B.; Mary Laffey, Chicago, Ill.; Mary A. Bittles, Topeka,Kan.; Mary Brazdik; Susie Wires, Circleville, Ohio; Katherine Keating, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Edna Cullen, Chicago, Ill.; Edward Linehan, Stubenville, Ohio; Mary J. Barry, Somerville, Mass.; Georgiana Kelly, Winchester, Mass.; Joseph Champness, Balt., Md.; Byron V. Kanaley; Annie E. Callahan, Lynn, Mass.; Lizzie McCullough, Waterloo, N.Y.; Agnes O'Hara, Winchester, Mass.; Jennie O'Hara, Winchester, Mass.; Nellie Murphy, Gloucester, Mass.; Emma Keating, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Cecilia Haggerty, N. Brookfield, Mass.; Pauline S. Curran, Houlton, Me.

Our thanks are due to our many friends for the interest they took in making the competition such a success, and we hope in the ear future to enlist all in another competition.

$10 PRIZE.

Won by Sallie A. Dowling, Solomon, Kansas.

Which one and why?

In complying with the request of Donahoe's Magazine, made in July and August issues, that, we, the people, as the constitution expresses it, should give our choice and views of the greatest public holiday, it should be remembered that we have but five which are even approximately observed, from which to choose, for Washington's Birthday, Labor day and Columbus day are only observed in part; if at all.

The first on the list is New Year's, marking off a certain cycle of time. In the springtime, near the last of Our Lady's month, is Memorial day, dedicated to the memory of our Nation's dead. In the tropical heat of July is Independence day, when surrounded by the vivid environment of colonial life and the beginning of an almost hopeless struggle apparently, the new-born Republic began to live. When November's autumnal winds sigh around is Thanksgiving, a day of turkey dinner and home-gatherings and it is to be hoped of the giving of thanks, to the Giver of all good. Later when the world is bare and flowerless, or wrapped in frost and snow, comes the last, but not the least—Christmas.

And to the first question, "Which do you like best?"—I answer, "The last, Christmas."

And now the second question asks "Why?"

I have read of a curious theory, that all the sounds ever uttered or made remain in the air, and could be reproduced, if an instrument delicate enough to catch and transmit them could be invented. In these days of telephones, phonographs and all their kindred, such an invention seems not wholly impossible. If such a transmitter were in existence it could answer the question best; for a holiday suggests joy, rejoicing, sweet memories of the past and hopeful images of the future, and should be suggestive of interests as wide and deep as life itself. And putting this sound-phone to the ear as the holidays annually pass by, what do we hear?

From the new year the sounds that reach us are those of "life's endless toil and endeavor." The Memorial strains, sweet though they may be, are mingled with the sounds of carnage and battle, the drum-beat, and dirge of death, and we miss the one, lost chord divine, united prayer for the dead. As the time passes on to July 4th in 1776 we listen to Patrick Henry's impassioned speech urging the signing of the declaration, to the peal of the liberty bell, and to the promises of remembrance and gratitude made by the orators of the time. After them comes the sound of battles, of weeping and wailing for the dead. Still listening intently we catch the phrase from the farewell address uttered gravely and tenderly, "My eyes have grown old in its service, but I have never doubted the justice of my country." But after adjusting our sound-phone to the Fourth in the year of grace, of 1899, the sounds are so harsh and discordant that we drop it hastily.

Taking it up again, at Thanksgiving, the melody has many sharp, sudden stops and minor chords.

And what do the sound-waves bring us from the Christmas holiday? It is an angel's message clear as a bell, "Fear not, Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be for all people," and after the message, is sung a choral anthem by a multitude of voices, sweeter far than all of earth's most melodious sounds and this was its refrain, "Glory be to God, in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good-will."

And what are the suggestions and sights as well as sounds, which this holiday and holyday brings to mind. It is the sum and substance of history, music, art and social life for it was the beginning of our world and the new year of our time; the memorial day of the dead who die in the Lord; and the day of declaration of independence, for the truth shall make us free. It is the world's thanksgiving day, for it was a light into the revelation of the Gentiles and the glory of the people of Israel. And some of the sights are these, paintings of the Madonna and Child, the yule-log, Santa Claus and Christmas trees, toys and trimmings, and present giving to friends and the poor. And best of all the going forth by the light of the morning star, while nature yet sleeps, to churches wreathed in evergreen, and altars filled with lights, and flowers around the tiny Bethlehem.

And all because, hundreds of years ago, a little Child of an alien race was born in an obscure village, before the light of day? No. Because it is the Birthday of our King, "compared to whom the kings of the earth are as grasshoppers and the nations as the dust of His feet," for unto us this day was born in the city of David, a Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord. And this is why.

THE FIVE DOLLAR PRIZE.

Won by Margaret Millea, (Aged 14 years), Salem, Mass.

Nearly every person, old or young, has a favorite holiday in the year to which he or she looks forward with eager expectation. The small boy often wishes the Fourth of July came oftener, as it is on that day he can do the greatest amount of mischief, and is therefore in his element.

I generally manage to enjoy myself, in a measure at least, on all holidays, but I prefer the day of all days which should be dear to the Catholic heart, the day on which the Saviour of the world came down from His abode on high for the salvation of all.

Of course children do not always think of this. They nearly always look at it in a different light until they get old enough to realize what a beautiful anniversary Christmas Day is. Before you grow old enough to think of serious things you generally spend the day in the following manner (that is if you are not out of the ordinary). Rising rather earlier than usual, being unable to remain in bed on account of certain visions, plum pudding, mince pie and fruit cake, you hastily proceed to examine your stocking to see what Santa Claus has brought you and to find out the number of your gifts, hoping it will be greater than that of your little friend across the street. This done, you wonder what the others got, and start to dress that you may go and find out. But in your eagerness and excitement mistakes are easily made, such as putting your shoes on the wrong feet, getting the buttons mixed up, and sticking the buttonhook in your eye. At last with one stocking wrong side out, dress unbuttoned, and hair only half combed, you run downstairs,

where the family are assembled, and knowing that for once your untidy appearance will be excused you hasten to cross the room to kiss your parents and wish them a Merry Christmas. Before you have time to look around you your brother comes running towards you to display his gifts, after which he retires to a quiet corner and eats nuts and hard candy. Then you dress for breakfast and go to church, where you pray for grace and perseverance. At Christmas time all who love their faith rejoice and show their love for the little Babe in the crib.

When you come home from church the father gives his offerings to the rest of the family and soon dinner is announced. When the turkey appears many are the exclamations! Your brother pronounces it bully, and the cook says it is a pretty bird, and there is a great deal of fun and merry making, and you have lots of privileges that are not allowed at table any other day in the year.

The happy day passes all too quickly, and when evening comes and all gather around the fire telling stories and eating nuts, you pinch yourself to keep awake, but all in vain, for your brother, fast asleep, falls off his chair bumping his head, and your father decides that it is time that all the children are in bed. And thither you are sent, and you fall asleep while you are trying to think of your great time, and wondering how any one could possibly say that Christmas is not the best holiday in the year.

$5 PRIZE, FOR CONTESTANTS UNDER 10 YEARS.

I like Christmas best of all the holidays of the year. The first reason is because our Lord was born on that day. The second reason is that on Christmas day Santa Claus visits all the little boys and girls and gives them presents. He brought me a big doll and a rocking chair and some candy and nuts the last time he came. I went to an early Mass last Christmas. When I got home I played with my doll until dinner time. We had a big turkey and chicken for dinner. In the afternoon my little friend Marie visited with me for a long time. After supper I said my prayers and went to bed.

Well, this is all about how I spent my Christmas day. Your little friend,

CATHARINE DUBERLY,
(Aged 9 years.) Bloomington, Ill.

So familiar and so popular has become The Prudential Insurance Company's utilization of the Rock of Gibraltar in its advertisements, as a means of measuring the Company's strength, that the Company, believing there is a widespread desire to learn more about Gibraltar than is generally known, has just issued a booklet giving a history of the famous fortress.

It tells us that for more than one thousand years before England seized the Rock from Spain, this famous landmark passed through innumerable fierce and bloody struggles, being successively won and lost by Saracens, Moors and Castilians.

There is a thrilling account of the great siege of the Rock, from 1779 to 1783, when the combined armies and navies of France and Spain attempted to regain possession of the fortress from England. Twice the English garrison was reduced to the verge of starvation, and there is probably no story in history to which can be paralleled the moral and physical courage, extraordinary human endurance and wonderful tenacity of purpose exhibited by the British in defending the Rock.

Handsome half-tone pictures of both the interior and exterior of the Rock are shown in the booklet, and many facts of interest are told regarding the great "hit" made by the Prudential in using the Rock of Gibraltar in its advertisements.

A copy of this booklet will be sent free to any one writing to the Home Office in Newark, N. J., mentioning this publication.

CATARRH CAN BE CURED.

Catarrh is a kindred ailment of consumption, long considered incurable; and yet there is one remedy that will positively cure catarrh in any of its stages. For many years this remedy was used by the late Dr. Stevens, a widely noted authority of all diseases of the throat and lungs. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Catarrh, Asthma, Consumption, and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 920 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company have brought out their fall announcement. It is considerably longer than any previous similar announcement of theirs, and includes not a few important new books and new editions. Among the former are Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's Reminiscences, and three new volumes in the American Statesmen Series, on Chase, Sumner, and C. F. Adams. New books of fiction are promised by Miss Johnston, author of "Prisoners of Hope," F. Hopkinson Smith, Miss Jewitt, Mrs. Whitney, and Bret Harte; and many poets in new editions, notably Tennyson in a new and greatly improved Household Edition; Keats, Mrs. Browning, and Scott, in the Cambridge Edition; and Tennyson, Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, and Lowell in a new Cabinet Edition, with much larger type than that of the old Cabinets.

"Jesus! sweet fugitive, who fled
From Herod's bloody net outspread
For Thy dear infancy,

Give me, O Lord: like modest care
To fly the world when it speaks fair,
To steal Thy grace away."

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men,
Begin, and never cease.' "

Donahoe's Magazine.

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THE OUTLOOK FROM BETHLEHEM.

BY REV. WM. O'BRIEN PARDOW, S. J.

Bethlehem is not merely a name on the map of Palestine, a favored spot to be visited by all inquisitive tourists in the East; nor is Christmas merely a red-letter day on the world's calendar. Bethlehem was, according to the prophet, "a little one among the thousands of Juda"; but it was to be lifted out of its geographical and political insignificance by an event that was to take place in a stable within its borders. Thus, the chief priests interrogated as to "where the Christ should be born," interpreted for the Magi, unfamiliar with Jewish names and traditions, the mind of the prophet, and declared that Bethlehem was "by no means the least among the princes of Juda"; and then they gave the reason of its elevation from worldly littleness to divine greatness: "For out of thee shall come forth

the Leader who is to rule My people Israel."

At Christmas-tide we might fancy from what we see now-a-days on all sides of us, that every one was going in spirit to Bethlehem, that the whole world was Christian.

Less than fifty years ago, Christmas was an ordinary working-day in New England; but at the close of the century it is an undeniable fact that Thanksgiving Day has not succeeded, even in New England, in replacing the great Christian festival in the hearts of the people. The nearer approach of all denominations to the Catholic celebration of Christmas; the thronging of our churches; the floral decorations, the elaborate musical programmes; and the "Christmas trees" for the poor; all these signs of the times, and many others, would seem to indicate that the 19th Century has come a step nearer than its predecessor to the true spirit of Christmas. The outlook from Bethlehem into the coming century would thus seem to be full of cheer.

But for one who looks beneath the surface, for one who realizes Who the Leader is that came from Bethlehem and is to rule God's people, the forecast must be very different. If there are Christmas joys, there are also Christmas truths; take away the latter and the former are without foundation, nay they are absolutely meaningless. It is useless to try to grasp the joys and at the same time relax your hold on the truths; you would be merely striving to ring the Christmas chimes with tongueless bells.

But does the closing century reject the Christmas truths? Never perhaps have more numerous lives of Christ issued from the press; never have they been more eagerly perused. The Christmas calendars are full of Christ's beautiful sayings—selected. Yes, selected. This is the world's sin against Christ today; it does not accept His teachings, it selects from them. The world's attitude towards Christ today is very much akin to Herod's friendship of old for St. John the Baptist. The Gospel narrative tells us that Herod having heard John did many things at his suggestion and that he heard him willingly. But when John proclaimed boldly one article of the Master's creed: "It is not lawful for thee to have thy brother's wife," then Herod beheaded him. He did not accept John's teaching, he selected from it. The world in which we live has much to say in favor of Christ: praises Him to the stars in some respects. If the Teacher from Bethlehem will only submit His tenets to a censorship; if He will allow certain objectionable doctrines to be decked in softer tints, a teacher's certificate will be willingly conferred upon Him by the world's education bureau. Happily for the true Christmas spirit, the teacher's certificate has been conferred by a higher power: "This is My Beloved Son," says the Almighty Father "hear ye Him"; and again, "This day have I begotten Thee."

The genuine teaching of Christmas Day is a vehement protest against any praise of Jesus Christ which is less than the highest. The world must give Him greater praise than it does or none at all. Let the world exalt Christ as humanity's proudest boast, as the unflinching defender of the poor and the down-trodden; as the sublime teacher of universal brotherhood: so long as it withholds His right divine, so long as it refuses the "God of God, Light of Light, True God of True God," all its high-sounding epithets are naught but gilded blasphemy; and Christmas instead of being the joy of angels and of men becomes the saddest day in the year.

The test of true Christianity today is the same as it was on the day when the Risen Saviour met His two faint-hearted followers with their backs turned on Jerusalem, and their faces

"Hail Mary's Little One,
Hail God's Eternal Son,
Sweet Babe of Bethlehem!"

"So small that lesser lowliness
Must bow to worship or caress;
So great that heaven itself to know
Love's majesty must look below."

toward Emmaus. "O foolish and slow of heart to believe in *all* the things that the prophets have spoken" said Our Lord to them. Christ, the Ruler from Bethlehem, the great prophet, the Messiah is to be believed in all things. Alas! there are now many followers of the two wayward disciples. May they meet the real Christ and then imitate the two disciples also in their return to the true Jerusalem! The Christ is to be accepted with His full creed: we must believe in all the things which He has spoken. No point, it would seem, needs to be insisted on more than this if the glad tidings of Christmas Day are still to penetrate into the hearts of the people. During the last two decades of the closing century many men and women have been found who profess to believe sincerely in Christ and in religion, but at the same time they show the most rabid antipathy to creeds. Any one at all conversant with the popular non-Catholic literature of the past twenty

"We hear the Christmas angels,
The great glad tidings tell;
O, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!"

years must fairly nauseate at the ever recurring formula, "religion without creed." The religious novel, the magazine article, the extracts from non-Catholic sermons—all, actually teem with it; and what is more, it is paraded with such pomp and assurance that it enters into the citadel of many minds without even being challenged. It seems to be looked upon as the great discovery of modern times, and the list of recent inventions such as horseless carriages, smokeless powder and wireless telegraphy, is topped by that of creedless Christianity. People do not seem to realize that a creedless Christianity must be a Christless one as well. It is high time that such empty talk should cease. It is high time for reason to nail the false coin to the counter. One can easily understand a contest over the *extent* of a creed: but to profess to believe in a religion without any creed at all, is neither more nor less than to profess to believe in the possibility of a square circle.

You say that you believe sincerely in the Christ of Bethlehem; but by that very saying you have formulated a creed; for you profess that Jesus Christ is both God and man, as truly God as He is truly man, or else you maintain that He is only man: In either case you have formulated a definite creed. Besides you profess to believe in the "Our Father"; but the "Our Father" includes belief in heaven; belief in the Kingdom of God; belief that God hears our prayers; belief in sin and in its forgiveness; in a word the "Our Father" is a creed. Christmas is the birthday of the "Our Father," because it is the birthday of Him who became like unto us in all things, sin alone excepted, and who, as St. Paul says, is not ashamed to call us His brothers. But we must never forget that our Elder Brother, the author of the "Our Father" is also "the Leader from Bethlehem who is to rule God's people;" Who,as He himself declared to Pilate, the representative of Caesar, was born into this world in order to give testimony to the truth. Now Christ's testimony to the truth is His creed.

Let us then in the name of reason hear no more about "religion without creed." Admit the necessity of a definite creed, if you admit religion at all, but dispute about the extent of the creed, and your standpoint is intelligible to thinking men. And, in fact, what about the extent of the Christian creed? The extent of the Christian creed is just what its Author made it. No article of belief can be admitted into it unless it have the authorization of Him of Whom it was said by the Father: "Hear ye Him." This authorization He gives either directly, or by means of those of whom He has said: "He that heareth you heareth Me; he that despiseth you despiseth Me": the authority is the same in either case.

It will ever remain one of the mysteries of the age how men and women who claim to be thinkers can in one and the same breath, declare that they accept Christ and deny His teaching.

Ah! the fault is not altogether in the mind, nay, it is principally in the heart. All have not learned the Christmas message; have not learned the lesson of humility coming from the crib of Bethlehem in which reposed the "Leader Who was to rule God's people" and Who, later on, would Himself interpret for the world the lesson of the stable, saying: "Learn of Me, because I am meek and humble of Heart."

This unteachableness, found in so many, even when God is the Teacher, is the more surprising if we reflect that the very men who are too proud to be the pupils of God are every day learning their lessons from created things. Yes, every day, are brainy men sitting with the docility of children at the feet of creatures, both the mighty and the mean, and conning with eagerness the tasks set before them. The rays of sunlight will indeed travel ninety-two millions of miles to take your likeness for you, but only on one condition, viz., that you study most carefully the nature of these rays, and submit most servilely to all their requirements. "Not a power in nature" says a recent non-Catholic writer, "not a power in nature but will serve the veriest outcast, if he comply with the required conditions; but, on the other hand, not a force, even the humblest, that will condescend to move so much as a hair's breadth for the Czar of all the Russias, unless he does so comply." Thus men learn much from the things around them. Strange contradiction! To be so willing to be creature-taught, to so object to being God-taught. Men are not too proud to be taught by creatures, because they realize their own bodily wants which creatures supply. If Christmas then is to bring to the hearts of men the message of peace which the angels proclaimed, men

"The Shadow of the Rood."

must realize their spiritual needs as they do their bodily needs. This is the lesson which the Church aims at keeping ever present before the minds of her children. She does not merely celebrate Christmas and then leave it alone till December twenty-fifth comes around again. She brings along with her, in her beautiful liturgy, something of Christmas for every day of the year. The angels' hymn first heard on that great night: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good-will," the Church repeats outside of penitential seasons, in every Mass of the living. It is, in so far, for the Church's true children, Christmas Day every day. Nor do the lessons from the liturgy, from the Christ-Mass, stop here; there is still a deeper one. In every Mass however solemn, the chant of the *"Kyrie eleison,"* "Lord have mercy on us," repeated again and again with studied monotony must ever precede the *"Gloria in excelsis."* The sincere realization of our miseries, the humble expression of our weakness and manifold needs, and the heartfelt prayer for help from "The Highest" is the necessary preface to the Christmas hymn. But the world is too proud to chant its *"Kyrie eleison";* it fails to bring home to itself its absolute need of God and so the promised peace, from Him of Bethlehem Who came to rule God's people, does not enter the hearts of the world's votaries.

There is so much energizing truth in the real Christmas celebration, there is so much creed underlying its liturgy, that to profit fully by the mystery of Bethlehem one must ponder over each one of the lessons taught by the Church in the three Masses that every priest has the privilege of offering up on the great anniversary of the birth of the Man-God. To omit one or other of the mighty teachings is to degrade the heavenly festival to the ranks of a mere worldly holiday. The midnight Mass brings before the faithful, the birth of the Son of God in the bosom of the Father, from all eternity; "Before the day-star have I begotten Thee." The sunrise Mass recalls most vividly His birth in time, of His ever-blessed Virgin Mother; "The Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us." The third Mass—the day Mass—reminds us of what with God's grace, must be our part in the great Mystery of Divine Love, the birth of Our Lord in the hearts of each one of His children; "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given." The real, true divinity of Christ; the real true humanity of Christ, and the reality of His personal love for each one of us; this is the Christmas message. There are shadows, however, in the picture traced by the Church's liturgy even in this great solemnity. Nothing is wanting on God's part, but much may be wanting on man's part. The appalling fact is narrated in St. John's gospel, that "He came unto His own and His own received Him not;" and the Church lays such stress on this part of the lesson that she repeats it to her children not only in each of the three Masses of the Nativity, but in all of the Masses offered up by her priests every day of the year, throughout the world. He was "the true light, that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world," but men loved the darkness better than the light.

The Prince of Peace must be accepted together with the Light, if His peace is to overflow into our souls; and His Light is His creed. But the world, with its creedless Christianity, doing away with all idea of the supernatural life in souls, can only make a desert and call it peace. And yet this same unbelieving world, is in spite of itself frequently forced to bear unimpeachable testimony to the hollowness of its efforts to fill with the husks of swine the void it has left

"Jesus! whom Thy sad mother sought,
And in the temple found, who taught
The aged in Thy youth;

How blest are they who keep aright
Or find, when lost, the living light
Of Thine eternal truth!"

"O foolish and slow of heart to believe in all the things that the prophets have spoken."

in the souls of men. *"Fame pereo,"* "I am perishing with hunger," as it was the unbidden cry of the prodigal in the Gospel, so is it still the cry of those who refuse the bread of the Father's house. Bethlehem means the House of Bread; and it is the birth-place of the Leader sent by God to rule His people, of the Shepherd Who leads His sheep into wholesome pastures.

There are in fact signs unmistakable that many men do feel the need of something more than that which the so-called "advanced thinkers" are striving to substitute for real Christianity. A non-Catholic writer in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly* calls attention to the fact, that "the tide of reaction against the materialistic beliefs of the passing generation is rising fast, and there is a vast army calling themselves by strange names, Healers, Faith Curers, Christian Scientists." "These persons," the writer goes on to say, "are seeking to come nearer to God, and are *spelling out new words from old supernatural cravings and old supernatural beliefs.*"

This admission is valuable, coming from such a source. In many minds, the religious pendulum has swung back from one extreme to the other; from infidelity to superstition. So must it ever continue to swing, backwards and forwards, until men grasp the great truth that the human heart is made for God, and as St. Augustine remarks will ever be restless until it rests in Him.

The outlook from Bethlehem into the coming century is thus far not reassuring; and yet there are dark continents still untouched. Bethlehem, besides being the birth-place of the "Ruler" is also the birth-place of the Christian family.

The Founder of Christianity, elevating the marriage-contract to the dignity of a sacrament, was to re-affirm the primeval legislation: "What God has joined let no man put asunder." Legislators both lay and ecclesiastical are standing aghast at the havoc wrought in the sacred domain of home, by the unchristian divorce laws that have disgraced the nineteenth century statute-books. It seems as if outside the Catholic Church, the Christian home would soon be a thing of the past; and if the home totters, let it be well understood, the State totters with it. The unit from which the State springs is not the individual but the family. Disintegrate the family, leave only individual citizens, and the State has nothing left to rest on but the shifting sand.

Besides the shadows which the outlook from Bethlehem reveals resting over the Christian home and therefore over the State, this same outlook discerns another realm over which the cloud of unbelief has thrown an ever-deepening gloom; this is the realm of the Written Word of God. No one who thinks is surprised at this worse than Egyptian darkness; it is not the product of the century. The false principles were sown in the minds of men, three hundred years ago, by one whom history, as it is too often written, has placed upon a pedestal. This age has done nothing more than draw the legitimate conclusions. The human mind is logical; it may be clouded for a time; passion and prejudice may disturb the mind's machinery; but finally, when its working gear gets in order again, it reasons correctly. The Bible is what the Bible means. If the Great Book is to be interpreted as each individual thinks fit so to do, then, belief that reposes on the Book rests on even a still more shifting basis than that which remains to support the State after it has destroyed the Christian family. The authority of Him from Whom the Bible came, Whose Word it is, is necessary for its legitimate interpretation.

What then shall we do, if we wish this Christmas outlook to be brighter?

What shall we do? One thing; let us all, in spirit and in truth, go back to Bethlehem, *"transeamus usque Bethlehem,"* with the shepherds. Let Christmas *be* Christmas. As Christ was the Ruler, by right divine, on the first Christmas Day, so let Him be the Ruler, today, and let Him rule. The awful mistake was made by a nation once: "We do not wish this Man to rule over us," it exclaimed emphatically. History records the result.

God's masterpiece, the Incarnation of His Divine Son, is flawless; its power stretches out through all the ages. The message, if it is to benefit the twentieth century, must be transmitted as it was spoken. "I came," said Christ, "that they may have life." "For this was I born, to bear testimony to the truth." Life through the truth; this is the only solid basis for peace in the individual, in the family and in the State. This truth the Ruler from Bethlehem conveys to us unimpaired, by means of His Church. With far more ease and security than we transmit our messages across our thousands of miles of ocean, does Christ transmit His message across the thousand years of time to us. "He that heareth you, heareth Me." When shall we admit that God is more powerful than His creatures? "If men admire," says the Book of Wisdom, "the beauty of the good things that are seen, of the swift air, of the circle of the stars, of the great water, let them know how much the Lord of them is more beautiful than they; and if they admire their power and effects, let them understand that He Who made them is mightier than they." Let us learn the lesson taught us by the universe, and at the same time the lesson taught us by the God of the universe, Who became Man for our sakes. Then indeed, will the outlook be soul-inspiring; then will our Christmas bells be no longer tongueless, and the chimes from Bethlehem will peal forth, throughout the whole world, the glory of Emmanuel, God with us, the only begotten Son of the Father, full of grace and truth.

A THOUGHT.

BY JOSEPH J. MURPHY.

Of Nazareth
Fair Juda's town
The ages down
The proverb saith
With scorning breath—
"Can good arise?"
Can good arise?
Yes, He dwelt there.
A cottage bare
Was a disguise
Where Paradise
Veiled His degree.

A CENTURY OF ACHIEVEMENT.

BY HENRY GASTON BRADLEY.

The nineteenth century has been an era of such storm and stress, of so many convulsive agitations, so many unexpected and momentous transformations in the political, intellectual and economic condition of mankind, these transformations being determined by petty and often trivial accidents, that students of the philosophy of history must find it hard to seize its general tendencies and explain them by general laws. Amid all its tumult and agitation, however, there is one phenomenon that strike s the imagination as its distinctive and crowning achievement, the almost incredible mastery which man has obtained over matter. The nineteenth century will be known as the age of science. Brilliant though its other glories have been, they pale before the scientific marvels it has witnessed. Science has not only changed the surface of the earth, but has changed the mode of man's existence onitto a larger degree during the present century than during all the preceeding years in which man has appeared in history. And these changes have been by leaps and bounds, with a suddenness that is almost appalling. The gulf between the first quarter of the present century and the second, between the third and fourth, is wider and deeper than that between the first century and the tenth, between the tenth and the eighteenth.

A glance at the maps of forty years ago is enough to show how the face of tl.e globe has altered. Except a fringe on the coast, the whole of Africa was an impenetrable mystery. The table lands of Asia were the homes of ferocious robbers and almost unknown. Now the dark continent has revealed all her secrets to the curiosity of the world, and armies of Russian Mujiks are busy laying rails in Turkestan and Bokhara for a road which may have its next station in Pekin.

And while steam has been minimizing distances, electricity has suppressed them. Today, we talk with a friend a thousand miles away: tomorrow, we may see his image and hear his voice.

A citizen of Boston in the eighteenth century took about the same time to go to New York that a Roman did to go from Marseilles to Paris, and his journey was performed in pretty much the same fashion, in a carriage drawn by the same sort of horses. In receiving news from the same centre, he had not the slightest advantage in speed over the ancient Roman. Today, it takes about the same time to reach London or Paris that it then took him to reach New York, and, as for news, Boston, London, and New York are practically at the same point in relation to him.

When Cornwallis followed Washington through New Jersey and Stark followed Burgoyne to Stillwater, neither Cornwallis nor Burgoyne had greater facilities for marching nor could advance more quickly than Caesar when he pursued Vercingetorix or Crassus when he pursued the Parthians. They had no better means of getting intelligence of the movements of the enemy, and hardly more men were slain by their little cannon and their clumsy muskets than fell by the javelins and catapults of the Romans. Whatever victories were won on either side were won on pretty much the same way, by rapid marching and cold steel.

The nineteenth century, then, has given birth to a material revolution more profound, rapid and thorough than any that has occurred in all the preceeding centuries, and as every material revolution contains in itself the elements of a moral revolution, the

moral revolution that has sprung into existence during its course has been equally unprecedented and portentous.

The latter has been the natural consequence of the revolution that has come to pass in the means of communication, the means of information, the methods of production and the astounding development of the forces that make for war.

The practical elimination of distance as a factor in the economy of society and the inevitable centralization of national forces as the result, have entailed the extinction or the weakening of the aristocratic sentiment. The influence of the German baron, of the English squire, was the product of his isolation. He was racy of his territorial district, of his parish. No breath of air from the outside world came to disturb the serenity of the lofty atmosphere in which he moved. The people around and below him were his people. He owed them protection and they owed him fealty, which, in most cases, was paid, cheerfully or reluctantly, as the case might be. Gentleman and peasant looked on the outside world, fifty miles away from them, with contempt or fear or suspicion. A village distant a day's journey was a hostile power. The facility of communication destroyed all this, destroyed the growth of centuries in a generation, in a year, and the natural attraction of the metropolis or of the nearest great city asserted its authority. This was the deathblow of territorial aristocracy, in the sense in which the term was understood all over Europe, even in its republics, during the last century. The ease with which the discontented or curious or ambitious farm-laborer or artisan could make his way from Yorkshire to London, from Gascony to Paris, altered the relative situation of peasant and lord.

This change of relation was the inevitable precursor of democracy, and the more or less progress made by democracy has depended entirely on the more or less easiness and freedom of communication between different points.

Even in the most despotic periods of history the central government had to make some account of the feelings of the people. There was always a democracy, but a democracy without connection, without organization, a democracy always taken by surprise, rendered helpless by its ignorance of the events occurring in its different sections, by its inability to interchange opinions and plans. Henry VIII. could devise his measures for changing the entire religious and political constitution of his kingdom, and carry them into effect, long before the intensely Catholic people of the northern counties were aware that any change was in preparation. He could cut his revolted subjects to pieces in Lancaster and Norfolk long before the inhabitants of Devonshire and Cornwall had any consciousness of the perils that were closing around themselves. Physically, they were but a few hundred miles from London; morally and politically, they were as far from it as they were from Teheran.

The railway and the electric telegraph have simply killed aristocratic government in most of the states of Europe. They have been essentially favorable to democracy. Even in those countries where democracy can hardly be said to exist, or where it exists in a very elementary condition, this shortening of distances has created a force that makes for the effectiveness of democratic opinion. We can hardly imagine at present, the brutal soldiers of a despotic monarch flogging hundreds of nuns and ladies of noble birth to force them to adopt a creed they abhorred; yet this took place in Poland about sixty years ago. It is difficult for us to believe that scores of innocent women and children were shot down in cold blood because their husbands and fathers refused to surrender annually a tenth part of their miserable belongings to the greed of an alien church; yet this hap-

pened during the tithe war in Ireland in the first quarter of the century. Such things can not occur now even among nations destitute of a parliamentary representation. For, though they may have no parliamentary system, they have a press. The press is in itself a limitation of the central power. Through it the people can watch and, to some extent, control the central power, even in Russia, nay even in Turkey! For even where the press is but a clandestine institution, it has its means of effective action. The despotism that can destroy the newspaper cannot destroy the means of speedy and multiple communication. It will only stimulate the ingenuity of its enemies. Victor Hugo's philippics against Napoleon III. were barred out of France and carefully looked for at all the custom houses on the frontier. They had a wider circulation among the people, notwithstanding, than ever they obtained after Sedan.

Having acquired facility of organization through facility of communication, the new democracy laid hold of a weapon wherewith to achieve the triumph of its ideas. This weapon was a suffrage, gradually broadening until it should become universal.

We are accustomed to think of England as a free nation in the last century. But the fact is that, except in Northern Germany, there was no country in Europe in which the common people were reduced to greater servitude. The laborer who droned "Britons never shall be slaves," stumbling along to his daily toil, was the abject slave of the squire and the parson of his parish, even in the first quarter of the present century. The artisan had no individual liberty either. The law forbade him to meet his fellow workmen in public meeting. If he ventured to discuss his grievances or defend his rights in any fashion, a hint from the squire to the press-gang quickly disposed of him.

And there was as little political liberty as there was individual liberty. Not only was the House of Lords a body of the most intensely aristocratic character, but the House of Commons was quite as inperiously and rigidly exclusive. In all the counties and in two thirds of the towns, the local magistrates named the members of the assumed popular representation. In many cases a needy nobleman eked out his income by renting a borough, whose only voters would be, perhaps, his coachman and his butler.

The series of peaceful revolutions by which individual liberty, the emancipation of labor, the gradual widening of the franchise until it has become almost universal, the reformation of the House of Commons and its preponderance, the responsibilities of ministers, the practical abolition of the royal power, have all been the triumphs of the democratic sentiment.

It has achieved similar results, in a greater or less degree, in most of the monarchial countries of Europe, while in the republic of Switzerland, it has brought about the direct participation of the people in legislation. The Referendum, by which a question must be submitted to the voters before it is discussed by the legislature renders Switzerland the most democratic country either in Europe or America.

The advent of democracy, then, or the tendency towards it, is the most universal fact in the nineteenth century, prevailing not only in Europe but in every country in the world that derives its origin from Europe and is naturally controlled by its spirit. It looks as if the complete control of the national life in all countries would be the conquest of the democracy in the next century. No one can doubt that the advent of democracy has rendered and is rendering priceless benefits to mankind. But its ultimate triumph may be looked on with some misgivings, notwithstanding. The future is likely to be less picturesque, less dramatic than the past. Great reformers, great statesmen, great

legislators are likely to grow fewer and fewer. The democracy, no longer ruled, but ruling themselves, will have a great distrust of all intellectual superiority. This has been seen in this country. A Clay or a Webster had no chance of the presidency in his day and would have less now. But it is even still more evident in France. Compare the paltry demagogues who figure in the halls of her legislature and in her ministerial offices with the great statesmen, orators and administrators formed by the monarchy of the Restoration and by the Empire!

It looked for a time as if the second great fact in the nineteenth century would be the triumph of the principle of nationality. In the first half of it, the men whose generous hearts gave expression to their sympathies with Greece, Poland, Ireland were a powerful force in the world, and millions listened to them with enthusiasm. But this was an enthusiasm that burned out quickly. It gave place to the ambition of forming vast states, and the tendency to sacrifice all respect for the principle of nationality to the formation of vast empires is becoming stronger toward the close of the century in republics as well as in monarchies. We see it in the eagerness with which Englishmen of all parties hail the approaching extinction of two little republics in Africa. We see it also in the acceptance by (possibly) a majority of Americans of the policy of their government in crushing the efforts of a people, separated from them by half the circumference of the globe, struggling to be free.

Events point to the probability that in the twentieth century the noble illusions prevailing a couple of generations ago will be further weakened. Unwieldy territorial agglomerations will take the place of happy little states, like Belgium, Holland and Switzerland, which will lose their originality, their intellectual autonomy, as well as their political liberty.

Another significant characteristic of the age is the enormous concentration of wealth in individuals and the distinctive nature of the wealth itself. Like aristocracy, wealth has ceased to be territorial. It consisted formerly in the possession of the soil and had little relation with wealth as we understand it now. Most of the wealth of today consists in the possession of personal property. The rich man is a shareholder in some great enterprise, or a creditor on the enterprise, or a creditor on the state. Formerly the producer worked for himself, or for his neighbor, or for some market within reach of him. Now, the market is universal, and the producer works for this universal market or for the state, and the rich man is he who controls production and distribution at one of the centres of this universal market, or who is a large creditor on the state. Still richer is the man who speculates on the fluctuations of an enterprise or the funds of a state according as circumstances are favorable or unfavorable to the enterprise or to the state. Thus, the multi-millionaire is no longer the possessor of the soil, nor the holder of a number of shares in a great enterprise, but the man who, neither possessing nor producing, by skilful manipulation, turns all enterprises to his own aggrandizement. The speculator, the great financier, is the king of the modern world. Legislation may be helpful or injurious to his schemes, and so he is forced by the very necessities of his position to become a political power. He must create newspapers, destroy by his money journals that are antagonistic to his plans, must participate, though always indirectly, in elections, must pay the expenses of candidates who are sure to be henceforth at his beck and call, and, by the numberless services which the rich man can always render to the poor man, he must be always ready to help the needy legislator or the embarrassed office-holder out of his difficulties. His strong yet delicate

hand will dictate the policy of the editor, the resolutions of congressional and parliamentary commissions, even the decisions of the ermined judges. He has not any ideal ,either moral or intellectual. He is neither good nor bad, he is like a force of nature, he simply regards the human race as so much brute matter to be worked and moulded as his interests may direct. He is, perhaps, the most portentous force of all at the close of the nineteenth century.

Yes, ours is a marvelous century, greatest of all centuries in many respects, yet after all, it is as far from solving the mystery of our destiny as were any of its precursers. We run after happiness on automobiles and bicycles oftener than on horses, but care still sits behind the rider. Even the inventions especially intended for the happiness of man cease after a time to be a source of enjoyment. Their novelty is at first their greatest attraction, then we gradually grow accustomed to them, and the result is to implant in our souls a craving for novelty that becomes at length insatiable.

It has been a century of bloody convulsions and of the triumph of great and beneficient principles, a century marked by the perpetration of hideous wrongs and the recovery of undoubted rights. It has sought for the solution of all problems, moral, physical and intellectual. Many of the physical problems it has solved, but the moral and intellectual problems have yielded no answer to the spirit of the age. The modern world must turn to the only power that holds the key of the problems, the only power that is the depository of the dogmas which assure the life of the conscience, of the family and of society.

The eighteenth century closed amid the wreck of all things except the Church. And she was so weakened by the assaults of a nation which, a few years before, was proud to be called her eldest daughter, that, to the human mind, it seemed the direction of human society had forevermore fallen from her feeble hands. A few years proved how fallible was the human mind. From France, the source of the revolution that sought her destruction, came the first signal of the great Catholic revival. Then came the period of religious indifferentism and of attacks on her religious liberties, which lasted until a few years ago. Now, at length, it looks as if the Church, under one of the greatest of her Pontiffs ,was to become the centre of the social regeneration of the world. The anti-religious fermentations of our age have shown, to her enemies as well as to her friends, the necessity of the influence of the gospel and of the action of the Church over a world that has, with all its boastful promises, shown itself radically incapable of founding a durable system or solid institution. The Catholic religion, often outraged and insulted a few generations ago, has had most of her rights authentically recognized, has become the object of profound respect and exhaustive study by many who do not belong to her fold. High-minded men of different creeds bend their heads as she passes, admire her grandeur and her beauty, and may in a near future offer her the homage of a practical faith and a filial obedience. While the sects separated from her, though favored by all the powers of earth, are falling rapidly into dissolution, while Protestantism and the Greek schism, though supported by powerful states, only live as political institutions and have vanished as religions, the Catholic Church, which has seen all human forces combined against her, has grown, has been constantly gaining ground, towards the close of the nineteenth century, and this too, in the midst of every sort of persecution. And this is the most significant fact of all at the ending of one age and the beginning of another. Our children will see great things.

THE PLAYTHING OF FATE.

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE.

CHAPTER III.

(Concluded.)

"I think, Margaret, I loved him from the moment I looked into his eyes that Sunday and caught a glimpse of the clean soul below. Clean souls are rare, and I am not cynical. There are honest men and brave men and loyal men, but the clean are the rarest and the best, for of them Christ said 'they shall see God.' The next afternoon we met again in Clifford's studio. Mr. Stewart was there, too, and he was ill at ease in Bohemian atmosphere. Jack's lightness he resented, Bobby's stupidity bored him and Clifford—you know him? and how uncivil he can be when he dislikes anyone? I asked him why he had such an unkindly feeling toward Mr. Stewart and he said his sixth sense warned him against that man. But John entered into the spirit of our studio life, though awkwardly. He walked home with me and when I invited him to come up, to my horror, he did so. And the place was never in such disorder! But he didn't seem to mind and when I saw his eyes traveling around in search of a chair that wasn't holding a palette, paint-box or picture, I laughed, and that put us both at our ease. Hardly were we well launched in a conversation when Mr. Stewart came in, and for such good friends as they had at first appeared to me to be, he greeted John with icy formality; and briefly explained that he had called to see if I would sell one of my pictures, 'The Land of Happy Illusion'—you remember it?"

"Yes, it now hangs over Harold Stewart's desk. My husband has told me that Harold will sit for hours gazing at it."

A shadow crossed Miriam's happy eyes, for what woman ever could thrust from her pity the man who still loved her?

"Then," went on Miriam, "John said: "Why, Harold, I'm here for that very purpose!' and Mr. Stewart asked me if the picture was yet sold and when I said that it was not, he wanted to know if I would not cast my favor on his side. And I thought then of things that if God would give me a past not marred by their memories, I would hand Him back my happiness. And I felt myself growing hard and bitter. I did not care then what John would think of me; I did not even care if I should never see him again; I only wanted to tell Harold Stewart that I had indeed thrust him out of my life as he said I would that evening when he came, unexpected, and I in my poor weakness showed him how necessary he was then to me! So I said that the only purchaser of my pictures who received any favor was the one who gave the highest price. He looked at me for a long, searching minute, then said: "I will give you twice the amount that Mr. Preston has offered.' Before I could reply, John was saying, 'I have made no offer yet for the picture, nor will I. I never run counter to the wishes of a friend.' So Mr. Stewart got the picture. He came back once more but Clifford was in the studio and stayed. When at last Mr. Stewart left, Clifford said, out of a deep thought: 'Have a care of that man, Miriam!' Yet," she finished, bringing back her eyes from the hills, "I do not believe that Harold Stewart would try to harm me, do you?"

"There is only One Who could say in all truth that He knew what is in the heart of man, He Who redeemed him," answered Margaret solemnly.

"Oh!" cried Miriam, clasping her hands across her breast, "he would be lost to all sentiments of humanity if he were to work me harm again!"

"But could he?" asked Margaret, and the sinking of the brown head was her answer. She took one of the gloved hands in hers and said: "Miriam, did you never tell Mr. Preston that you and his friend were affianced lovers?"

"No!" she cried. "Could I say to him that Harold Stewart took the first love of my life and then flung it back to me in a few hours? He prizes my love now, would he then? Could I say to him," the words coming between sobbing breaths, "that even after that poor gift of mine had been ruthlessly discarded, I—yes, let me say it to you—gave it back again to him, though he was not free to accept it. Oh! I was mad! mad!" and she leaned her face on the cold railing and sobbed like a child.

"Hush!" said Margaret authoritatively." "I have never doubted your madness that time but it was not for love of Harold Stewart but because of a youth lost and a life almost wrecked by your grandmother's cruelty. And never think that he did not know that too. Men are not fools for all their self-conceit. But it is your duty to tell Mr. Preston."

"I cannot!" she interrupted, raising her face. "Margaret, he believes that he sees in m- his ideal of womanhood."

"Aren't you going to marry him?" questioned Margaret. "Miriam, you see in me a perfectly happy wife and mother, but this I tell you;—marriage speedily shatters our ideals. While we worship from afar we catch no glimpse of our idol's feet of clay; and heed my words! the lover does not judge as harshly as the husband. Oh! if ever I was your friend, I am proving it now in begging you to tell Mr. Preston of that harmless little love affair and not let him first hear of it from others, when a very different significance may be given it, which you will appear to confirm by your silence now. Men have before this not scrupled to lie, or, which is more to be feared, tell the lie which is half the truth, and there is no quarrel that has more power of drawing up to the surface whatever latent baseness there is in men's hearts, than has the political quarrel. Did he never question," she finished, "about your acquaintance with Mr. Stewart?"

"A suspicious thought never, I believe, crosses his mind about any one. Once, when we were talking about pictures, he asked me if I could imagine why Harold was so anxious to possess that one painting of mine, and I said that I supposed it was because it showed a spot that was familiar to him," she answered.

"Miriam," counselled Margaret, "give him the perfect confidence such an unsuspecting soul should receive. Dear, the lover does not find it hard to forgive."

"You do not know him!" she cried. "I would sooner lose him forever than shatter his perfect trust in me, and the knowledge that I must carry his forgiveness all through my life would cloud my happiness. Let come what will, before I open up my past to him, I'll risk it all. It is the bold player who wins."

"True. But sometime Fate takes a hand in this game of ours," commented Margaret.

On New Year's Eve, Miriam and John Preston were married. A few of his relatives and her artist friends filled the front pews of the big church to witness the ceremony, and when it was concluded, the former hurried off to catch the early train for home, while the latter remained to examine the works of art in the old cathedral.

"Come on I've had enough of this, 'dim religious light,'" growled Clifford, in a low voice to his companion, Jack, "Don't see why churches are always so dark, and why people must get married before breakfast. The dog's had nothing to eat yet."

"Let him fast. He's too fat any-

how" replied Jack, the heathen. Look at those angels. Poor Powers put his soul into their marble faces."

"And I warrant that forty-nine out of fifty lifting their eyes to those marble faces don't know and don't care whether they're looking on an artist dream in stone or an Italian's theft in plaster. Powers, like the rest of us, was a fool—but, more fortunate than we. He is dead."

"That painting there was given to the archbishop by some Italian cardinal," continued Jack, with an earnestness, which, well assumed, was exasperating. "It is by—"

"Some other fool—fortunate only in that he is dead," Clifford broke in. "You may stay here all day with the dreams of dead men and the dreams of men who unhappily for themselves are not dead; I'm going to the only real thing I have—my pipe, and my dog!" and he turned and strode down the aisle up which Miriam had passed a while before to the bridal altar. Jack followed, a cloud in his eyes.

"Notice these columns, Clifford," he ejaculated, as they passed out to the portico, "how symmetrical they are!"

"And notice these steps!" added Clifford, with a grim smile, "how ugly they are."

"Happy is the bride the sun shines on!" hummed Jack, buttoning his overcoat and blinking his blue eyes in the yellow light.

"Amen!" spoke Clifford, softly, and in silence they went down the many stone steps, across the flagged yard and down the street, until they reached the studio; then Clifford growled;

"Come up. The coffee is ready—and—and the dog can't talk."

A series of glad short barks came down the stairs, as if in contradiction of the assertion. The speaker went up the steps two at a time, and when Jack leisurely entered the room that was furnished with an elegance half-barbaric, his friend was in his arm-chair, while the dog, with his fore paws resting on his knee, was gazing into his face with an expression full of the pathos of brute-dumbness.

"Will I go down to Kentucky next week?" growled Clifford, lighting his pipe, and repeating Jack's question, who was still lingering over his coffee.

"No, I will not."

(To be Continued.)

RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED.

"This is our last meeting in a most momentous year" announced a leading exchange, "and it is fitting that we discuss a most momentous question: What have we, the Catholic press, accomplished in the year now closing?"

"The question is too general," objected another paper. "I move that we take up our work in sections, dealing first with the issue: What have we done to bring the Philippine Church robbers to justice?"

"Nothing!" answered a chorus of voices. "Absolutely nothing! Though we have protested, investigated, and proved beyond doubt, we have yet to hear of even one desecrator being given his due."

"What does that prove?"

"'That there is something wrong with the Catholics,' one of my correspondents, the Rev. E. P. Graham, asserts" said the Irish World. "Here is his expression of opinion:"

No denomination if so insulted and robbed, be it ever so insignificant, would submit so supinely as they do to the outrages committed in the Philippine churches by men disgracing the American uniform. Remon-

strances, it is true, have been made, but how have they been received? By a denial of well-established facts. Is the matter to be allowed to drop? Is no investigation to be held? Is no restriction to be made? Is no censure to be inflicted on the robbers standing under the Stars and Stripes? Prudence may sometimes degenerate into cowardice.

"Without deserving the charge of cowardice, we may lay ourselves open to suspicion of being contented with very little in the way of explanation or apology," said the Magazine. "It is not enough to admit that looting has been done and to promise that it shall not occur again. There should be punishment inflicted for the outrages committed, and as far as possible reparation should be made. You will be pleased to learn that a movement is on foot in San Francisco, directed to the restoration of the stolen property. Private information reaches us from that city stating that a petition has been drawn up demanding on the part of the Truth Society and The Young Men's Institute that General Shafter confiscate these things which properly belong to the Church in the Philippines."

"That is a step in the right direction" commented The Pittsburg Observer, "It is the duty of the President of the United States, whose agents those soldiers were when they were in the Philippines, to recover the sacred articles that they stole while they wore the uniform of our army, and to restore those things to their rightful owners."

"The Independent," said The Catholic Universe, "has been forced to the conclusion, after reading the evidence submitted by DONAHOE'S, that:

"We cannot but be convinced that such cases of looting have occurred, as they do in all wars, and that, as usual, the officers have not done their duty in protecting private property and punishing those guilty of robbery."

"A great concession for the Independent."

"Yes," resumed the Universe "for only last week this same publication accused the Catholic papers, that denounced this iniquity of being actuated by purely political motives. The evidence submitted by Donahoe's Magazine was too specific and too overwhelming for even this sectarian journal. There is a bare possibility that it may have some weight with that halting, hesitating and temporizing contingent of the Catholic press that has taken such a strange interest in closing its eyes to the truth and its lips to proclaiming it."

"Thank God that contingent is not numerous enough or important enough to do much harm by its temporizing," said a thoughtful weekly. "Did you know," turning to the Magazine, "that one of that kind hinted that your Philippine story suggested the work of a prevaricator?"

"And if we didn't have the spirit of Christmas in our heart," said the Magazine, "we might be tempted to tell how that same paper last year looted Donahoe's for ideas for its Christmas supplement cover. But let that go. This is a time for charity. We all need 'Love's tender lessons taught.'"

"Apropos of the Independent editorial" said an eastern paper, "the open admission made by the Boston Transcript, a most conservative organ, is significant. It says:

The article leaves little doubt that many acts of violence and desecration have been committed in the Philippines. Nor is it a matter for surprise. Within the American army in the Philippines it is not unlikely that, in addition to those who have no religious scruples to overcome, there are many who are actuated by a bigoted hatred of the Catholic Church, and who will miss no occasion of "spoiling the enemy." Freed from the restraints of civilized life, they think only of securing "souvenirs" to send home to their friends, and the greater the intrinsic value of these, the greater lengths to which they will go to secure them.

"Another eastern paper, The Boston Herald, intimates that Funston will make you suffer for your temerity," laughed a bright exchange. "It says 'Funston is the sort of soldier who doesn't permit anybody to cast reflections on his good name with impunity.'"

"He's catching it all round" said a journal with a tendency to use slang. "Poor Freddie! According to latest accounts he didn't swim that river; and some men are mean enough to say that there was no river to cross; that a polly-wog lying on that river bottom could lift its head above water without getting on its feet. And a senior captain now comes out with the statement that the redoubtable general always played to the grand stand. Freddie's friends ought to shut him up in a swimming tank with other minnows until the excitement of his campaign cools off. But he's off to Manila. Eh, man, that's a great country for Funstons and Faganites!"

"He ought to take back the bishop's mitre," suggested a practical paper, that always seized an opportunity. "Not saying that he brought it over; but to restore a mitre bearing the inscription 'From the people of Malate and Pasay to our beloved Bishop,' would be a graceful as well as a righteous deed. According to latest accounts this is on exhibition in a pawnbroker's shop, kept by an enterprising gentleman, who thinks of establishing a corner in souvenirs from Manila. His thrifty spirit induced him to buy in all he could get. He says:

"I was one of the first men in this city to purchase these church relics. When the Oregon Regiment arrived I inspected some of the plunder and knew the value of it immediately. I encouraged the soldiers to dispose of it, and in this way I succeeded in obtaining these valuable vessels for almost nothing. From the soldiers of nearly every returning regiment I bought some article of value for which I will not take any money. I am getting together as big a collection as possible, with the intention of selling it as a whole to some rich Catholic, either in or out of the church."

"'In or out of the Church!' That's a happy phrase descriptive of a certain variety of Catholic, a nondescript in faith."

The New York Freeman's Journal here suggested that "If the President has time to read, in Donahoe's Magazine, John J. Sullivan's exposure of the looting in the Philippines he would be convinced that he could have applied President Steyn's advice to the burghers of the Orange Free State 'to do nothing unworthy of a Christian and a citizen,' where it would have done the most good."

"The editor should send a copy of the November edition to the head of the War Department," agreed Church Progress. "A copy in the hands of the Philippine Commission might enable that distinguished body to revise a part of th ir report. Finally a copy on the President's desk would, by the merest chance, cause him to add an uncontemplated paragraph to his message.

"I see that The Northwestern Chronicle, Archbishop Ireland's paper," remarked a Western weekly, "comes out with the assertion that:

. . . . Till John L. Sullivan's specific charges are denied the volunteer army in Luzon will be charged with conduct shockingly unchristian and the officers in command with criminal stupidity or negligence.

"It is our right," declared The New York Catholic News, "as well as our duty to protest against the insults to our faith in the wanton desecration of those edifices in which our brethren in the Philippines worship God .....If there is a repetition of such outrages the Catholics in this country will know that the authorities in Washington and Manila are to be held responsible."

"Our soldiers are not as well controlled over there as they should be," said The Michigan Catholic, "when we get evidence that certain men have certain things because they actually stole them, we cannot see why the poor benighted Chinee should be given blame."

"Nor can we" asserted the exchanges generally.

"As a plain matter of fact we can lay hand on ample testimony here in Kentucky to make boil the blood of any human being," testified The Midland Review.

"We are glad that this disgraceful conduct has stopped" said The Boston Republic. "But who caused the cessation? Was it not the Catholic press, which spoke up boldly and fearlessly, and which created public sentiment that forced the administration to take action? We have no apology to offer for the humble part we took in this agitation."

"Just as we were going to press," said the Magazine, "an amusing thing happened. We heard indirectly, days after its occurrence, that General Funston had challenged us, and demanded of us to take up the challenge within forty eight hours, under penalty of being classed in the select coterie of the warrior's familiars. Now from Boston to San Francisco is not exactly hailing distance, but there is excellent telegraphic communication, and if the general were really in earnest he should have telegraphed to us. Not that we would have taken up his challenge, we are better employed, but we would have advised him to bring suit, and settle the matter in the courts of the country. That is the proper dignified way, the only way we shall recognize. The investigation, the results of which we published in November, was carefully made, the facts are vouched for and will be sworn to if necessary. We believe that the truth should be known that wrongs may be righted, and for that reason only did we bring the facts before the public. Having brought them we are prepared to prove them in an equally public way. And that settles the discussion as far as we are concerned."

"And now let us consider what we, as promoters of Catholic literature, owe to the Catholic world."

"Would it not be well," suggested a clever journal, slightly tinged with cynicism, "to ask what the Catholic world is doing for us. Is it giving us the support we merit? One of the saddest things I have published in many a day was Alexander Chomel's parting address to his readers. There is a heart tragedy in the story of his high striving ending in failure. Here is what he says:

"The Record has not been what my fond and visionary dreams wished it to be; but I have to bear with my disappointment. I have brought to the publication of the paper all that hard work, good will, devotion and enthusiasm to the cause demanded of me. But this was not enough to insure success. From the start I lacked the money necessary to carry on the business successfully; and the money is the nerve of business as well as of war. To this must be added the failure to make collections. And now comes old age and sickness to load the last straw on my back. I go out of the Record as light in purse as I came in."

"That is the end of one man's efforts for Catholic literature. Secular publications are receiving support; it is considered fashionable to be informed on their contents. We know of one young woman, who when asked to subscribe to a Catholic publication confessed that she hated reading, but forced herself to read two or three of the ten cent monthlies, because it was 'chic'—that's her word—to do so."

"With such difficulty in securing working capital," commented a weekly, "our power for good is greatly lessened. What opportunities have we to help along talent, to bring out young writers of promise?

"It has been my peculiar fortune," replied a review, whose editor's name is a synonym for literary achievement in the South, "to be a finder and trainer in the world of letters. I am glad that God has put it in my hands to do even this much, though I may not enjoy the perfect flower and ripe fruit. My one regret is that the future of Catholic writers is so uncertain. Catholic publications cannot remunerate them properly for their work, and when they have perfected their art they cease to be contributors, and pass into the secular field, where, too frequently, they are obliged to eliminate from their productions all trace of Catholic train-

ing. Here is a force for good lost through the lack of adequate support. In view of these facts I ask what is our duty to young writers? Shall we discourage them from literary effort, or shall we incite them to make the most of the talent God has given them, and in so doing accept the surety of incessant striving, many disappointments, little recompense and much heartache—all recorded in the experience of literary workers who have reached the third decade of existence."

"Bring them out by all means," exhorted an energetic exchange, "do what you can for them. Give them advice; give them space; give them what money you can for their work; and give them a lecture occasionally if they need it. And some of them do badly. Among ourselves be it said there is a decided tendency to bumptiousness manifested by many young folks, and the editor who has the temerity to hold over a poem, or take exception to a stanza, knows that he does so at the risk of receiving a scorching letter denouncing him and his methods. Bless their foolish young hearts, and clever unballasted young heads with poetry all on one side and self-esteem on the other! Time will adjust the balance and give us writers to be proud of."

"And what of the diffident ones?"

"Lead them out; force them out, if necessary, and once out protect them," replied the exchange. "Save them from the critics—the know-all critics—who would kill anything young and gifted."

"So much for the fledglings," said a weekly whose editor's motto was kindness. "May I suggest that the doctrine of encouragement should be preached to all contributors. No one is so great or so small as not to appreciate an expression of good-will. If you see a kindly notice of something that a writer sent to your columns or any other columns—(don't discriminate in this matter)—clip it out and send it to him or her. If you hear a compliment pass it along; it may reach its destination at a moment when the receiver is sadly in need of a cheering word. Don't be afraid of being too kind. It takes a great deal of kindness to go round, and the portions are so uneven that some of us get but a tiny share. Let it not be said that we have failed in this respect. It is one of the things we can do and ought to do."

"We won't make any resolutions" said a thoughtful, cautious weekly, "but I think we have all registered a promise in our hearts, and may the new year see its fulfilment."

"Speaking of the new year," said the Magazine, "reminds me that when we meet again we shall be in our new quarters. Here is a practical illustration. We are moving out, with many other occupants of this six story building, to make way for the department store which has grown from the ground floor to need six stories to carry on its business. In the same length of time a Catholic monthly despite honest hard work, conscientious striving for high ideals, and unceasing vigilance, has not progressed beyond the occupancy of a floor. There is no luxurious environment for a Catholic publication. Nor do we wish it. All we ask is the support of the Catholic public that we may give back to them every dollar they send, in added attractions. For ourselves we are content with little; but for the greater good we could do in giving Catholics employment, and increasing our rates to writers, enlarging the staff, and many other uses to which we would have put greater prosperity, we regret that *we* have not expanded to the need of occupying a six story building, and serving notice on the department store. But who knows what the future will bring! Anyway let us keep talking, and some time we must be heard."

There was a chorus of approval, many expressions of mutual good-will and with a cordial "Merry Christmas" the Exchange Congress adjourned till 1900.

"NEWSPAPER ROW" IN THE KLONDIKE.

BY JOHN L. REES.

Some people never know when they are well off. Perhaps that was why I decided to pull up stakes in Western Australia and cast in my fortunes with the gold-hunters migrating to the Klondike. Or it may have been that gold fever is recurrent, and that the time had come for another attack. I had been in the gold mines of the Transvaal and Australia,and had I been content to stay in the last-named place as proprietor of the *Malcolm Chronicle,* I might have become with years a representative citizen, a man of affairs with a respectable bank account. But the far cry from the Klondike penetrated the little office, and the spirit of unrest entered in.

It just took seven months from the time I left Western Australia to reach Dawson City ,and a fortnight later, our first paper appeared.

During the summer season a man may take his train in any American city and make connections to within a mile of Dawson City without experiencing any greater hardship than the tedium and discomfort incident to a long ride. Our journey was protracted indeed, but many mirth-provoking happenings beguiled the way. Nearing the end of the route we were crowded, plant and all, on a wobbly old boat that swung up stream in the most eccentric manner. The shifting character of the sand bars seriously interferes with navigation and makes progress very uncertain. A bar that is one place now may shortly take up its position half a mile away. and thus stranding on an unexpected obstruction is a frequent occurrence. We were eight weeks getting over this part of the trip, and a discontented Hebrew, yearning for a vision of the gold fields, vented his displeasure in the insinuation that the captain had his own designs, and intended to take to the small boat and desert us on the next stranding on a bar Idle men are generally willing listeners to mischievous suggestions, and the Hebrew's hint was honored by the miners,who guns in hand,lay in wait for the captain's treachery. But there was no need of their watchfulness.

On arriving in a strange city after the first general impression has been formed one begins to single out striking personalities and mentally associate them with the work for which their presence stands in the community. That worth commands respect from all classes, even in a mining country, was evidenced when a missionary priest died in Dawson city. Probably no event that occurred there caused so general a sorrow. So closely was he identified with the highest interests of the Klondike region, and so wide-spread was his influence, that no description of the place would be complete without reference to the career of this good man who founded St. Mary's hospital and whose warm heart, good deeds, and effective works of relief of the poor, sick and afflicted will ever be remembered.

The Rev. Father William H. Judge was born at Baltimore, Maryland, on Jan. 16, 1850. His death fell exactly on the birth anniversary of his 49th year. He was educated and ordained at Woodstock College, where he afterwards became professor of mathematics. From Woodstock he was appointed minister of Georgetown College and was called from there to the St. Ignatius Mission in Montana, the Rocky Mountain region, then commenced his labors in the mission field. In 1894 he founded the mission on Shagaluke River, on the Yukon, and after putting up his buildings spent the winter in labor among the Indian boys.

He first went to Dawson on March 20, 1897, and at once secured the site for the present Catholic Church and St. Mary's Hospital. Father Judge sent men up the river to cut logs, and started to clear off the grounds for the hospital. His first services for the sick were in a tent put up for the purpose. At this time he was doing the cooking for the men who were erecting the building and also caring for five patients ill with the typhoid fever. This continued until the arrival of the Sisters of St. Anne in the early part of July, 1898. During the latter part of August and September there were as many as one hundred and thirty-eight patients in the hospital at a time. Father Judge had been building a chapel in connection with the hospital, and his whole heart was in its completion. On Sunday, Jan. 1, 1899, the New Year, for the first time he was able to say Mass in the chapel and for six days he celebrated the sacred ceremony. On the seventh day, Saturday, Jan. 7, he began the Mass but was taken ill and obliged to discontinue. He never rose from his sick bed, and never complained, although suffering excruciating agony during a considerable part of the time. To his most intimate friend, George Burns, who had been with him ever since his arrival on the field, and whom he loved as a brother, he said that he would die on Monday, the 16th, that his mother had died thirty-three years ago on the same day; that his birth anniversary fell on that day, and that he felt his life would close then. He died on the day he predicted. In the hearts of thousands of the people of the frozen North the good he has done will live after him.

My partner and I started in with the intention of running *the* Klondike paper, and invested our capital with the recklessness of men confident of a quick return from their investment. You may not think *The Miner* office a strikingly handsome building, but it was the best to be had, and for the privilege of occupying it we paid two hundred dollars a month. Some of our help we brought with us and more we hired in Dawson City. It is safe to say that fifty compositors could easily have been picked out of the crowds of men thronging the streets, but many of them would probably prefer the chance of sudden wealth on a claim to steady employment at their trade at a salary of fifty dollars per week. We had the only woman reporter in the Klondike, a Boston woman by the way, and paid her sixty dollars a week, not a very high sum when living expenses are considered. We soon had a circulation of three thousand and a fair advertising patronage at fifteen dollars per square inch. Our constituents were not at all exacting. *The Miner* came out once a week and if two or three hours late nobody grumbled. I remember but one "rush" number and that was a special on the big fire. Our subscribers preferred outside news to local items, and to gratify this preference we paid handsomely for papers of fairly recent date brought over the ice. Thus for a comparatively late New York Herald we would willingly pay as high as twenty dollars, to

"NEWSPAPER ROW," DAWSON CITY.
Staff of the Klondike Miner. Woman reporter on left.

get a scoop on our rival paper. It is needless to say our enterprise was appreciated. Poets, and there were many of them among us, in the mines and out of them, were most generous with their contributions. So lavish was the supply that we could publish columns of poetry and still have a waste basket overflowing. It was wonderful how those men of all classes and all degrees of education "dropped into poetry."

Pride incites me to tell of our Christmas cartoon, a copy of which is shown, nailed on the door of *The Miner*. It represented two rival newsboys, one ragged, unkempt and lean, his bare toes sticking out of his torn moccasins, the bundle of papers under his arm draggled, soiled and undiminished in size explaining the reason of his sad plight; the other boy was plump, dressed in furs, feet cased in handsome moccasins, and a general air of prosperity about him. Moved perhaps by the Christmas spirit, he was exhorting his indigent rival to "throw them away and sell *The Miner*." We made a great hit. *The Miner* office had an admiring crowd before its door all day long; the front street became a "Newspaper row" when important bulletins were being announced. The edition sold like hot cakes and we didn't raise it a cent above the usual price, twenty-five cents a number. The plate for the design was made up of four hundred blocks and each block cost a dollar. But who cares for expense when a rival is driven into sullen obscurity?

For another striking feature of this memorable number we were indebted to the kindness of Captain Jack Crawford, the "poet-scout," whose genial hospitality, adventurous nature and broad spirit of kindliness endeared him to every member of the mining com-

munity. The Christmas greeting he sent his friends, reprinted here, may bear a message to many who have never met him, but from his sentiments can guage the character of the man.

XMAS GREETING.

Dawson City, Y. T., 1898.

To my friends of the great Klondike, Yukon and Copper River Company, as well as to all my other friends, in grateful remembrance of their many acts of kindness, and also for that confidence which has sustained me amid trying scenes of toil and danger on the snow-clad trail of the Yukon gold district.

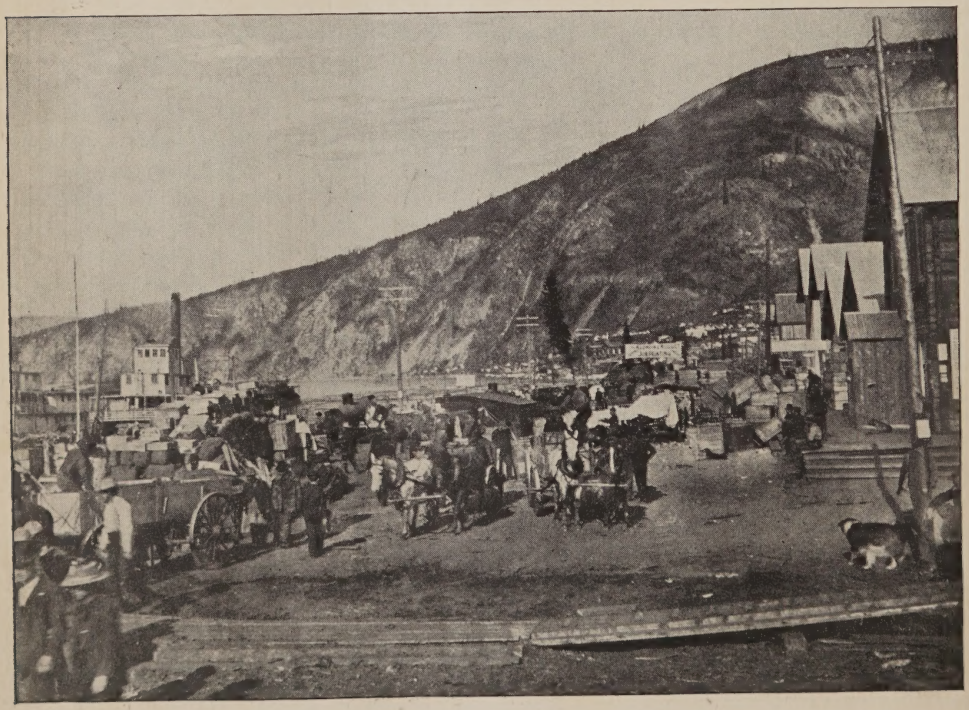
Accept this little Christmas token,
Rustic shadow of your friend;
Purest thoughts are oft unspoken,
Sunshine oft with shadows blend.
So today among the mountains,
Thoughts that cannot be expressed,
Bubble up from nature's fountains,
In a corner of my breast.

And I feel the sunshine twinkling
Through the icy atmosphere;
While the Christmas bells are tinkling,
Telling—Christ again is here.
Faith and hope were never stronger,
Since I started up Life's hill,
I can wait, and hope, yet longer,
Aye, and trust the Master still.

Yours, in clouds and sunshine,

J. W. CRAWFORD.

An editorial office is an excellent vantage ground from which to study the life surging round it; and life in a mining city furnishes rare variety, not in the daily routine—which is monotonous enough—but in the diversity of types and characteristics. All classes help to make up the population, and oddly enough with the arrival of civilization there comes imperative need for the establishment of certain institutions peculiar to cosmopolitan existence but in no way commendatory of some things accomplished in the



FRONT STREET, DAWSON CITY.

A Shipment of Gold Leaving Dawson City.
About one million and a half. Bank of British North America 1 1-2 tons. Canadian Bank of Commerce 1 1-2 tons
Manager Wills and staff of Canadian Bank of Commerce.

march of progress. For instance Dawson City has recently established its first soup kitchen. In the early days of occupation of gold regions it is remarkable that crimes are few, and poverty almost unknown. These come with the invasion of the lower element of city population drawn to new scenes of adventure.

You meet all manner of men in the Klondike, from the gold crazed enthusiast to the ordinary every-day persons who came not expecting to find a Tom Tiddler's ground where gold can be picked up promiscuously, but hoping and believing that there was a better chance to make money than in the States. Of course as is the case everywhere some are disappointed, others succeed. So while one person has little fault to find, another will not concede anything good in Klondike. As a matter of fact the severity and hardships of the winter climate have been greatly exaggerated, that is, if spending one season there qualifies one to judge.

In the city, once inside most of the hotels, you could without any stretch of the imagination fancy yourself in the outside world. The rooms are furnished comfortably if not luxuriously, and the heaters make the temperature pleasant. There are some nicely built homes of which the same could be said,

This Building Cost $18,000.
No nails were used in building.

A Rest in the Snow.

On the Yukon River.

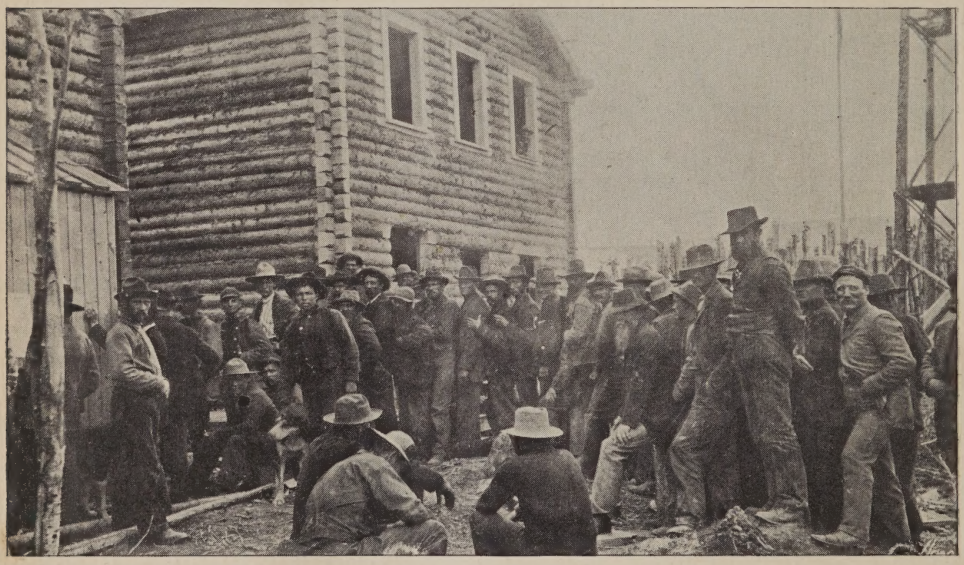
The dogs are drawing eight tons of wood. In the summer this river flows at the rate of 14 miles per hour.

THE ARCTIC GARDNER'S RETREAT, IN KLONDIKE.
Captain Jack Crawford receiving friends.

FOLLOWING THE TRAIL.

but as a rule the people are not (except those with a great deal of money or extravagant ideas) giving their minds to luxurious living. A neat cabin of perhaps two or three rooms is ample. It is surprising, too, how very comfortable and home-like they can be made. Even a cabin with only one room can be curtained off and made very cosey with rugs and furs. It is really wonderful what can be done with a little ingenuity. The great difficulty in domestic management is the water supply which has to be packed in some instances from quite a distance. Some lay in a supply of ice in blocks, and this is a very good plan all the time, but more particularly when the thaw sets in and the Yukon gets thick and muddy for a while. Water for washing purposes is easily obtained by melting the snow. The process requires a little patience, however, as the snow is so light and fluffy that it takes a great deal of it to make a small quantity of water.

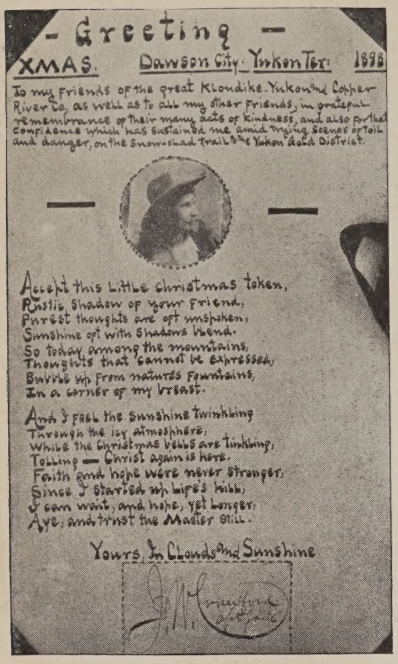
The cooking is principally done on Yukon stoves, which are made of sheet iron. Many of them have the oven up-on the stove-pipe which strikes one at first as an odd arrangement. One has to be very careful in using those ovens as they are apt to get too hot and burn what is being baked. But this difficulty is offset by the fact that the stoves are splendid for heating, widely superior to the cast iron cook stoves in warming the cabin. And then the cooking utensils! Men learn to be very handy in making use of them. The butter tins are saved and converted into saucepans, flour sifters, and various other articles.



MINERS AWAITING THEIR TURN TO REGISTER CLAIMS AT DAWSON

Almost anything may be bought but the price is high, and many are not willing to spend more than is absolutely necessary. So all kinds of substitutes for civilized comforts are resorted to. There is no scarcity of provisions, no trouble as in previous years in getting good things to eat. Plenty of fresh meat—beef, mutton, pork, and frozen fish, can be bought at fairly reasonable prices. Fresh potatoes are sixty cents a pound and onions are fifty cents a pound. A careful housekeeper says that when the first pound of potatoes you buy is weighed out you are sure to

MINERS' MASS MEETING, DAWSON CITY.
Protesting against the 10 per cent. royalty and mining laws in general. Mr. Dunleavy, an Australian by birth, was the speaker of the occasion.


- Greeting -

XMAS. Dawson City. Yukon Ter. 1898

To my Friends of the great Klondike, Yukon and Copper River Co. as well as to all my other Friends, in grateful remembrance of their many acts of kindness, and also for that confidence which has sustained me amid trying scenes of toil and danger, on the Snow-clad Trail & the Yukon Gold District.

Accept this Little Christmas Token,
Rustic Shadow of your Friend,
Purest thoughts are oft unspoken,
Sunshine oft with Shadows blend.
So today among the mountains,
Thoughts that cannot be expressed,
Burrow up from mirrors Fountains,
In a corner of my breast.

And I feel the Sunshine twinkling
Through the icy atmosphere,
While the Christmas bells are tinkling,
Telling — Christ again is here.
Faith and hope were never Stronger,
Since I started up life's hill;
I can wait, and hope, yet longer,
Aye, and trust the Master Still.

Yours In Clouds and Sunshine

have a feeling of dismay on finding perhaps only three fair sized ones for sixty cents. To the economical mind this seems rather like eating money, but the evaporated potatoes are a good substitute, and are very palatable when nicely cooked. Then the Lamont's eggs are invaluable and for cooking purposes not easily distinguished from the fresh, though notable housekeepers may differ from this opinion. Pure milk from the cow may be bought, but the price, four dollars a quart, places it beyond the reach of the ordinary cabin inhabitant. A lady said to me, "I have just had one glassful since I have been here, and I drank it very slowly, like the children, to make it last. Never did a glass of milk taste so good to me before."

I don't imagine there are any delicate children in Dawson. If there are they are kept out of sight for all that I have seen were sturdy and rosy-cheeked. One little toddler of perhaps three years, living near *The Miner,* was out continually, with nothing on her head half the time, coasting down hill and tumbling around in the snow, the

"GIRL WANTED."
The tent is for summer residence only and in the winter is abandoned for log cabin.

"NOTHING FOR ME."
Miners sorting mail at Tagish Post before Postoffice was built.

very picture of health and contentment. I often watched the boys on the street. Supposing a man comes along with a dog team. "Mister, give me a ride," is the cry from four or five little rosy-cheeked rascals. "All right, jump on," is the reply and then such a scramble, such laughing and shouting! and sometimes boys, dogs and sleigh get tangled up generally to the great amusement of the passers by. And such dogs! I don't suppose there is another country in the world where there are so many fine specimens. I think as a rule they are well taken care of and most of them look in good condition, but sometimes they get pretty rough usage. Some men say the Sinwah dog must be beaten to make him work. They certainly do not appear to be as intelligent as the outside dogs, nor do they seem to have much pluck, setting up a terrible whine before they are even touched. But perhaps this is a bit of dog wisdom based on the principle that it is no use to cry after one is hurt.

A touching instance of the devotion of dogs to their owners was afforded on the sad occasion of the funeral of Mrs. Mary L. Edgren, a young wife, who at the age of twenty-three passed away leaving her baby girl in the care of friends. Mrs. Edgren had been married in her Wisconsin home, February, '98, and came with her husband to the Klondike to better their fortunes. She owned a number of dogs and one of them was a special favorite. He was always in her team, and seemed to know that she trusted him.. When harnessed to the funeral sledge to help bear her to her grave on the hillside cemetery, he gave unmistakable indications of grief and suddenly sinking down in the snow refused to go any further as if conscious that he was helping to take her away forever.

The costumes seen on the street are many and various. Some of the men look very large and handsome in their fine fur coats and helmet-shaped hats. Boiled shirts and white collars are rare,

1.—On the Chilcoot Pass.
2.—A worn-out Stampeder.
3.—First landing at Klondike City. The original town.
4.—Sluicing. Washing out the gold on No. 10, Eldorado.

though a few are seen, enough to remind one that such things are worn elsewhere. In cold snaps the men wear a garment called a parka, fashioned like a long shirt with a hood attached. It is made of striped bed-ticking or drilling with the hood bordered with fur. Sometimes it is entirely of fur and presents a most grotesque appearance. When it is very cold the men tie the flaps of their caps down on their ears, and wear a piece of fur over their noses. Thus muffled it would puzzle a man to recognize his own brother. Some wear a black mask all over the face and then, if appearances go for anything, you may well believe that his Satanic majesty is abroad. Many of the ladies have elegant fur cloaks, some moose hide parkas; others wear parqueman's suits, which are hideous; others again have whole leather suits; and the surplus put on any old thing they happen to have, provided it is warm and comfortable. Feminine vanity is not much in evidence in the Klondike. Short skirts are a necessity when the weather breaks, and to wade through the mud without high rubber boots is a fearful undertaking. Even with them and quite short skirts the fair wayfarer is apt to get generously splashed. The sidewalks and roads in the spring are very bad indeed; there is a total lack of all sanitary arrangements and filth and trash abound; conditions that bespeak disease with the coming of warmer weather.

As a general rule the amusements furnished in Dawson City are not of a nature to elevate the tastes of the population. The dance halls and theatres are always open and gambling is constantly going on. Unfortunately such diversions are only too popular; men who would look askance at such places at home entering them as a matter of course in the Klondike. Among the higher class amusements there have been some good benefit performances, notably one given by the Dawson amateur minstrels for the benefit of St. Mary's hospital, a Catholic instutition, and the finest in the city. The theatre was as crowded as the occasion deserved, and some of the ladies' costumes were quite fetching.

TOM O'BRIEN, THE KLONDIKE KING.

Sturdy out-door sports and their followers are not lacking. An athlete, who is also a poet, gives the following description of his experience of such pursuits and of the splendid scenic effects manifested in this rugged region:

"We had climbed the famous Chilkoot Pass, in Alaska, crossed the summit in a "bucket" over the tramway which appeared almost out of sight, and shot the still more dangerous

The dog crouched in the snow was Mrs. Edgren's favorite and refused to go any further in the funeral procession.

White Horse Rapids; we had hunted large game midst thick timbers, killed the innocent mountain grouse on the small side hills between rocks, fished in the lakes and rivers and rowed with and against the streams to our hearts' delight; indeed we had enjoyed all those wildly interesting and adventurous things one is supposed to enjoy on a trip to the Klondike gold fields, little imagining that there was yet to be a grand climax to our outing which we would fain never forget.

"The sun's disc, which like a great ruby ball rolling along in the water for miles and miles just ahead of our boat as we floated down the Sixty Mile, easily engaged our greatest wonder and enthusiastic admiration. We were quite unaware, however, that old Sol was thus piloting us to where for a time at least we were to forget nature's surprising achievements in a picture all divine. One evening in the latter part of August, '98, our litle boat ran ashore at the foot of Lake Le Barge, and glancing up we saw that the star-bedimpled sky, which but a moment before and for weeks past had appeared cold and white, now shone pink and glittering. A few moments' walk and there is a change in the region of clouds over to the eastward, as if holding down to earth a lapful of sky opals, so perfectly outlined in round, oblong and pear shape, are the lumps of pale green, flame, turquoise and other colors, but which, before the night was over we were forced to conclude must have been only the balls of dye necessary for embellishment in the handiwork of the angels.

"The great canopy shivers, then reddens, when beautifully swaying curtains displaying marvelously fantastic designs in all the colors of the rainbow appearing first in the centre, gradually reach from horizon to horizon. But yet a moment, and as if touched by the Unseen Hand they are falling back into exquisitely graceful folds."

In the conduct of public affairs in Dawson City there are no rigid regulations exacting strict compliance with established rules. Public officials show a most accommodating spirit. For instance, the bank bears on its door the

notice, "Open from 10 to 3," but the initiated know that this is merely a concession to form, and it is no unusual occurrence for a depositor to arrive at midnight, and pound vigorously on the stout door. A window on the floor above where the bank officials sleep is thrown open, a head is thrust out and some one asks "What is wanted." "Got some dust here," says the belated depositor, and without more ado down comes the obliging banker, and the business is transacted without further parley. Every store is a medium for the exchange of dust for money or needed articles, and wonderful is the difference in the weights recorded. A man may start out thinking he has ten ounces of dust but after buying a few things he discovers that he must have had only half the amount, or else the scales are wrong. And what gentleman would harbor such a suspicion?

Dawson City attained such prominence that in many minds it stands for the Klondike, but the original town, the first landing place, is Klondike City, a half mile away, of which Tom O'Brien, the multi-millionaire, is king. O'Brien has been fourteen years on the Yukon river, and is a solid capitalist, owning the best part of Klondike City, and possessed in his own right of vast resources, making him the richest man in the Klondike region.

Yes, there are successful men in this frozen region, many of them. And what of those who fail, worn out with hard living, unaccustomed toil, and most unbearable of all disappointment oft repeated? Well, many succumb to the situation, their story will never be known; many more worry through some way, taking their departure when circumstances permit; and not a few prove to be Mark Tapley s phil sophically viewing their wrecked fortunes while genially admitting, "Floored for the present, sir. Floored beyond question, but jolly."

STAKING A CLAIM.
On the Dome, looking North. One of the highest points round Dawson.

St. Catherine of Boston — A Christmas Phantasy.

BY S. L. EMERY.

A Boston maid, in snowy white arrayed,
Came down a stately stair.
Most wise was she, and very fair to see,
So dear, so debonaire!
Gaily she came, where bright, red, lambent flame
Lit up the perfumed air,—
Perfume, I ween, of Christmas evergreen,
Suspended everywhere.

The mistletoe swung lithe, and light, and slow,
Beneath the chandelier;
With merry smile, and mocking winsome wile,
This Boston maid drew near.
"These customs old, but childish and most bold,
Shall not be harbored here!"
So spake the maid, who zeal and lore displayed,
The debonaire, the dear!

She turned to fling the luckless, leafy thing
In the leaping, laughing fire,
When suddenly and oh! so ardently,
Her brilliant eyes looked higher.
Grand and serene, Murillo's Catherine
Was framed above the fire
With Mary mild and Christ, the holy Child,—
Fit theme for angel's lyre!

"Siena's saint here did Murillo paint?
Surely, that can not be;
For I confess, my inner consciousness
At once assureth me,
That he would paint old Egypt's glorious saint,
The learn d saint!" quoth she,
This Boston maid, who very oft displayed
Infallibility!

O'er Mary's Child, the blessed Christmas Child,
She hung the mistletoe.
"O Babe divine! all things on earth are Thine,"
She whispered, soft and low;
And kissed the feet and hands so small and sweet,
Her fair face all aglow.
"May I be Thine, and Thou alone be mine,
The only Love I know!"

And then it seemed,—it may have been she dreamed,
But oh! 'twas wondrous bliss!—
That Christ, the Child of Mary meek and mild,
Bent down, her brow to kiss;
And a strange word the Christmas stillness stirred:
"No learning wins thee this!
For thy pure love, all other gifts above,
Share thou St. Catherine's bliss!"

That Christmas night, such strange unearthly light
Lit up her face so fair,
The idle jest of many an awestruck guest
Died on the perfumed air.
Such heavenly grace was on the maiden's face,
So dear, so debonaire!
Might it have been, Boston's St. Catherine
Was then foreshadowed there?

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THE CHILD THAT NEVER GREW UP.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

Monica Jewell had so motherly a look that it was hard to believe she had never been a mother. But she had been the next best and the next saddest thing, a nurse. She had known the sweetness of being first with a baby, of having it return to her soon from its mother with rapturous little mouthings and huggings at regaining its true home. She had known the sadness of the child's growing alienation and indifference. She had taken another baby to the heart the growing child no longer needed only to go through the same painful process within a short time. She had even been cut off from her baby by the jealousy of a foolish mother. But that was before she came into the family of the Hon. Horace Ingram where she was appreciated as she deserved, and where she would have had a home to her dying day if she had elected to stay with them.

It was just about this time when the last of the five young Ingrams had left the nursery for school and poor Monica was beginning to feel the emptiness of her life that Jewell, the butler, proposed to her.

They married, and for some years their lives ran happily and prosperously enough. Jewell set up in a little inn on a pleasant road just out of town. The inn was in a little corner of its own betwixt two walled-in properties the owners of which yet enjoyed country green and quiet though the town overlapped and passed them by every day.

Opposite The Brown Girl, as the inn was called, were the lodge-gates of another demesne. It was an incredibly old-fashioned part of the world, screened it would seem from the great devouring city by the broad woodlands that lay to the East of it. There historic names flourished. The children and grandchildren of men famous in the last century dwelt there, growing themselves up to their century as though the place was an immunity from death as it was an immunity from the town. You started to hear there the names of polite diarists and statesmen from the 18th century, familiar as though they lived to-day. It was a congenial neighborhood for the old servants with their old-fashioned notions of what was due to themselves and the families they had served.

The Brown Girl was two-storied. From the balconies of the upper story a great curtain of creepers hung down veiling the diamond panes of the bar-parlor below. It was a charming place and might have been in Devonshire rather than in Middlesex, with the noise of the unsleeping town buzzing in its ears, and the smoke defiling its creepers. Perhaps if it had been the time of the coaching days it had been successful. Indeed certainly it had been so, for Jewell with his delicate, old-fashioned manners, and Monica, ruddier than a cherry, with mild eyes to match the lavender of her cap's ribbons, had been an ideal host and hostess.

But here, near the great city where the callers were chiefly the rougher class of cyclists, and carters who were not bucolic but half of the town, the Jewells were the most unsuccessful of hosts. Where was the landlord who could do a little private book-making and under the nose of the police keep a hidden gambling saloon? Where was the smart barmaid with her curls, her

repartee, and her incapacity for blushing?

Poor Jewell, with his precise ancient ways, was hopelessly out of his true time and place. Monica, with her soft ways and her innocent timidness, was only a silly old person to those who ought to have made the clientele of The Brown Girl.

No wonder that the place lost its reputation as a house of call; and that all the trade went to The Cocked Hat, an hostelry very much up-to-date, a little farther on, and on the other bank of the river.

The old couple had no enterprise to strike out a new path for themselves. Presently they sold The Brown Girl and removed to a little riverside cottage, with a little garden in front of it, a pretty place, but unwholesome when the river mists came creeping about it in the Autumn and Winter.

It was the merest hovel compared with what they had been used to, even at The Brown Girl; but it was charming in its way, and charmingly furnished, for Jewell had been left as part of his legacy from a maiden lady who had employed him long before he came to the Ingrams, some old-fashioned furniture, a Sheraton sideboard, a Chippendale bookcase, a brass-bound cellaret with the sign-mark of Chippendale upon it, a Heppelwhite couch, a couple of miniatures in ivory, and a screen of old French embroidery disproportionately valuable considering its faded condition.

The old couple had hoped to live just long enough to spend the money from the sale of The Brown Girl. Anything they left—that old-fashioned furniture for example, which had eventually come back to fashion—would serve to bury them.

However it was appointed to them to live long past the scriptural limit; and it was when they had begun to part with Jewell's legacy, bit by bit, that they came in contact with Miss Eleanor Humphreys. She had been asked to buy one of the miniatures in ivory by the kind manager of a suburban shop, who was interested in the case of the old Jewells.

Miss Humphreys was really of a piece with the old couple. She was of moderate means, but of the bluest blood. She was as pretty as a picture, yet quite past any man's regarding her, and she filled her empty heart and stilled her balked vocation by her charities.

She saw the miniatures in ivory and bought them. She heard the story of the old couple, and visited them. She found Jewell lying on a brass inlaid sofa worth money enough to keep the old couple fed and housed for a twelvemonth. It was characteristic of her that she said nothing as to its value, nor translated into words her thought that a common little sofa had been more comfortable than this thing of beauty which ought to be enshrined in an art gallery or a museum.

Miss Humphreys was an Anglican of the Highest. The old Jewells oddly enough were Catholics, and had served always in Catholic families. She had been taught that in a sense Catholicism was the most intolerable and intolerant of the creeds, drawing such a hard and narrow line, and shutting out in the cold and darkness those whom she held had preserved the faith so loyally.

Still she could like the Jewells better than she could like Dissenters for example; and it was pleasant to find people of their class who were neither secularists nor Methodists. She had shuddered at the unspiritual state of the masses, but liked no better the gloomy doctrine they chose when they were not heathen. Here at least were people who stood on the same plane as herself, insomuch as they inhabited a world peopled as much by glorious spirits as by the mere husks of immortality.

She liked to hear old Monica talk.

Maiden as she was she blushed, yet it was half a blush of sympathy, when Monica told her how after her marriage with Jewell she had prayed to the Mother of God that He might send her a child.

"It would have been a miracle if He did," said the old woman, smoothing the folds of her black silk apron, "yet I remembered Samuel, and the son of Sarah and many another. But sure He knew best. He knew what I wanted, a child that would never grow up. That was the desire of my heart, and perhaps, since He couldn't give it to me He withheld His answer altogether."

Eleanor Humphreys received the strange confidence with a bowed head and a heart beating in sympathy. She too could understand the sweetness of the child that never grows up, would never be beyond the dependence and the tender ministrations.

It was Christmas morning when she heard the news that God had answered Monica Jewell's prayer.

"Jewell's duty to you and mine, Miss," ran the letter, "and our thanks for the hamper. May the Lord reward you! When you are free, honored Miss, will you step this way, and see the present the Mother of God has sent me from Bethlehem? It is the child that will never grow up."

It was enough to stimulate Eleanor Humphreys' gentle curiosity; and that very afternoon found her on a melancholy railway platform with a few stragglers who were going out to dine on Christmas day, waiting for the infrequent trains, each one of which was a reproach to the unreasonable folk who snatched stokers and engine drivers and guards and porters from the bosom of their families on this Festival of the Child.

The little riverside cottage was dark with mists and fog. Finding her way to it Miss Humphreys went near straying into the river itself. When she did find it it was lit so brightly that it resolved itself in the fog into a mere blur of brightness. It contained only two rooms and a lean-to kitchen, but the light from the two windows either side of the trellised porch had gaiety enough for a mansion.

Old Monica admitted her. She removed the honored visitor's damp cloak, and ushered her into the little parlor. The Christmas table was spread with some of the contents of Miss Humphreys' hamper. At one side sat Jewell peeling an apple, and looking as joyous as Mrs. Jewell herself, with his old rosy face bright with smiles.

Opposite him was the chair Monica had just vacated. Between the two, the chairs of the two gently inclined towards it, was a child's high chair and its little occupant.

Eleanor Humphreys gazed at the child. There was no light in the pale, meek little face; the wide-opened eyes had hardly more color than the face itself. The hair was pale flaxen, and being silky was the one beauty the child possessed. The little body was attentuated. The little hands with their long, claw-like fingers lay open on the child's lap with a curious suggestion of helplessness.

Meanwhile the old couple looked from the child's face to hers, and then back again at each other. Their faces were wreathed in smiles. They waited impatiently for Miss Humphreys to speak. Since she did not Mrs. Jewell broke the silence.

"Isn't he beautiful, Miss? "she said. "We couldn't have hoped for anything so sweet as God has sent us. He is the child that will never grow up."

"Hush!" said Eleanor Humphreys, startled. "The child is listening to you."

The old couple laughed, a laugh of pure happiness.

"Bless you, Miss," said Jewell, "he hears naught. He's stone-deaf, that little lamb is."

"Stone-deaf," repeated Mrs. Jewell, with the tender pride with which a mother might dwell on her child's beauties. "Stone-deaf, and dumb, and blind. Think of the innocent white soul of him!"

"A lamb indeed," sighed Miss Humphreys, looking at the child, whose fairness was almost white.

"Yet so clever" went on Mrs. Jewell. "He knows us already, me and Jewell. Don't you my pretty? See?"

She put her fingers in the child's palm and the little hand partly closed towards it.

"He's just like a little baby," went on Mrs. Jewell, "six years old, and everything to be done for him. I shan't find the days long with him to watch and dress and do for. He is a beauty, Miss, isn't he? Me and Jewell have never had such a happy Christmas."

"It is happy for the little one, too, I am sure," Miss Humphreys said gently.

The blind child sat there in the circle of light and love, hidden away in a fathomless darkness, a darkness in which there was only room for God. Miss Humphreys spoke again and the tears were in her eyes.

"I think the Mother of God thought as much of the little one as she did of you when she answered your prayers."

"Hal is his name" said old Jewell. "He is a brave boy, ba'int he, Miss?"

"But how does he come to you?" Miss Humphreys asked.

Mrs. Jewell suddenly stiffened.

"A friend of my lady, Mrs. Ingram, leastways not a friend, but an acquaintance like, she's the mother of this precious lamb. There's a large, growing family and they're very rich, Miss, and the mother said 'twasn't fair to the other children to have little Hal about."

Miss Humphreys' eyes flashed.

"One would have thought he would be the dearest," she said.

"I've known a-many ladies," said Mrs. Jewell with a patient air; "and most of them fond mothers; but now and again one hard and proud like this one. She and the gentleman both, Miss, — they think the child's a disgrace. They would be glad to never see or hear of him again."

"Oh!" said Eleanor Humphreys, sharply, as if someone had stabbed her.

"She said we weren't to expect to see her, that she was quite satisfied the child would be well taken care of. She saw Dr. Madox, Miss, and arranged with him that he was to see the child if he was ill. I could see the doctor thought bad of it. Never mind, Hal, my lamb, you've come home at last."

The child was truly the light of that humble house. Miss Humphreys came and went in the years that followed, pretty constantly. The old couple were no longer parting with their furniture. The money paid for Hal helped them to live, and they had a little allowance from Mrs. Ingram, who had lost her husband and now lived abroad with her family. The light of the house—Eleanor Humphreys often repeated the phrase to herself seeing the tall pale child sitting there, the centre of everything, with, she fancied, a quiet radiance upon his face.

During these years Eleanor Humphreys had taken the great step and become a Catholic. She was fairly rich and independent, and had little to do with her life; but while she envied the dove-eyed nuns in the convents she visited she never felt drawn to join them. So she went to a hospital and took a course of training, and then offered herself to one or two of the doctors she knew, to do voluntary nursing among their poor patients in her own neighborhood.

Dr. Madox was one of them; and though he looked doubtfully at first at Miss Humphreys' delicate face and willowly figure he soon found that she had

a considerable measure of strength and endurance, and had not at all scamped her hospital work.

Hal had been nearly three years with the Jewells, and had not seemed to grow a day older, when Mrs. Jewell was suddenly stricken with a kind of malaria from the river. She was well over seventy at this time, and Jewell was ten years her senior. When he summoned Eleanor Humphreys to his wife, the latter found a pitiable state of things. Poor old Mrs. Jewell, shivering and shaking, was trying to dress Hal, and letting everything drop from her fingers. The house that was usually so exquisitely neat was disordered —unswept, undusted, the ashes of yesterday's fire on the hearth.

Eleanor Humphreys got the old woman to bed, and finished dressing the child. She despatched Jewell for Dr. Madox, and while she waited for him she set the untidy house straight. When he came he nodded his satisfaction at finding Miss Humphreys in charge. After giving her instructions as to what was to be done, he took her aside into the little parlor.

"The child must go," he said "she'll never be able to look after him again."

"Oh, doctor."

"Yes, yes, I know, Miss Humphreys. The old couple will feel it, but they can't possibly do the child justice. The old woman has broken herself down with the child, and paid a pretty pittance, too! The child will have to go elsewhere. In fact I know the very woman to have him. They'll have to pay more for him, the brutes. I wish I had the hanging of some people."

Miss Humphreys smiled at the unprofessional heat; and all at once it struck Dr. Madox that she was a charming woman.

"But the child will suffer," she pleaded wistfully.

"My dear child," said the doctor. He was a handsome man of forty-five, and Eleanor Humphreys blushed when he called her "my dear child." "Do you really suppose for a minute," he went on, "that the poor little chap will know where he goes to or who has him? Every sense is dead in him, except perhaps, very slightly, the sense of touch. He is shut away by prison walls, merciful ones, perhaps, from the knowledge of any wrong or any cruelty that is done him. If he were ill-cared for, or starved, he would hardly know. But it is a matter of conscience with us that he should be properly cared for, just as if he were his mother's darling and a credit to every one."

A little later Hal's mother came one day with a rosy-cheeked, motherly woman who was to have the charge of the child.

As far as her meek, Christian soul permitted Eleanor loathed the unnatural mother, a large, handsome person in furs and velvets, she was very much put out at having to journey into these unknown parts without her carriage—but it was not an errand about which she cared to take her coachman and footman into her confidence.

"So stupid of me," she complained to old Mrs. Jewell. "Mrs. Ingram ought to have known you were too old, and I should not have been misled by her. So much obliged for what you have done. Is the poor child ready? Mrs. Vance will take excellent care of him, be sure, and when you are better will bring him to see you."

Jewell carried the child to the four-wheeler which was in waiting, with the tears running down the cracked roses of his cheeks. The lady swept away ignoring the presence of Miss Humphreys in her nurse's garb. Eleanor stood by Mrs. Jewell incapable of offering comfort. The sick woman had turned her face to the wall, and the little room looked cold, as though a heavenly light had just gone out.

While she stood there Hal's new guardian came running back.

"Bless'ee, don't fret," she panted,

lifting Mrs. Jewell's limp hand. "I know what it is to lose 'em. I've buried my two. But if I wrong him, woman dear, that and more may God do to me? And he shall come see thee, that he shall. We ba'int more that a few miles away."

It comforted Eleanor Humphreys to see that Dr. Madox's choice was so excellent a one. After all little Hal went from one good home to another. And it was true that the Jewells were old, and were likely to leave the child too soon.

For two or three weeks there was no news of Hal. Mrs. Jewell was sitting up by this time, and Jewell was talking of going to see the child. Eleanor Humphreys was at home once more since Mrs. Jewell no longer needed her constant presence.

To her, sitting over a late breakfast, —she had been out to Mass and was healthily hungry,—came Dr. Madox one morning. His face wore an expression of great perplexity.

"You want me," she said, springing to her feet.

"I want you," he replied, and there was more in the words than the anxiety of a good doctor to secure himself a competent coadjutor. "I want you, I've been sent for to Hal, the poor little beggar."

"He is ill?"

"Not in an ordinary sense. There, my dear, don't fret about him. He will be all right. Mrs. Vance sent for me yesterday. The child keeps moaning incessantly. Great God if I had brought such a child into the world, I would consume myself in love so as to get at the little lost creature behind those bars! Mrs. Vance had sent for the mother. We went there. She would not hear at first of the child going back to the Jewells. But I persuaded her,"—his face was firm,—"I threatened her. 'The child will die, Madam,' I said. 'There will be an inquest and it will be my duty to have you and your husband summoned?' She quailed then. To think, Eleanor, that she should be a woman, that women can be so much unlike! so heavenly and so much—the other thing."

He broke off, and paced up and down the room in excitement.

"It is my fault," he said. "Yet I acted for the best. To think of making that child suffer! Good God, Eleanor, we see hard things, but I am not case-hardened to that."

She did not rebuke him for calling her by her name. Something of pride and joy in him mingled with the grief on her face as she watched him pacing up and down.

"Even now," he said, "when the child must return, who is to attend him?"

"I, Dr. Madox."

"You, Eleanor?"

"My time is all my own. I am close at hand. I can come every day and do for the child the things needful that are beyond Mrs. Jewell's strength. I ought to have offered to do it before. Then this would not have happened."

They went together and brought back the child to his one home. His moaning never ceased—it was heartbreaking to hear it—till they brought him to the delighted and surprised old couple and they took his little hands in their feeble and trembling grasp. Then the moaning ceased, and as much of a smile as Hal's wan little face ever knew came to his lips.

But the shock of that uprooting had been too much. The Christmas child, come home again at Christmas, passed into a gentle decline. Everything that love and knowledge could do was done for him but he died in the following Summer.

"My dearest," said Dr. Madox as he drew Eleanor away from the little grave. "Think how kind it is after all! These old people cannot live very long; and he proved that no one could take their place to him."

But the old Jewells are alive still,

and well cared for. Sometimes Mrs. Jewell will tell a new acquaintance of the great beauty and wisdom of her miraculous child, the child that never grew up.

"And if you don't believe me," she would say, "ask Mrs. Madox. We never speak of Hal but what she cries. And if he was that to her think what he was to us, for he thought more of us than all the world. Why I've seen Mrs. Madox, Lord reward her, look at the baby on her breast, and her eyes fill with tears. I knew then she was thinking of our Hal that no one ever wanted before we did,—the child that never grew up."

SHALL "NOBLESSE OBLIGE" PREVAIL IN IRELAND?

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.

A month or two ago there was held in the garden of an Irish aristocrat a meeting of fashionable persons of either sex. They came together to give voice to the sorrows which have fallen upon the creme de la creme of Irish society. Betrayed by the foreign power on which for centuries this section had leant, and rejected by the people whom for the same period they had oppressed, they yet found some comfort, like Lir's lonely daughters, in telling their woes to the stars and to each other. Mr. Carson, Q. C., an able lawyer who had pinned his faith to the cause only to find that he must become an out-and-out English Tory or nothing, was the spokesman, and his plaint was certainly strong. But what avails such threnodies now? The die is cast; the people are the masters in Ireland today; and it is to these the Unionists must go if they desire to get a hearing.

> As long as Ireland did pretend,
> Like sugar loaf turned upside down,
> To stand upon its smaller end,

there was little heed of what the people clamored for. When the shadow of approaching doom cast its chill upon the haughty lords of the soil a desperate expedient was tried. They called in the aid of Swift. "Whoever could make two ears of corn or two blades of grass to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together." Taking this for his text the Hon. Horace Plunkett started out a few years ago as the apostle of a new Irish party—the party of co-operation in dairy farming and improved cattle-breeding, as opposed to mere politics. The philanthropist met with a tolerable measure of success, until in an unlucky hour after dinner, he let slip the admission that his movement was designed to shelve Home Rule and drive the political agitators from the field. This faux pas of the Hon. Mr. Plunkett's was largely instrumental in bringing about the defeat of his party, when the first vote of the people was cast under the Irish Local Government Act. The fact that this act was awaited with a seeming indifference by the people of Ireland evidently led the Unionists into a position of false security. They believed that the dissensions of the Irish political sections had created so profound

a disgust in the popular mind that wherever a candidate came forward on the platform of economic reform and material improvement he was pretty sure of getting a fair hearing. In fancy the Unionists beheld a large addition to their sixteen Ulster seats in the Imperial Parliament, besides a preponderance in many places in the Irish County and District Councils. The actual result of the new elections came, therefore, like a thunderbolt from a blue sky.

Many thoughtful people here read of the results of the elections with ominous head-shakes. They regarded it as a very discouraging circumstance for the cause of fair play all around that so little representation has been accorded the minority. Twenty-six out of a total of thirty-three County Chairmanships have fallen into the hands of the Nationalists, while even in Ulster, where lay the main strength of the Unionist party, ninety-six out of a total of a hundred and thirteen district councils have been also captured by the triumphant party. This was contrary to the advice tendered the electorate by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, Mr. J. E. Redmond and other persons who thought they had sufficient influence with the masses to exert some control over their choice. But we must not forget that the provocation to a policy of exclusion was keen.

Local government in Ireland, as contradistinguished from the systems bearing the same name in England and Scotland, may not inappropriately be described as an understudy of Home Rule. This is another name for national autonomy. Its popular meaning is entire control of the whole range of domestic concerns, leaving all the greater affairs of empire, such as foreign policy and colonial administration to the Imperial Government. This is the accepted meaning of Home Rule for Ireland. In Canada and Australia, where Home Rule exists in practice, the phrase has a somewhat wider significance. There it also means entire control of the fiscal policy of the country. Each state has the right to institute its own system of tariffs and custom duties, adopting either free trade or protection, even against the mother country, as it found most desirable in its own interest. In Ireland such was not understood. The custom laws of the United Kingdom were to rule all three members of it. So it was provided in the Home Rule scheme of Mr. Gladstone. This difference may appear to many as trifling, but in reality it involved the most vital of all political principles. So divergent are the respective economic conditions of Great Britain and Ireland that the commercial policy which has resulted in the unparalleled prosperity of the one country has proved the deadly bane of the other. Free trade, for a manufacturing country which imports most of its food, was the one true solution of a problem which had long vexed the minds of statesmen. Free trade for a purely agricultural country, such as Ireland, spelt disaster and decay. And this has been the condition of Ireland ever since the passage of the corn laws and the building of ocean clippers and great freight steamers. Wheat grown in Manitoba and California, and beef fed on American pastures for which no rent is paid, can be placed on British markets almost as quickly and at less cost than the produce of Irish land, for which the highest penny of rent is exacted. Formerly, under the various protective tariffs, Ireland had a monopoly of these markets; now she is practically barred out. If she were a manufacturing country, she could offset the loss to some extent; but her industrial situation is deplorable. Here, then, we have the crux of the Home Rule question. As long as Ireland is forced

to adopt the economic policy of England, even under Home Rule she cannot become a really prosperous country. Hence the advantage derived by the inauguration of the new system of Local Government at present appears to be little more than sentimental—speaking from a monetary or substantial point of view. It has, however, some beneficial attributes that are not quite apparent to the superficial observer, or the one not entirely acquainted with the whole range of conditions.

One of the most manifest advantages of the change is the opportunity presented to the people for the first time to be schooled in the art of self-government. Hitherto they had been spared all the trouble of legislating for themselves. Now they have been taught the onus of responsibility, and they will learn that it is much easier to condemn what those in power do than to initiate a purer and a better system. Under the obsolete system grand jury rooms and poor law boards were generally regarded as foci of public and private corruption and political jobbery. The fiscal powers of the grand juries and poor-law guardians are now transferred to the hands of the men elected by popular franchise, instead of bodies selected, in large part, by the officers of the crown in Ireland, and the first difficulty to confront the popular bodies will be how to escape the same influences in the awarding of contracts and filling of offices which proved irresistible to more aristocratic human nature. If they can get rid of the old system of favoritism and lobbying, in the administration of public affairs, they will have learned a most valuable lesson in the science of responsible government.

It was the contention of the Conservatives, when challenged about an alternative policy to Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule one, that while maintaining the integrity of the Union, the Unionist party was prepared to satisfy every reasonable want of Ireland short of that measure. When the glove was thrown down to the people, daring them to prove that Home Rule was not dead, it is little wonder that the gage was promptly picked up. Local government could never be a substitute for Home Rule, because while the former is very good in its way, in giving each locality the control of its own resources, it never could accomplish any national object. Each locality must naturally consider its own immediate interest in everything proposed for the general welfare. For instance, were it necessary for the purposes of national defense that a line of strategic railway be laid from two given points, it would be impossible to get counties outside of its sphere to join in the raising of the necessary funds or giving the necessary guarantees. But a Home Rule parliament would have, on the other hand, ample power to decree local levies as for a national object whose benefits each locality would enjoy, indirectly at least, if not otherwise. Such was the case with regard to several works undertaken by Grattan's Parliament in the eighteen years when the hand of England had been loosed from around its neck.

Those who may think that the Irish majority ought to be content with what they have got, and abandon Home Rule as an unattainable chimera, would do well to look a little more closely into existing conditions. Two incentives of the most powerful kind prompt them to perseverance in the larger aim. There is a religious motive and a financial motive—both of enormous importance. First of all, there is the trouble about a Catholic university. Mr. Balfour, the leader of the Government in the House of Commons, has confessed the justice of the Catholic demand for facilities for higher education, and has vainly

endeavored to "educate" his followers up to the necessity for conceding it. But the English Nonconformists as well as the Ulster Presbyterians and Orangemen threaten him with direful pains and penalties if he make any attempt to give effect to his views on this delicate subject. On the other hand, the Irish majority declare their determination never to cease agitating until their just demands are complied with. Two of the most respected of the Irish hierarchy, Cardinal Logue and the Archbishop of Dublin, declare that there is no solution for the tangle but Home Rule; and it is difficult to see what answer can be given to this forcible proposition. The financial difficulty is hardly less insuperable. Ireland, according to the finding of the late Royal Commission on Financial Relations, is overtaxed, according to the scale laid down in the Act of Union, to the amount, approximately, of about seventeen million dollars annually, for her contribution to the imperial exchequer. This verdict, it should be borne in mind, was rendered by a committee composed entirely of English members of Parliament. It was set aside and pooh-poohed by the present government, and the Irish members have vainly endeavored to have the matter fully debated in the House of Commons. This, it must be confessed, is an intolerable wrong. As one of the Irish members declared, it would constitute a cause of war were Ireland in a position to fight. For the richer and stronger country to take advantage of her helplessness and refuse redress for a gross injustice, is inexcusable. Ireland can hardly be expected to rest content under such a state of things. No stronger argument for a separation of the fiscal arrangements of the two countries could possibly be found.

These, then, primarily, were the reasons why the elections furnished so emphatic an answer to the challenge of the Unionists. To show that Home Rule was not dead, although there was dissension in the Home Rule camp, was at once felt to be the most imperative duty.

In the manner in which the great revolution was wrought there is a strong argument for the fitness of the people for the responsibility of public life. Every contest, save in a couple of places where local landlord candidates spent a litle money to foment disturbances, was decided in the most business-like quiet and good humor. Several of the landed nobility were returned on the Councils. Lord Fitzgerald, Lord Monteagle, Lord Emly, Lord Castlerosse, Lord Dunraven, and a few more came forward on the National ticket and subscribed to the requisite pledges.

It is by no means reasonable to blame the National party for making a determined effort to break forever from the old system. Under that system, wherever the Conservative element was in the ascendant, the most rigid exclusiveness was adopted in the public administration. Take the case of the South Dublin Union, for instance. There, ever since its establishment, the Tories had everything in their hands, as there was but a small Liberal minority. As a consequence not an officer was ever appointed save one of the Tory stripe; and not a contract was given save to a member of the same party. The ex-officio element—a moiety selected by the Government, not elected like the other guardians—never attended at the board unless there was a friend to be appointed to an office or a contract to be awarded. On other occasions, they were not to be seen. They also invariably mustered in force whenever the religion of a deserted child had to be decided. Unless there was overwhelming proof that the child had been baptized as a Catholic, they decided that the waif must be brought

up as a Protestant. This system had gone on for generations. Small wonder that the other side should take advantage of the first chance offered to put an end to it at once for all.

In appealing to the Nationalist masses to return a proportionate number of Unionists, as Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, Mr. Redmond, and others did, they were simply demanding what it was impossible for human nature to do. Did anyone ever know of a political contest in this country conducted on strictly political lines—save where corrupt influences are allowed to prevail? Political corruption is far worse than the most rabid and unreasoning partisanship. The Irish Unionists have been always consistent. They never conceded a single iota to their Nationalist opponents in Ulster and other spots where they happened to be in the majority. They cannot logically complain when they find the flattery of imitation paid them by their political adversaries.

So far the newly-enfranchised Irish democracy has shown itself fully alive to the importance of its new functions. Extended reports of the various Councils appear in the daily and weekly press, and they exhibit a wonderful spirit of sobriety and intelligent conception of duty on the part of the new public bodies. They contrast very favorably, indeed, all are compelled to admit, with those on the other side of the Channel, whose unseemly and often disagreeably disorderly proceedings not infrequently engage the pencils of the reporters. It has been remarked that the average Irishman has a natural aptitude for politics, and this inherent faculty has been greatly sharpened by the political events of the past twenty years. The system of political organization has been reduced by these events, almost to an exact science, and the local League meetings have in numerous instances formed so many schools for the study of political and economic problems as well as schools for logical debate and the art of declamation. Many visitors from England, in recent days, have attended the new council meetings, and have given expression to the astonishment and admiration they felt at the mode in which public business was transacted by men new to public life, for the most part.

Colonel Saunderson, who has been beaten on his own ground, stigmatizes the outcome as "mob rule." This is petty spite and mere childishness. Under the old system public business was never conducted with more order than under the new. It is order that differentiates the army from the mob. We have lately seen how in Paris a mob may be composed of titled aristocrats, with whom the principle of noblesse oblige was powerless to restrain the tendency to behave as drunk and infuriated rowdies.

It may be urged that in the absence of the landed gentry from the public life of the country Ireland will be a loser. The answer to this is, that the public service is open to all comers who believe in the principle of Irish Nationality. Hitherto the landed gentry, for the most part, have taken sides against the people. They rested exclusively on English support, and were content to be dubbed "the English garrison." That support is now reduced to the merest semblance. They have been cut off or bought off, and there is no longer the shadow of a claim on their part to be of the slightest value to England as a prop of the imperial power. Not one of them can now command a vote. If they be politically ostracized, in their own country, the estrangement is a matter of their own choosing. Every moral and material consideration urges that they throw in their lot at length with the rest of the people. They cannot but perceive the gravity

of the economic problem before the country, with a rapidly dwindling population, diminishing resources, and public burdens increasing in inverse ratio to the shrinkage of the census. The youthful strength of the country is leaving it as fast as ships can be had to bear it away, and the aged and feeble are left to bear the burden of the struggle for existence. With the decline in population, every year witnesses a corresponding narrowing of the cultivated area; many thousands of acres are now annually added to the millions already classified under the heading of waste and unreclaimed. The imperative needs of Ireland, while she prepares to renew the battle for control of her own concerns, are the establishment of a system of industries such as she possessed before the Union, and an improved system of agriculture. Her once splendid butter trade is now almost altogether confined to the home market, owing to the superior packing and preparation of the produce of Normandy, Denmark, and Holland. Improved methods must be adopted if this important trade is to be preserved. Technical schools, both for agriculture and the mechanical arts are needed in every centre. It will be in the power of the Councils to foster the revival of industries by granting guarantees to practicable railway projects and encouraging home manufactures wherever they can be found, instead of foreign. There are many industries which once formed the mainstay of certain districts which might be revived under favorable local conditions—such as the once flourishing shipbuilding trade of Cork and Waterford. The glass industry was at one period a very important one in Ireland, where sand of the finest quality exists in great abundance; the trade is now extinct, although the sand is still to be had. There is no valid reason why it should not be successfully revived. There are scores of other industries which have been killed by foolish strikes. We know of no higher patriotic duty than that of resuscitating the lost industries of the country, and in such a work the landed gentry could have no difficulty in bearing the principal part.

In the eighteenth century, ere the Irish metropolis had been shorn of its prestige as the seat of legislation and government, the city fulfilled the function of a true metropolis. It was the focus of letters, arts, and all the refining influences that halo the march of industrial conquest. It had its Houses of Lords and Commons, while being also the locale of the Viceregal Court. The members of both houses, numbering about four hundred in all, had their town residences in the capital, as well as their country residences in distant places. The mansions of most of the Lords were palaces—vast, elegant, luxurious; thronged in the season with the brightest wit and the most famous queens of beauty. Their salons were decorated by skilful artists and sculptors from the Italian, French, and German studios. On such fabrics as the Earl of Charlemont's, Lord Powerscourt's, the Duke of Ormond's, and a score of others of equal rank, fabulous sums were spent annually, on decoration, furnishing, entertainments, and the maintenance of princely retinues. Dublin, at that period, was known everywhere as one of the most attractive of the world's capitals. When all these glories vanished, as they did as if by magic, when the blow of the Union fell upon the country, it was as if the fire had been quenched on the domestic hearth. Art fled when wealth and patronage took wing; trade followed in the track of the two. Before a decade was over half the shopkeepers in Dublin at the passage of the Union had been made bankrupt. There had been a magnifi-

cent publishing trade in the city; engraving, typography, and bookbinding were here found in their highest excellence. Forty paper mills studded the sylvan banks of the river known as Anna Liffey—a fact which shows how extensive was the permanent as well as the ephemeral literature of the epoch. The great book trade was soon transferred to the banks of Father Thames; the paper mills have vanished all but one. The staple manufactures of Dublin now are Guinness's, porter and Jameson's whiskey. The Union robbed Ireland of every refining and civilizing influence, and left in their stead only those that tend to degrade and enslave.

With these higher incentives to maintain the struggles for the recovery of her stolen Legislature, Ireland has further substantial ones for refusing to be content with Mr. Chamberlain's panacea of County Councils. She is compelled to send to London whenever an Act of Parliament is needed—even for what is known as a private bill. London lawyers must be engaged, if a single new mile of railway is to be laid down, and a host of witnesses must be sent to the English metropolis and maintained there before the bill is passed. Englishmen who know nothing of the local circumstances are called upon to decide whether the bill ought to be passed or not, and all this farcical procedure is carried on at ruinous expense to the Irish petitioners and finally the Irish public.

It is a crucial hour for the landed class in Ireland. Their fate is in their own hands. They have been thrown over by the foreign power for which for seven centuries they formed the resident garrison. One of the most conspicuous traits in the character of the Irish people is their readiness to forget old wrongs and forgive the worst faults of their traditional enemies. The Irish landed class have it in their power to do much toward the regeneration of Ireland. If they elect to remain sulking in their tents, and taking no part in the struggle for national life, they will voluntarily place themselves in the anomalous position of capital without representation. The hour calls upon them to be up and doing like men—to remember at last that they too have a country.

AT CHRISMASTIDE.

BY JOHN E. DONLEY.

Hushed the strife of warring ones;
Shriven each heart of the hate it bore;
From clime to clime one sweet song runs:
"Oh come, let us adore."

IN HIS NAME.

BY ANNIE G. MURRAY.

Mrs. Maguire, turning from her mince pies, beckoned the shivering boy toward the big kitchen stove.

"Well," she exclaimed, when the nearly famished creature had gulped some marvelous mouthfuls of the hot pie she had quickly cut. "You are hungry! But pile in. I never let any one hungry from my door. I give, "In His Name," for *He* never meant any created thing, cats, or dogs, or birds, no more'n men, to go famished —besides, it's Christmas day,—just think—the Lord's birthday!"

"You're like to come to want yet;—feeding every tramp creature that begs at your door," snapped a grim female. The elder woman seldom differed from her husband's cousin.

"Wait!" she exclaimed, when, well-rested and warmed and fed, the boy looked toward the snow-covered country road; "Do you expect to come back this way?" She had meanwhile discovered that his command of English was limited to nods, and unconnected words. How he nodded! "His hands must be awful cold," she commented to the grim Mary Anna. Then, with a manner half apologetic, "I'm wondering if I hadn't better lend him that blue mitten, husband's sister knitted me? Tain't no good to me. You might give him your'n too, Mary Anna. He wouldn't be particular that they're both knit for the right hand,—pretty cold out doors,—and it's Christmas!"

"Kate!" severely, "I wouldn't give my mitten for less than a thousand dollar bill. Didn't Hanora Maguire give one blue mitten to each of her Maguire relations to treasure safe and sure, till she died? 'Keep this blue mitten I give you, till I die,' were her very words."

With much fluster, for she felt rebuked, but wilful, the farmer's wife drew something from a drawer in her old-fashioned dresser. "There! Let me cover your right hand. One warm hand you'll find better than two cold ones. Warm? Ain't it a blue one, and a big one—put both hands in! But mind, I only lend this! Bring—this —mitten— back— some—time—when —you—pass—this—way."

"Ya— Ya some day!" he softly replied. At the same time from his pocket he brought out a small tarnished coin. He held it coaxingly forth. The good woman for a moment looked bewildered, till suddenly it dawned upon her that the youth meant to pay for her generous attentions. "My! If he ain't proud!" and she laughed till her flesh shook, as if it were loose, on its large frame. Merriment having had full vent, and being the soul of kindness, she took the coin from his still outstretched hand, but did not wait till his back was turned, to drop it carelessly in the open drawer.

"You may have sold your legacy for a laugh," quoth the irrepressible Mary Anna, who owed a comfortable home to Mrs. Maguire's easy-going nature. "You'll never see any reward from your charities. Folks on this earth ain't watching to praise you, and the ones you mean to help get to expecting too much, so it never pays to be over-generous—and—"

"I warm up my own heart when I help any needy thing, and that's all the reward I look for," the older woman replied, good-naturedly but after a manner of her own which occasionally silenced Mary Anna.

. . . . . .

Twenty years had passed, and one cold, November morning all of the Ma-

guire name were assembled to hear the reading of the will of their lately deceased relative, Hanora.

"So everyone will understand his or her chance and requirement," resumed the lawyer, "to each one herein named, Hanora has bequeathed one thousand dollars. But—with a condition attached; that each produce within the specified period of one month, the blue mitten presented to each one with her injunction, "to be treasured" till her death. Any one mentioned, failing to produce the mitten for redemption on the morning of December 25th next, shall forfeit his or her share."

"Such a will is an outrage to common sense," roared an unnamed kinsman.

"And that mitten she knit, I threw in the rags years ago;" groaned another.

"Mine," moaned Mary Anna, "got burned up when I dropped a lighted match into the drawer, just before we moved from the other house. And the mean thing dyed that wool from a secret of her own concoction," she sadly appended. Mary Anna had been dubbed "Old Crafty" by her disrespectful relatives. Mrs. John Maguire wearied herself in search for her blue mitten before she would admit that it was gone beyond hope. Even then she did not bemoan her kindly impulse. Still, as Mary Anna said, "One thousand dollors is a good deal to pay for the gratitude of a half frozen boy; particularly when needing the money bad as you do, and he being a miserable foreigner into the bargain."

As though misfortune could time itself to multiply in the worst season, just before Christmas Mr. Maguire had a stroke of paralysis. The doctor told the wife that, while her husband might live years, he would never walk again.

"What shall we do?" the good woman exclaimed, on that Christmas morning when the more prudent heirs were to receive their legacy, "the mortgage interest has all gone to pay the doctor; and I've now got to hire the planting; and I ain't got a cent, nor a friend to help me get one!"

"Wife!" called the sick man from the inner room, "Didn't you keep that blue mitten in the same drawer with Mary Anna's?"

"Likely I would, if I'd had the sense to keep it at all!"

"Console yourself, then. If you hadn't given it away, it would a-got burnt up with her'n, any way. It was bound to go."

Yet, philosophy could not remedy their present needs. Seated by the kitchen dresser on Christmas morn, Mrs. Maguire aimlessly pulled out the drawer, blackened with its acquaintance with Mary Anna's match, and filled with housekeeper's odds and ends. She expected the lawyer to call. To be sure she knew, and everybody else in town knew, that she had misused her trust; still, his formal duty required that he should learn it from her own lips, on that Christmas Day.

Engrossed with the contents of the drawer, its prayer-book, its recipes, and an undarned sock or two, she failed to notice a stranger coming up the crisp path, until he paused on the broad step before her open kitchen door.

As, startled, she looked up, something shiny rolled un-noticed from her lap to the floor; stooping swiftly, then holding up to her view the small coin which she had dropped, the stranger exclaimed, "Madame, tell me where—where did you get this?"

"Why—why?" in surprised answer to his contagious excitement, "I—it was given me by a boy—a poor boy—about twenty years ago. I gave him food, and he gave me that—and it's been here ever since. Is it counterfeit?" The good woman trembled, while the well-garbed and comfortable looking stranger continued to turn the coin between his fingers in evident and eager scrutiny.

"Is it counterfeit?" she repeated.

"No;" he slowly returned, "on the contrary it is so valuable that I will give you two hundred dollars for it. What do you say?"

"Husband, do you hear? Two hundred dollars for a bit of old silver I'd have given away to anybody that asked for it any day. But—" her voice breaking, "It ain't mine; it belongs to that boy!"

"I am that boy," smilingly returned the stranger," and the coin is yours, honestly and legally. Yes, I am that boy, then an emigrant, friendless and moneyless. You were the first creature in this land to treat me kindly, and to warm and cheer me on the long cold road of exile. Other women had turned away, afraid of me perhaps. How well I remember it all. I stood by an old tree wondering whether I dared go up to your door, and aimlessly scraping at the dried bark, when, to my amaze, I loosened this coin, which some one probably generations before, had pushed under a layer of the bark. I remember how elated I felt over my find though of course knowing then nothing of its value, and when you treated me so kindly, I began to feel strong and buoyant again, and I tried to show you in my boyish way that I was not a beggar by giving you the only coin I owned,—and—" stopping her as she would have spoken, "I have always felt that, indirectly, I owed to you all that I am, for,—"speaking more rapidly, and with that trace of accent which she began to believe she recognized, "I kept on my way cheerfully to the next town, where I had the fortune to meet a countryman of my own, who took me in, fed and clothed me, and made me—till—I am now a manufacturer and —rich!"

"But how did you find me?" she questioned simply.

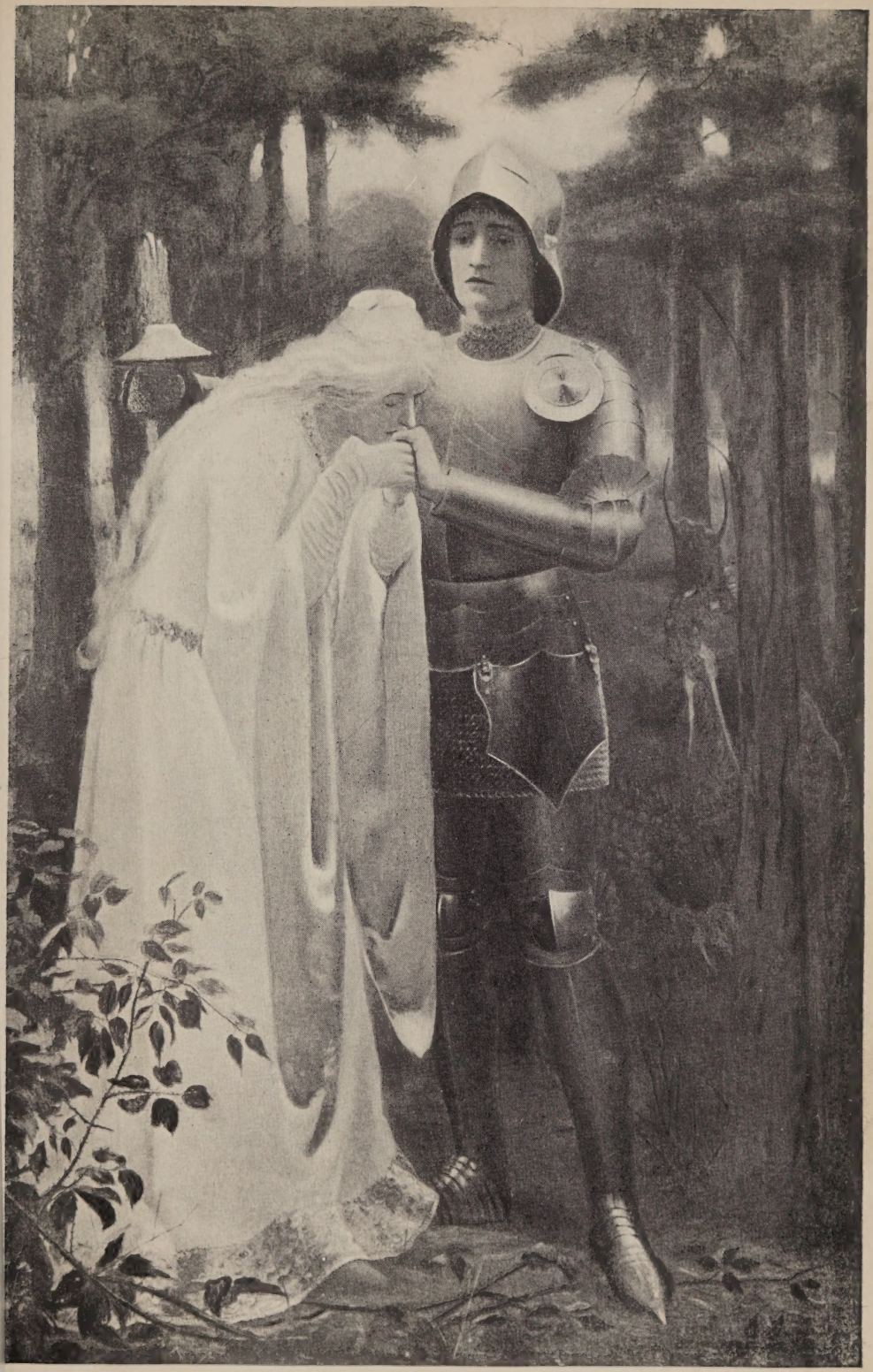
He smiled. "Why—all the world has heard of Hanora Maguire's peculiar will and your loss of that blue mitten, and I, as one of the world, though I only live a dozen miles away, heard of it in course of transit, and have come to return to you the blue mitten, which I have kept safely all these years." And here this Monte Cristo of Mrs. Maguire's dreams carefully withdrew from a inner pocket of his big coat, the long lost and precious blue mitten. There was no mistaking that color. Hanora had taken care that it could not be duplicated by other skill or craft than her own.

"O dear!" sighed Mary Anna who was now almost decrepit from rheumatism, and seldom left a fireside corner, "O—if I had only had the good heart to give mine too!"

"But do not think I forgot you," continued the visitor, who still stood on the door step. "Ten years ago, I made up my mind to find you. I found only new people in the old house;—of course I might have questioned them about you," apologetically, "but anyway, here I am at last, not alone to return the blue mitten, which means your legacy, but also, as I find, to buy this valuable New England silver two-penny, which is worth—"

"All you will pay for it," laughingly interrupted the Lawyer, who had come up the path and had stood silently by for the last minute. "Take it, Mrs. Maguire," he answered to her unspoken question, "this man is the most famous coin collector, in this country,—and he knows just what that New England silver two-penny is worth, and knows too just what he is doing every time. Congratulations, Mrs. Maguire."

The good woman kissed first the wonderful one thousand dollar bill which the lawyer left in exchange for her recovered blue mitten, and then the check for two hundred dollars. "This two hundred, I will give to you, poor Mary Anna, straightway, for our Lord has done more than remembered me for what I did "In His Name." And, oh, what a beautiful day for *His* birthday!"



"Go where glory waits thee,
But while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.

When the praise thou meetest
To thine ear is sweetest,
Oh! then remember me.'

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

BY WILLIAM HOPKINS.

Archbishop Chapelle, the Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines, mingled much with American and foreign diplomats at Washington. He came to America in 1875 and was soon assigned to a charge in the See of Baltimore under Cardinal Gibbons. Two years later he was transferred to St. Matthew's church in Washington. He became a power at the capital and enjoyed the confidence of statesmen, irrespective of creed or nationality. His tact won him favor at the Vatican and in 1891 he was sent to Santa Fe, N. M., as coadjutor of the diocese, with the title of Bishop of Albissis. In 1893 he was raised to the rank of bishop. His administrative ability again asserted itself and the year 1895 found him Archbishop of Santa Fe. In New Mexico Archbishop Chapelle acquired a perfect knowledge of the Spanish tongue. His constant intercourse with the Spaniards gave him an insight into their manners and customs. In 1897 New Orleans archdiocese was without a spiritual head, and Archbishop Chapelle was transferred to that see.

When appointed Papal Delegate to Cuba and Porto Rico, His Grace consecrated a new archbishop of Santiago de Cuba, and a bishop of Porto Rico, Rt. Rev. James H. Blenk.

At last an eager reading public has been permitted to know the name of the author of "My New Curate." He is the scholarly Irish priest, Rev. P. A. Sheehan, of Doneraile. And, now that his wonderfully popular story has been put into book form, the personality of the author becomes of yet wider interest.

Father Sheehan was born in the beautiful little town of Mallow, St. Patrick's day, 1852. Here he spent his younger years sitting by side with William O'Brien in the quiet National School, and here he witnessed some of those strange incidents which were stirring Ireland at that period. Father Sheehan was educated at Maynooth, and spent the first two years of his priesthood in Plymouth, England. It reflects credit alike upon him and on the diocese he first served, that he maintains, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, the most intimate and affectionate relations with the bishop, priests and people of Plymouth. Recalled to his native diocese, Father Sheehan spent four years in his home parish of Mallow. Here he made his first essay into literature; and it is curious as well as characteristic that Father Sheehan's initial contributions should be children's tales. His love for little children amounts to almost a passion. He has since produced several successful books, notably "Geoffry Austin, Student," and "The Triumph of Failure." Literature, hitherto a recreation, has become a vocation for Father Sheehan. If his life be spared, he thinks he has a good deal yet to say to the world.

The daily press of the country has allowed to escape no detail in the life of Mrs. Hazen, just wedded to Admiral Dewey. The wedding was informal and very quiet, being witnessed only by the members of Mrs. Hazen's immediate family, Lieutenant Caldwell, the admiral's secretary, and the members of Father Mackin's household. Interested spectators also were Rev. Joseph H. Foley and Rev. Sydney S. Hurlburt.

Mrs. Dewey is one of the long list

Courtesy of Literary Digest. Photo Copyright 1899, by F. B. Moore, New Orleans.

THE MOST REV. FRANCIS DE P. BARNADA,
Archbishop of Santiago, Cuba.

THE MOST REV. P. L. CHAPELLE,
Archbishop of New Orleans, Apostolic Delegate to Cuba and Puerto Rico, and to the Philippine Islands

THE RIGHT REV. JAMES H. BLENK, S. M.,
Bishop of Puerto Rico.

Courtesy of Marlier & Callanan.

REV. P. A. SHEEHAN,
Author of "My New Curate."

of the distinguished converts whom the eloquent ex-rector of the Catholic University brought to the church during his residence in Washington. Speaking of her faith, Mrs. Dewey said to a friend:

"No one can realize what a comfort my religion has been during the trials of these latter years. Had I not the strong aid which comes from a practical belief in the promises of our Redeemer, I do not believe that my mind could have withstood the awful sorrow caused by the tragic death of my only son. In such hours as these only religion can aid us. The things which the world counts as priceless show their nothingness. I have had much that is

MRS. MILDRED HAZEN.

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CLEMENT SCOTT.

esteemed by the votaries of the world, but I have found, in joy as well as sorrow, my faith is the greatest treasure which life has bestowed upon me."

Mr. Clement Scott, the well known dramatic critic, who is a convert to the Catholic church, has severed his connection with the London journals and has come to this country to embark in American journalism.

Mr. Scott gives the following reasons why he has ceased to officiate as a critic in London:

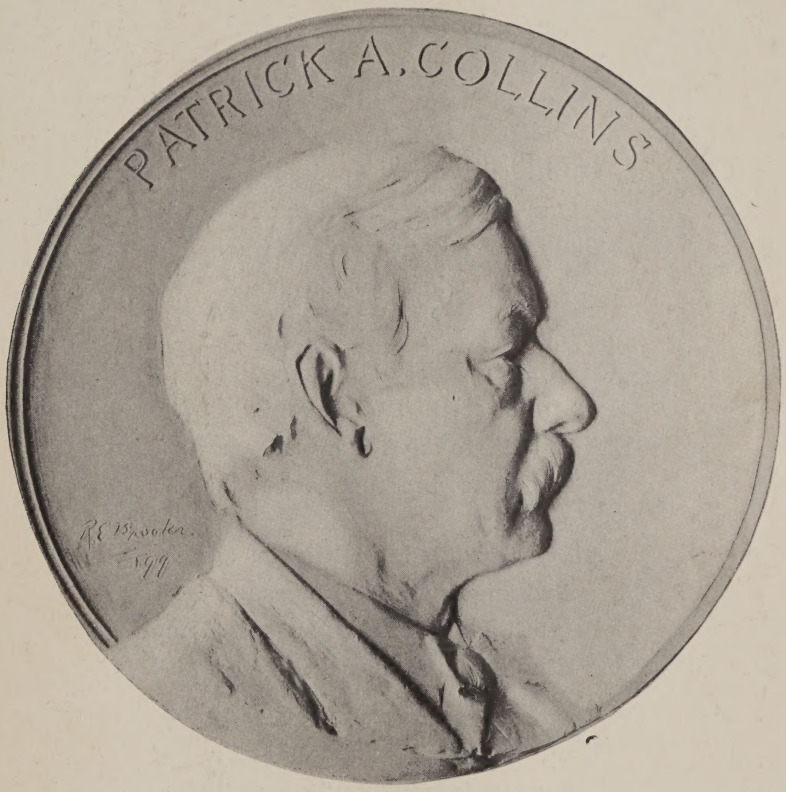
"Because, to my sorrow, I find that for the moment independence in criticism is a dead letter.

"Because I see, as plainly as I can see anything, that this glitter and glamor of society, which is misleading the stage, the dramatists, the actors, and the actresses, and is destroying

their art, aesthetically, and commercially, is a false jack-o-lantern miasmic marsh light, which to my sorrow, is undoing much that I have tried to do for years past as a labor of love.

"Because journalism, which used to be the master, has become the slave of the stage."

But will Mr. Scott find things much better in American dramatic criticism?



GEN. P. A. COLLINS.

Mr. Scott has a son in the army service corps with the troops in South Africa. Captain Philip Clement Scott is twenty-seven years of age, was married two years ago and now has a son. His mother was a sister of the late Mr. DuMaurier.

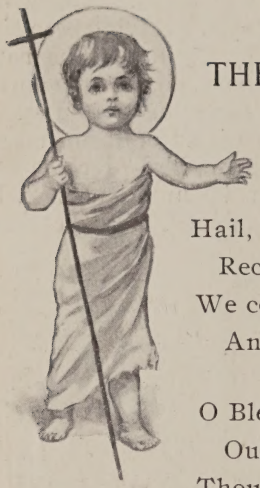
The Irish Catholics of Boston are the recipients of a graceful compliment in the nomination of Hon. P. A. Collins for mayor. He will be undoubtedly elected. But Mr. Collins, though a Democratic statesman, a patriotic Irish man, and a faithful Catholic, is far above the narrowness of party, race or creed. He will be chief executive for the whole people. Having been signally honored by the nation, he now returns to his home city for the crowning glory of his career of usefulness.

Mr. Collins is an orator of magnetic power. He presided over the Democratic National convention at St. Louis which re-nominated Mr. Cleveland to the Presidency, and his famous Albany speech is credited with having elected that candidate to the highest office in the land.

As Governor Roosevelt might say, Mr. Collins has led "the strenuous life." His activity has always been of the utilitarian kind.

And like his beloved and lamented friend, John Boyle O'Reilly, Mr. Collins believes from the very democracy of his heart and nature that:

"Blue blood is putrid blood,
The people's blood is red."



THE THREE-FOLD NATIVITY.

BY RICHARD S. CARTWRIGHT.

Hail, holy Child, eternal-born!
  Receive our humble praise.
We come to Thee this Christmas-morn,
  And high our anthems raise.

O Blessed Babe! we worship Thee,
  Our Strength, our Life, our Way;
Thou comest now to set us free.
  O happy Christmas-day!

Hail, holy Child of mother mild!
  Stretch forth Thy tiny hand,
And bless to-day this world, we pray,
  And peace breathe o'er the land!

All earth is glad, the heavens sing,
  And angels veil their eyes.
In truth Thou art the new-born King,
  Who in the manger lies.

Hail, holy Child! hail, Babe divine!
  For man's salvation born:
Oh! make our hearts like unto Thine,
  This joyous Christmas-morn.

We bring to Thee, not gifts of gold,
  Of incense, nor of myrrh;
But offerings of love untold,
  Of purity, of prayer.

A Coaching Scene in Old Virginia, 17th Century.

IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

THE GARDEN SPOT OF VIRGINIA.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

No matter how wearisome the journey, how dusty or disagreeable or lonely, it will all disappear when you leave the train and meet the warm, strong handclasp, and hear the hearty "Howdy!" and look up into the welcoming eyes that offer you the boundless hospitality of the Valley. Your anticipation has slipped away from you, perhaps, during the long, monotonous ride, and you have been indulging in retrospections of comforts left behind; but your mind will recover its equilibrium even while your hand is warm in that clasp, and the eyes will restore the anticipation transformed and transfigured into certainty.

Back there behind the mountains you and I were of moment, perhaps; men with men. But here we look up, for the Valley host is a giant of six feet or more, with a heart that is infinitely larger than his frame. But he does not know it; no, there is the charm. He believes and makes us believe that we are just as large as he, that we know as much and are as broad-minded and full hearted; that we realize the world is a big, fine place to be in, and its people the most delightful people to companion with.

It does not matter at all that he is our only acquaintance in the Valley. Before we are half way down the platform he is introducing us to the right and left, and we are receiving invitations to call, to take dinner, to stay a few days or a week or as long as we can be persuaded. We are being asked solicitously about our people at home,

our health, our weariness from the journey; and we thaw insensibly, and amaze ourselves with the questions and courtesies we give in return, questions and courtesies that would have been impossible in our reserve-cells at home. By the time we have reached the carriage we have lived another period in our lives; and in the hearty, social atmosphere of our present we feel ages away from the life we left three minutes before.

Above all things the Shenandoah Valley host is a farmer; but not as the farmer we know in the North and the West. His bank account may not increase as rapidly as that of his agricultural cousin of more economical and more methodical habits; but his social horizon is never narrowed for pecuniary reasons, and his day's pleasure never mortgaged by anxiety for need that may not come. His latch string is always out, and his good wife is never troubled at three or four or half a dozen strangers being ushered into her dining room without warning. More company means more conversation, more cheer, more warming of the heart-strings; the more work is not considered, for round at the kitchen there is Lizzie or Emma or Annie or Chloe, ready and eager to assume the larger share of the extra hand turns, and there is always little black Hawsey or Cleve, waiting with shining eyes to "run arrants." Chickens are legion in the back yard and along the borders of the grain fields, and two or three can be snatched up, and dropped into the pot even while the guests are being welcomed on the front porch. By the time their hats and wraps are off, and they are warming under the hearty welcome of the host, there is a skurrying of crossing feet in the kitchen, and a mingling of fragrant odors; to an outsider it would be confusion, but to the watchful eyes of the hostess it is merely a hastening of the dinner, to be reduced to order and method in due time by a few words and motions of her hand; and its result, as seen in the dining room a little later, will drive the last vestige of care

"DEER HUNTERS ORGANIZE INTO SMALL PARTIES IN THE FALL."

"Corn Shucking and Apple Butter Making are Characteristic Features of the Valley."

"In Spite of his Hospitality the Virginia Farmer does not Fall Behind."

from the faces of the guests and cause the eyes at the head of the table to beam yet more genially.

The social intercourse of the Valley is delightfully unique. People do not call, but go to spend the day, often remaining to supper and coming home in the evening. There is a busy time of harvesting in June, and of ploughing for new wheat in August and sowing of grain in September, and during those few weeks there is little interchanging of neighborhood courtesies, unless the houseful of machine hands and neighbors who "change off" work might be called such. But at other times the household that does not have guests at least two days in the week, and become guests two others, is an exception. To-day Mr. Phil and his family are down somewhere or up somewhere or over somewhere. Uncle Jack's house is full, and little black Martin informs us with glowing eyes that "dey's heaps o' company to we all's place, Miss Blanche an' Miss Mary an' Miss Sallie an' de whole o' de Huntses an' Mist' Stuart, an' de Lord knows who." We meet a carriage upon the road, among whom are some we know perhaps, and we find that they are going to spend the day "up the creek;" a little later we meet another carriage, turning into the road from some lane. These last are heading for the home of the occupants of the first carriage, but are no way dismayed when they learn that the house is closed for the day. There is sure to be some family in the immediate vicinity to whom they "owe a day," or with whom they would be glad spend a day. So they head their carriage for there, sure that they will be welcome, and that the chickens will

"In the Kitchen there is Lizzie, or Emma or Chloe."

be caught and fried and accompanied by all the appetizing things proper for a Shenandoah Valley table.

The people have a ceremonious courtesy which partakes more of the leisure days of Washington than of this later period of hurry. The hand even of the merest acquaintance is always grasped at meeting and at parting; the girls are never Mary and Alda and Edna, but Miss Mary and Miss Alda and Miss Edna; it is proper to ask after one's health and family's health, even though the conversation be only of a few moments duration; the surname is often omitted, but not in a way to imply undue familiarity; it is Mr. Ben and Mr. Luther and Mr. Sam, or if there is more than one of the same name, Mr. George A. and Mr. George K. . .

The women here do not attain dignity by marriage, in name. Miss Hetty and Miss Bec are Miss Hetty and Miss Bec forever. This of course is chiefly due to the negroes, to whom the "young mist'ess" never changes. But the more familiar term is apt to become current in the neighborhood, and we take dinner with Miss Bec and Miss Sally, instead of with Mrs. Coiner and Mrs. Leonard.

It is during the holidays, however, from Christmas to New Year, that the the Valley hospitality and social intercourse rises to its full tide. Then every house becomes an open hotel for entertainment; and every man, woman or child who crosses its threshold becomes a guest. Today there is a great turkey dinner here, with all the "fixings," and the house is filled with guests; to-morrow the dinner will be over yonder, and the diners here will go there; and the next day it will be somewhere else, and so on until all the guests have been hosts, and by that time the holidays will be over.

But in spite of his hospitality and leisure, the Valley farmer does not fall behind. The climate is genial and the soil fertile, and his crops are not exacting of labor; and withal, he is an energetic, hard-working man, shrewdly planning the hours of his labor to meet the needs of his leisure, and not allowing the one to dominate the other. When it is time to work, he works, bending his broad shoulders and strong muscles to the task; but when he takes on his more natural role of host entertaining guests, the work is put where it should be, in the background, and he does not allow a thought of what he could do or might do, to mar the thorough enjoyment of his present.

Wheat is his staple crop; and perhaps the next most profitable one, labor considered, is apples. Wheat is usually planted in the fall, the ploughing being done whenever there is sufficient rain to soften the ground in August, or even the latter part of July; though sometimes, when the season is unusually dry, the farmer is obliged to wait for the ground to "burn out"—that is, after a certain length of time, the hard-baked soil will become so dry that it will crumble into a fine powder, which is considered fit for ploughing, though the rain-softened land is preferred. Seed is put into the ground by the end of September, if possible, as early-sown wheat obtains a stronger stand to meet the severities of the winter. After that there is little for the wheat-grower to do until harvest time the following spring. About the middle of June a slight yellow tinge begins to appear in the great fields of swaying wheat, and this can be seen to deepen almost hour by hour, until by the end of four or five days or a week, the dark green has become a rich golden. Then the reapers enter the fields, and the swaying grain falls before the keen knives and is swept across the machines to drop in compactly-tied sheaves on the other side, thence to be gathered up and placed in a shock by the men who walk behind. A few days there, and then a neighboring threshing machine appears and the shocks are hauled to it by the wagon load and fed to the hungry teeth that tear and rend and shake un-

til the grain is separated and sent in a steady stream to the waiting measures and bags, at the rate of ten or twelve hundred bushels in a single day.

But in addition to wheat, many of the Valley farmers grow corn, varying in quantity with the stock they keep and the condition of the market. Sometimes they can sell it at a profit; often they find it pays better to feed the corn on the farm, even though extra swine are purchased to help do the eating. It makes more work, for there is the shucking to do after seeding, the planting to do before wheat harvest, and the three or four hoeings or cultivatings to be scattered through the summer; but there are always negroes to be hired for fifty cents a day, who are glad to take their pay in bacon and flour.

So although our Valley host is lavish in his entertaining; and to be envied for his leisure, his expenditures are not large—often not so large as those of the city professional man who finds it difficult to meet the needs of a small family. His wife's chickens and turkeys and geese are almost beyond count, and it is rare that a little darkey cannot run out and bring in a hatful of eggs; he raises his own bacon and grinds his own meal and fills his cellar with apples and potatoes; he selects enough of his wheat to grind twelve or fifteen or twenty barrels of flour, as his need may be—and it is an exceptional family whose guests do not help to consume at least twelve or fourteen barrels. He has horses and carriages for the entertaining of all those whom he can prevail on to be entertained, and has plenty of good hay and corn to keep the horses sleek and fat. And withal, he manages to buy a few more acres of mountain land for grazing, another wheat field, to set a few more apple trees, or perhaps to add another reaper or carriage to his rolling stock each year.

As already stated, the Valley host is a farmer. There are villages here and there, and clustering stores; but they are merely depots of supplies for the agricultural population. There is little manufacturing done in the Valley. Flour mills are found along the water courses, and grist mills on many of the creeks, and now and then a little shop that turns out an immense number of flour barrels and apple barrels and any other kind of barrels for which there may be a demand, but they all appeal directly to the patronage of the farmer. He embodies the dignity of the Valley. The farm boy has little incentive to seek the town, as in many places; rather the town boy looks enviously toward his acquaintance of the country, who owns a horse and buggy, and has plenty of time to use them.

Although more than thirty years have passed since the Great Civil War, the Valley yet smiles and pales with the remembrance of it. There were ludicrous things happened; and things which seemed serious at the time, but have grown ludicrous through the passing of the years; and yet other things which were fearful then, and are fearful still, though the eyes and memory were then young and are now old. Few families are there without an empty space, and few without representatives who left an arm or a leg or who lost part of their vitality upon some of the blood red fields of Virginia. Every boy who was old enough to shoulder a musket became a soldier, and there were only the women and small boys left to guard the plantations. Women will tell you of times when "the Yanks" invaded the Valley, and of the wave of dismay and confusion which the flying raids occasioned. Perhaps it was a boy on horseback, or the clanging of one of the great farm bells, that spread the news from house to house; but whatever it was, it scattered the valuables to well-thought out places of safety. If there were any horses left on the farm, boys were sent with them into the mountain, to hide them among the underbrush until the fleeting danger should be passed; cows and pigs and chickens were hidden and 'shoo'd" a-

way as well as time and circumstances permitted; and even the week's baking was looked to, for the experienced housewife knew that whatever else might be respected, the contents of the pantry and poultry yard and stable would be considered lawful war prizes. Other property was generally safe, and perhaps a guard would be detailed to keep the soldiers from molesting it; though occasionally there were instances of buildings being fired and razed to the ground. We think that we know something of the war through our readings, and through our personal experience perhaps; but when our hostess shows us where she concealed her week's baking, and points toward where her ten year old boy ran the horses into the mountains, and speaks of the brothers and uncles and neighbors who did not return from this battle or that battle, we feel that after all we of the outside know little of the real war.

The Valley has little respect for money and much for family. To belong to a good name is a guarantee of respectability. A girl is married to somebody from over the mountain, down the Valley, across in Tennessee or one of the Carolinas it may be, too far away for the neighbors to know aught of the bridegroom; but their first inquiries are not of his property or his business, but rather his name, and their verdict is that the girl has done well or ill according as his family ranks high or low.

The men are nearly all good marksmen, for though large game has grown scarce in the mountains, there are many wild turkeys and pheasants and quail—known here as partridges—and in the wilder recesses of the wooded slopes and ravines are occasionally found bear and deer. But for the most part, deer hunters organize into small parties in the fall and go over into West Virginia, or across the mountains to some of the old eastern plantations that have grown up to woods since the war. In both of these sections deer are quite plentiful.

The Valley boys, however, confine themselves chiefly to 'coons and 'possums, with an occasional fox. As soon as the fall seeding and shucking are over, if a boy does not already possess two or three hound dogs, he is pretty apt to supply himself by buying or borrowing from some of the neighbors; then in company with three or four other boys, and perhaps a negro or two to climb or cut down trees and add to the fun, he begins to spend the first half of moonlight nights in scouring the neighboring woods. Often we can hear the baying of the hounds a mile away. The boy now keeps his well-worn gun in a corner of the back porch, with his shot and powder horns suspended from a nail above it; and from a second nail within easy reach, is another horn, which he uses to call the dogs. We may try to blow this horn, and the only result will be our shame and discomfiture; but its owner will send forth a wild, reverberating blast that goes echoing across the fields and into the valleys and up the slopes beyond; and though the dogs may be fields away, they will hear and come baying toward home, with long, flying leaps, as eager to go 'possum hunting as the boys.

Corn shucking and apple butter making are both interesting and characteristic features of the Valley; the one usually held in a barn, with lanterns gleaming from the rafters in the evenings, the shuckers scattered among the corn heaps on the floor and over in the roomy alcoves, with perhaps a few negroes who sing and one who picks the banjo; the other out-of-doors, near the kitchen entrance, the huge copper kettle suspended from a pole, convenient for both the barrels of cider and barrels of quartered apples which are to be poured in as the mass boils down. It usually takes part of a night and a day to boil down the barrels of cider and

six or seven bushels of apples to eighteen or twenty gallons of apple butter; but the delicious butter will count appreciably toward the entertainment of the many guests that will come during the fall and winter. At many houses there are two or three of these boilings during the fall, and besides the fifty or sixty gallons of apple butter thus obtained, the pantry shelves and back cellar are packed with two or three hundred jars of preserved peaches, pears, cherries, grapes, huckleberries, strawberries, tomatoes, sweet and sour pickles, and perhaps other delicacies which the thoughtful housewife knows will prove welcome during the long winter, when the family and guests will come in from the bracing atmosphere with sharpened appetites. To the uninitiated the long rows of jars would seem sufficient to feed an army, but the housewife's anxiety is that they may be used up before the season comes to preserve more.

The Valley climate in winter is crisp and invigorating, as cold as that of middle New England, but lacking the humidity of the coast and the bitter east winds. It might be likened more to the Colorado climate, for its altitude is some two thousand feet above sea level, and its air very dry. Snow has remained on the ground two or three months at a time, from Christmas through March, and even into April, a condition appreciated by young people —and old people—who love sleighing.

So come on, all of you, all; for there is room enough and welcome enough, whether you be of the Valley or not. Bring round the sleighs and fastest horses, Emmett and Joe; and get on your wraps, Etta and Elva, and you too Aunt Bec and Alfred, and all the rest of you who will come! We'll take a glorious whirl across the snow out into this bracing atmosphere that will fill the lungs and warm the heart!

The Valley is not known as a health resort, and yet men have tried Texas and California and other sections, and then come here to find the benefit they had failed to obtain elsewhere; and a significant fact in the villages is to see the physicians go to the post office at mail times, and stand about upon the street corners and in the stores talking with other men of leisure. In brief, the Valley is not a good place to make money, but it is a good place for residence if one has some means, for the people are social, living inexpensive and the climate superb.

DARE NOT.

BY CLARENCE HAWKES.

Dare not to falter when the wave rolls in
That beckons you to action strong and grand,
For it may pass and leave upon the sand
A shipwrecked life that dared not to begin.

OUR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

BY REV. J. T. ROCHE.

"Lift up your eyes and see the countries for they are ripe for the harvest."

Whenever I want to feel humbled and bowed down in spirit I take up the "Annals of the Propagation of the Faith."There is nothing in Catholic literature like them—nothing that stirs an idle, self-complacent soul to shame so quickly and thoroughly as those simple narratives of apostolic labour, privation and suffering. They are a fitting supplement to the "Acts of the Apostles." When you have read them you lay them down, and feel as if you were trying to ride heavenward in a palace-car.

I have heard good men deplore the lack of interest which the Catholics of the United States manifest in foreign missions. I believe this is largely due to the dearth of missionary literature. Marshall's "Missions" is beyond the reach of the average Catholic reader. The foreign news of the weekly Catholic paper is chiefly confined to the doings of the Papal Court. The "Annals" are sent only to contributors. The great mass of American Catholics, as a consequence, know very little about the missionary activity of the church.

An intelligent and zealous Catholic lady, a graduate of one of our leading academies, came to me one day very much embarrassed. A non-Catholic friend, and prospective convert, had asked her what the Catholic church was doing for the conversion of the pagan in distant lands; and with all her fancied knowledge of church history she was totally at a loss for an answer. She had a dim recollection that the Catholic church was doing something--just what that "something" was she could not tell. She had heard of St. Francis Xavier's great work in India and Japan but that was the sum and substance of her knowledge of the Church's missionary labors. A single copy of the "Annals" gave her all the information she desired.

The little folder of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith tells us that it supports more than 5000 priests and 10,000 sisters. It tells us moreover, that it is the chief mainstay of more than one hundred and fifty dioceses and vicariates scattered throughout the world. The half-penny per week of several millions of charitable people enables the church to carry on a colossal work, the result of which is out of all proportion to the paucity of the means employed.

A half-century has elapsed since Marshall summed up the results of the missionary labors, in pagan countries, of all the churches; and proved conclusively that with much more limited means at its disposal the Catholic church could point to incomparably greater results.

Despite an expenditure "which baffles computation" the sects have been reluctantly forced to testify that their missions in almost every pagan land have been destitute of fruit, while the work of the Catholic missionary has everywhere been crowned with success.

The same is true to-day. Almost a quarter of a million of converts are every year added to the roll of the Church militant; and so closely do those newly-converted Christians in every part of the world resemble the first disciples, by the ardor of their faith, the lustre of their piety and their con-

stancy in suffering and persecution, that the Church is wont to look to those poor, oppressed and semi-barbarous neophytes for the highest example of Christian heroism .

Within the last generation, Corea has given over two thousand martyrs to the church; and the annals of the recent persecutions in China and Further India contain narratives of heroic suffering and endurance under nameless torments, that bring to mind the tragic scenes of the Flavian Amphitheatre and the Coliseum.

In the offiicial records of the martyrdom of Blessed John Gabriel Perboyre, who suffered death Sept. 11, 1840, we are told that one of those "despised Chinese," a devoted Christian—Stanislaus by name--underwent a course of suffering that merited for him a place beside a Lawrence, a Stephen, and a Sebastian. Here it is:—

"A Christian named Stanislaus, an exemplary man, whose virtues gained for him the affection of even the pagan citizens, was arrested shortly after the servant of God. The Chinese themselves wept at seeing so worthy a man in the power of his enemies. While in prison he endured all kinds of injuries from the soldiers. Irons were put on his hands, feet and neck and he was placed near a disgusting manure heap. The mandarin often summoned him before his tribunal and wished to make him tread upon a crucifix, but Stanislaus remained immovable. After being solicited and tortured for a month and a half, they brought him back to Siang-Yang Fou. Dragged from town to town, from tribunal to tribunal, from prison to prison, this intrepid man made a journey of nearly a hundred leagues on foot, suffering from hunger, thirst, cold, rain, and the insults and cruelty of the soldiers and prison-keepers. His companion was another Christian confessor of the faith, who was blind. They were chained together, Stanislaus walking first, leading the blind man. As the latter stumbled and made frequent falls and as the same chain was around Stanislaus' neck, each time the blind man tripped he gave his companion so violent a jolt that the flesh of his neck was terribly lacerated and they often fell to the ground together. The soldiers reproached the blind man for walking so carelessly, but Stanislaus bore everything with unalterable patience. He frequently consoled the blind Christian and exhorted him saying: "We are sinners, let us accept this as a salutary penance." Stanislaus was then brought to Ou-Tchang Fou. He appeared several times before the mandarin who had him tortured again and again, but all to no purpose, as far as making him abjure his religion was concerned. However sufferings had so weakened him that he could not get to the tribunal without walking on his hands and feet. It was on this occasion that passing before the Venerable servant of God, John Gabriel Perboyre, he asked him to give him absolution, to help him to prepare for death which he felt was not far distant. Three days later he expired in prison from the effects of the sufferings he had endured. (Life of John Gabriel Perboyre, Chap. XII.)

Thank God! The spirit of the martyrs is not vanquished fromHis Church. Thousands of brave confessors of the Faith are still to be found among those despised races, whose very names are synonyms for everything that is barbarous and brutal and low and degraded in the scale of civilization. While highly cultured and so-called Christian nations are persecuting the Church and robbing her of her lawfully acquired possessions, her newly-found children in pagan lands are consoling her heart with heroic testimonies of their love, devotion, fidelity and self-sacrifice.

Here in the United States we fancy ourselves to be the *creme de la creme* of Catholicity. We rend the skies with our boastings of what the church of America has done and is doing for the old faith. We point to our numbers, our wealth, our zeal for building churches and creating church debts. We insist that we are the last and most highly favored children of the Lord; and that we are a shining example to all the Catholic peoples of the earth. We have a mission,it appears,and that mission is to make known to the world how great we are.

Sometimes it will happen—I say *sometimes,* that a parish priest will go into his closet, and take up his census and count the "lost," the "doubtful," and the "recoverable" and wonder

with a sinking at his heart if this great unpersecuted and worldly-prosperous Catholic church of America be doing very much more than to hold her own, will wonder if all this bragging and boasting be not a pitiable salve for the consciences of people who are trying to present a brave front to the enemy.

The unfailing test, in all ages, of a living, vigorous, triumphant faith is missionary zeal. A Catholic nation that has no ambition to impart the glad tidings to those that sit without lacks the real spirit of Catholicity; for true Catholicity reaches out in its desires to the ends of the earth. France, Spain, Belgium, and Italy never deemed themselves to have fulfilled their full duty, when they ministered to the needs of their own peoples. England could never be called a missionary country and its selfish faith was found poorly prepared for the hour of trial.

Judged by this standard, what has the future in store for the church of America? Material prosperity counts for naught. It has been asserted that the religious orders owned one-third of the real estate of France at the period of the French revolution; yet we doubt if there ever was a time when the church exercised less influence on the French people. The spirit of clergy and people that is back of and behind all this material upbuilding is that to which we must look for the evidences of future triumphs.

We have had much to do, it is true. The rapid growth of the population, the demands made upon our energies by new and increasing responsibilities, the crying needs of the church in every part of the country, have so engrossed our attention that we have had little time to look abroad and see what the church is doing elsewhere. We have consequently neglected the work of foreign missions.

The American Bible Society, since 1816, has distributed 65,962,505 copies of the Scriptures; but we have not during all that time supplied, as far as I can learn, a half dozen priests for the work of the apostolate in foreign lands. We never hear of a young man, in our ecclesiastical seminaries, manifesting a desire to consecrate his life to so holy a work. We contribute a small pittance, some twenty odd thousand dollars, I believe, but what is that from ten millions reputed to be the wealthiest Catholics in the world? Yes, it is something, just one-fifth of a cent each!

We spend enough for little luxuries to support ten thousand missionaries. It is the luxurious comfort of millions of Catholics versus the eternal salvation of millions of pagans!

These are unpleasant truths, but knowingly or unknowingly, we have been neglecting an opportunity to give timely aid and assistance to a cause inexpressibly dear to the heart of Christ. *Lift up your eyes and see the countries, for they are white for the harvest.*

The church at large is doing a glorious work for the conversion of the pagan peoples of Asia, Africa and Oceanica; and the great instrument under God is the Association for the Propagation of the Faith.

Within the last two years, the society has taken steps calculated to arouse a deeper interest amongst the people of the United States. It has established headquarters at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md., the most venerable institution in the country and the beloved Alma Mater of so large a portion of the American priesthood.

It seems particularly fitting that an institution occupying so high a place in the affections of the Church and devoting itself entirely to the task of preparing young men for the priesthood, should have been chosen as the centre of missionary activity.

Priests need to be interested. They need to have it forcibly brought home to them, that there can be interests of the Church other than those which are parochial and diocesan. How many times have we heard it said "we have

enough to do in our own parishes and dioceses wihout being asked to contribute to so many outside interests?" If such selfish sentiments were universal, many a worthy charity would long since have perished for lack of support, mankind would never have witnessed those great institutes which are the glory and honor of the Catholic name, and the Church would long ago have been faithless to its divine mission: *"Go preach the gospel to every creature."*

The Methodists contemplate raising $20,000,000 for missionary purposes during the coming year. Such a project is greatly to their credit. It is an evidence that they have not "abandoned the work to the Pope, Mahomet and Brahma." We shall in all probability wrap the mantle of righteousness round about us, spend twice twenty millions for coveted trifles and four times twenty millions for other luxuries, and contribute our one-fifth of a cent with cheerful equanimity.

And yet it is the desire of the Holy Father that the church should signalize the advent of a new century by a great spiritual renewal, and by consecrating itself anew to the furtherance of the interests of the Master. No more opportune time could consequently have been chosen for establishing the headquarters of the Society in St. Mary's Seminary. Let us hope and pray that the year of unparalleled prosperity now closing, and the year about to open under such favorable auspices, will witness such an increase in our contributions, that we will henceforth be to Catholic peoples an example of generous and large-hearted zeal for the most Catholic of causes.

The church of America has suddenly and unexpectedly become the foster-parent of some millions of people, nominally at least Catholic, speaking a strange tongue and sorely needing at this juncture such assistance as the Society can give. We do not doubt for a moment that the newly-appointed apostolic delegate for Cuba and the Philippines will find the Propagation of the Faith one of his most valuable auxiliaries, in the task of reconstruction, consequent upon the changed condition of things, spiritual and temporal, in the islands under his jurisdiction. There is no doubt on the other hand, that the non-Catholic missionary societies will send an army of workers whose avowed purpose will be "to win the natives from the wiles of Romanism."

The Church in Cuba and the Philippines has sustained a grevious loss in the cutting off of revenues hitherto devoted to religious purposes. It will take many years to educate the people up to the duty of supporting the clergy by voluntary offerings. Shall those people in the meantime be left to the mercy of the well-paid missionary agents without any organized effort being made to counteract the effect of their propaganda?

The Propagation of the Faith holds the key to the solution of the difficulty. Let it stretch out a hand to the unfortunate victims of a calamitous strife, and ways and means will not be wanting. It is a matter in which our people are deeply and vitally interested. They are alive to the necessities of the hour. They realize the difficulties and trials through which the Church is passing in those regions. Generous support will not be wanting to well-directed efforts. I mistake the spirit and temper of our people if they will look quietly on and see the labors of three hundred years brought to naught. The welfare of the Church in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines will depend wholly and entirely upon the interest, which the Catholics of the United States manifest in its fate. God grant that it may be of such a character as will leave us nothing to regret, but much of which we may justly feel proud.

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The records of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, within the

past decade, constitute one of the most consoling pages of the Church's history.

New mission stations have been established with much hope in Madagascar and at many points throughout the interior of Africa. The Oblates of Mary Immaculate report most gratifying results from their labors amongst the natives of British North America. The Salesian missions of Brazil and Patagonia have earned for the sons of the sainted Dom Bosco an enduring place in the veneration of the Church. The blood of martyrs sown in Corea has become the seed of a peaceful, vigorous and marvelously successful apostolate. Changed political conditions in China have contributed greatly towards making the lives of the missionary and faithful more secure. A great Catholic nation has been founded on the shores of the Victoria Nyanza, which numbers its converts not by the tens and hundreds, but by the thousands. Uganda has been favored beyond all other pagan lands with a wealth of divine grace. Conditions there bring the mind back to the days of Ethelbert of England and Clovis of France. The Jesuits are at work on the Zambesi, the Oblates in Bastouland, the German Fathers in Zanzibar and Comeroon. A bishop has been crowned in Timbuctoo, the capital of the Sahara. Abyssinia, the kingdom of the Negus Menelek, has extended a warm welcome to the valiant missionaries of the orthodox faith. From the scattered islands of the Pacific ocean, come glowing accounts of the wonders achieved by the brothers and imitators of the Blessed Chanel; and from every corner of the unbelieving world, tidings of a harvest that has comforted and strengthened the heart of the venerable Mother of all the churches.

How consoling is not all this to those whose generosity has made this missionary activity possible!

And still from every side comes the cry: "More laborers! More laborers!" *Pray ye that the Lord of the harvest may send laborers into the harvest.*

It is touching to read in the "Annals," of the joy with which the scattered Catholics of many a far-off pagan land receive the missionary on the occasion of his rare visits. Whether it be amongst the Indians of the Hudson Basin or the Malays of the Indian Archipelago or the Hottentots of Central Africa, it is everywhere the same. The arrival of the missionary is always an occasion of general rejoicing, and the longer his absence the greater the joy.

The following story from the pen of Father Eich, Provincial of the Tahiti missions in distant Polynesia, has more than the ordinary degree of pathetic interest for those who realize the spiritual needs of our foreign missions.

For nine long years not one of our Missionaries had been able to visit Easter Island, owing to the fact that no ship will sail for this distant island for less than from $800 to $1000. At last a ship owner proposed us less onerous conditions, and I took advantage of them at once. Thus I was procured the joy of consoling the poor, forlorn inhabitants of Rapanui, who longed for my visit as eagerly as a patient awaiting his doctor, by whose skill he hopes to be cured.

My travels lasted five months, from November 10, 1897, to the 23d of March of the present year. On the way we crossed the great Archipelago of Tuamotu, or the Lower Islands; we touched at Fakarava and at North-Marutea, stayed a few days at Gambier, and in returning stopped at Papeete, visiting likewise Pitcairn Island, which likewise belongs to the immense Vicariate of Tahiti.

As soon as a favorable wind allowed us to get under sail, we continued our route to Easter Island, where unfortunately we remained but four days. I had scarcely time to look after the most pressing necessities. I baptized sixty-three persons, blessed many marriages, heard the confessions of almost all the adults, visited the sick and aged, gave several instructions and attended to all kind of affairs both spiritual and temporal. I ask myself now how I got through all the work in that short space of time, but I have experienced on many occasions that at certain critical moments, God gives the missionary a tenfold strength.

All the population, some three hundred

in number, are Catholics and particularly anxious to practise their religion. Seeing that no missionary ever came to them, they began one day to offer public prayers that the Lord would take pity on their distress and send a priest, bringing them the consolations of faith. Each day the prayers were repeated, and soon they felt such confidence in the success of their pious demand, that they expected my arrival with as much certainty as if they had been informed of my voyage. The catechist, Pakarati, who looks after the mission, was so thoroughly convinced of my approaching arrival, that he set to work day by day in order to be enabled to procure everything that seemed to him to be needful for receiving the missionary in a suitable manner.

From this it is easy for you to judge of the tears of joy which flowed on my arrival. Nor was my happiness any less when I pressed good Pakarati to my heart. He had been my spiritual son at the Island of Moorea and by me had been instructed and trained for a catechist's life. Endless were the salutations on every side, each and all wished to carry my luggage; but the Missionary's trappings are few, and there was not sufficient for all to carry. We hastened to the Church, where the altar was quickly prepared. I then celebrated Mass, after which I busied myself with my little flock, so sadly in need of my ministry.

When I brought the Holy Viaticum to the sick, all the population united to form an escort to the King of Kings, and accompanied most piously, reciting the Rosary for the intentions of the sick.

Nothing could possibly be more consoling to the Missionary than the conduct—admirable in every way—of these dear neophytes during the nine long years when they were abandoned to themselves. Every day—morning and evening—they assembled in the Church of Hangaroa and prayed under the direction of Pakarati; the general prayers finished, they then prayed specially for the Pope, Bishops, Priests, etc. Every Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, a large number of the natives abstained rigorously in order to gain the indulgence of the Mount Carmel Scapular. On the same days and likewise on Sundays, all the population assisted piously at what they called "Father Pakarati's Mass and Sermon." This consisted in singing canticles and reciting the Mass prayers, piously uniting their intention with that of the priests celebrating Mass at the same hour in all climes. On Sunday evening there was "Benediction," that is to say, they sang the Benediction hymns, uniting their minds and hearts with Jesus present on the altar in the churches of Tahiti or elsewhere. They kept all the great religious feasts of the year with exemplary regularity, and sanctified Good Friday by the Solemn Veneration of the Cross.

I want to shake hands across the sea with Pakarati. I know a hundred well-dressed white Catholics whom I will gladly exchange for that old negro, and I think, respected reader, you know some of them too.

There is another work, closely associated with the work of the society of which we have been treating. I refer to the Holy Childhood Association, whose efforts are chiefly directed to the rescue of the little ones of pagan civilization. Anyone, who knows aught of the conditions of childhood and infancy in pagan lands, knows at the same time that the great and surpassing sin of paganism is infanticide with its kindred crimes.

Every morning in the principal cities of China, the public cart passes from street to street to pick up the babes whose unnatural mothers have cast them out from homes, in which they deem their innocent presence too insupportable a burden.

Christians reared in a Christian community can scarcely ever form a correct estimate of pagan depravity. They cannot understand how the most loathsome vices amongst Christians are the most exalted virtues amongst pagans—that unnatural views of life, its duties and responsibilities pervade every class and condition of society. And this is particularly true with regard to the rights of childhood and infancy. In no pagan country under the sun is infanticide deemed to be murder; aye, more, in many cases it is deemed a virtue and a duty to society to rid a family of its superfluous offspring.

The Association of the Holy Childhood has been organized to save the lives of as many of those unloved and undesired infants as its means will permit.

It has aimed primarily to interest the children of the Catholic world in

a cause that forcibly appeals to their tender hearts. A monthly payment of one cent, or twelve cents a year, from all the children attending parochial schools in the United States would mean an annual contribution of over $100,000, and who will say that such an amount for so sacred a purpose is impossible or unreasonable?

It is more. It is a lesson of unselfishness and zeal which we would do well to inculcate upon our children. It will teach them to appreciate the Christian liberties which they enjoy, and to sympathize with the downtrodden and oppressed of every country. I know of no more fitting time than this Holy Season for making an appeal in behalf of the Association of the Holy Childhood. When the heart of humanity is beating with a love and tenderness for the Holy Child of Bethlehem, it is particularly appropriate that the welfare of defenceless and wronged childhood the world over, should excite a something more than passing interest. The manger of Bethlehem stands for an emancipated infancy and no Christian worthy of the name can be indifferent to the sublime lessons of duty to the little ones, which the birth of the Divine Child imparts.

Christian, as well as pagan infancy has its claims, and we Catholics of America would do well now and again to examine our consciences as to the manner in which we fulfill our duties to our own orphaned and abandoned children.

Homes of the friendless, child-saving institutes, and charitable organizations of every kind are snatching our children from us, right under our very eyes, and many of us are not stirring a finger to prevent it. I hope at some future time to have more to say on this subject and merely mention it now as a profitable subject for Christmas meditation. A tender compassion for the little pickaninny on the banks of the Zambesi should not exclude a lively interest for the homeless Arab, who sleeps beneath our doorsteps.

The thought has frequently come to me during the writing of this article: Will there be so much as one of the numerous readers of Donahoe's magazine, who will be moved by this humble presentation of the needs of the foreign missions, to do something more than he or she has hitherto been doing. Many will say "that is all true," lay down the Magazine and think no more about it. We expect to be bored with just so many appeals and one more or less will not add to our discomfort. If, however, dear Catholic reader, I have succeeded in interesting you in a holy cause, I ask you to return one thing; give your personal support to this great movement; and thereby turn your interest to practical account. The humble workers, the half pennies from the homes of the common people, have been the forces that have made the Society for the Propagation of the Faith the instrument in the designs of Divine Providence for the evangelization of the pagan world.

As I have begun, so do I end, *"Lift up your eyes and see the countries for they are white for the harvest."*

THE HAND OF THE CRUSADER.

BY KATHERINE TYNAN HINKSON.

CHAPTER VI.

A NEW FRIEND.

The school friends wrote to each other weekly, and the post that brought Germaine de Neuville's thin budget was eagerly looked for by Meg O'Donoghue. It was an escape into a freer, wider atmosphere than that of the dull life at the farm. A world of no gaieties, indeed, but of an air lofty and serene, for in the old chateau, perched upon its rocks above a winding river, plain living and high thinking were the rule of life.

"My dear," began one letter, "I wish the distance were not between us. Daily, hourly, I have thoughts I would impart to thee. I have news of some moment. My marriage is postponed a full six months, because of the death of M. St. Victor's mother, a saintly soul, and so dear to her son. In comforting him, for he is much in need of comfort, he is grown dear to me, almost as dear as Paul; and he is kind, so kind. Daily, I apprehend more clearly what madame, comforting me, said to me at the school, that the will of my father is the Will of God.

"I wish thou couldst come again, now that the corn turns honey-color, as last year when thou wast here. Someone else wishes it too--ah my poor Paul! He has been to Paris again, and has found critics to rave over his Nuances, to predict that he will be among the poets of France one day. But I dread Paris for him. It is one reason that I must be in the world, to be near him."

"If thou wouldst only care for him a little—not sisterly, as thou carest for me. Even in Paris he has not forgotten thee and with thee he would be safe. I know what thou hast said before, my Meg, that thou art not noble, and hast not a dot proportionate to our rank. But Paul loves thee; and my father would accept thee for he loves thee already as a daughter, though at first, perhaps, he might grieve that Paul had not brought the much needed money to Chateau de Neuville. And surely a De Neuville gives his own rank to his bride."

"My *fiance* loads me with gifts, and will have me accept his benefactions, too generous, for my poor. It is a rare soul the Lord has given in my charge. And ah, those men, my Meg, those poor men, they are our children!"

"I have seen the chests of fine linen my mother had woven for me, and embroidered with her own hands. How much of love and hope for me she set in with the stitches, the dear dead mother, who never lived to see her girl grow tall. Yet thou knowest, my Meg and she surely knows, that I have striven to do my best for the Vicomte, my father, and the little Paul she left orphaned. I pray she smiles on my betrothal this day."

"What wilt thou think when I confess to thee that so much of Martha is in me that I delighted in the cool feel and sweet smell of the linen? Perhaps thou wilt say I am unstable, and have forgotten St. Cyr and my fears. But no; it is only that the Will I have obeyed has sent me unlooked for joys."

"Another piece of news. Thou wilt remember Laura St. Victor the sister of my *fiance,* who came one short six months to St. Cyr. She is good, this Laura, though more of the world than thou or I. She tells me that she has a friend—I forget now the name, but

Mabelle is the Christian name—who lives not so far from my Meg. Laura will visit her one day, and you may meet, for she will look for thee. It may be soon, it may not be until after I am Madame; and I shall have thee with me for my nuptials, shall I not?"

Meg O'Donoghue laid down the letter in her lap, and looked before her dreamily. So Germaine was going to be happy after all. She could imagine the light in the eyes, and the flush on her dear brown cheek when that "Madame" was written. Did then the giving up of one's self for others often bring such a reward?

She could see the room in which Germaine sat as she wrote her letter, the high, cold, sweet apartment, with its faded tapestry, and the dim chairs, and tabourets, gilt-framed, and worked by ladies long dead. A room full of the sun and the air, and musical with the songs of birds, the tossing of the trees, and the sound of many waters.

Then Paul, with his eager ,dark face and slight figure, Paul, with his beautiful fancies and rainbow hopes. Ah, she could be very fond of Paul, could love him dearly—almost as dearly as Germaine loved him—but with no such love as a wife must bring her husband.

As she remembered Paul's ardors and despairs, Meg smiled and sighed. Paul's poetry would become the rage one of these days; and he would be consoled for her coldness, and would turn to the delighted worship of little Victorine, his remote cousin, who could bring money to gild the old banners of the De Neuvilles.

Despite Germaine, Meg was glad her own heart made it easy for her to deny Paul. She thought of his father. Her thought of him was of the old, white, reverent head bent in prayer. She could hear his sweet, quavering voice. She was proud, with the honorable pride of her old blood, and she said to herself that even if she had loved Paul, she would still have turned from him, since the daughter of an Irish farmer, and with that dark stain in the past, could hardly be a fitting mate for the last of the De Neuvilles.

She had little to do but think, these long, lonely days. She saw little before her except loneliness.

What could there be else? If she had never gone to St. Cyr, she might, perhaps, have found her mate among these farmers and shop-keepers, whose loveless marriages made her shudder to think upon. Perhaps, and perhaps not. She thought herself that she could never under any conditions have been satisfied with the things that satisfied Kilcolman.

In the little parlor, where the afternoon sun came through masses of greenery, Meg, like many an imaginative girl before her, sat with her chin in her hands, and looked at her life. She said to herself, with a gush of pity, that it would always be just as it was now, and she companionless, for there was no companionship with her mother, dear as they were to each other. She fancied herself losing the brilliance of her youth, and even before her time came; for, despite her mother, she would take her place of hard work and exposure, her beauty would be marred by the seasons and the sun and wind.

She went and looked at herself in the little glass, the gilt frame of which was covered with yellow tarlatan to protect it from the flies. Her cheeks, which had the glow of a peach, with something of the gold of a ripe apricot, were seamed with the cracks in the glass, and blurred by its imperfections.

What matter? she thought, there would be none here to notice when she lost her good looks. Captain Fitzmaurice now, who had known she was a lady, and treated her as one, despite his oddly imperious ways, he was the landlord and a gentleman and she must be only a peasant, and not of his world. At the thought her heart cried out, and she longed for the wings of the swallow that she might fly to Germaine, and the

austere, delicate life of which she had seemed to form a natural part. It was at this point in her meditations that Miss Hevey very opportunely made her appearance.

She came in dressed in a handsome tailor-made cloth gown, slightly embroidered with silver. Something about her, with her piled-up grey hair, her keen, agate eyes, her height, and her whole manner, impressed the girl, with a sense of distinction. She had noticed Miss Hevey before at church, and had wondered at her unlikeness to the others.

"Well, Meg," said the deep, frank voice. "I may call you Meg, mayn't I? I held you in my arms when you were only born an hour."

"I had forgotten," said Meg stupidly.

"I never expected you to remember, my dear. But I am your mother's old friend, though she gave me up with everybody else. I can tell you I stuck like a limpet, but she shook me off at last. However, she wont mind my coming back, now."

"No indeed. She will be glad for me to make friends. She mentioned you the other day with affection. Poor little mother she has had no time for friends."

"So the long blockade of Killisky is over. Well, I promise you the doors won't be closed upon me easily again. Why, there's my photograph, Meg, up there in the little black frame, looking very spotty, and wearing hoops. Bless me, what guys we were in those days!"

"I am sure you were never a guy," said Meg. "You must have looked very nice, though not nicer than you look today."

"Now, I'm glad to hear you say that, Meg," said Miss Hevey well pleased; "for I thought when I saw you that I should like to be friends, though I'm old enough to be your mother. You won't be able to pick and choose here, child."

"But I do. I picked you on Sunday morning when I saw you at Mass."

"Did you now? It is real nice of you ti say it. I'll tell you what. Come and have a drive with me. I've to see a sick woman above at Tubbervogue. We can talk as we drive, and it will be better for you than moping in the house."

"I should love to, but you'll have some tea?"

"Not now. I take my tea of evenings, a meal that would surprise you, child. You'll often have it with me, I hope, though I'm told high tea's dyspeptic."

"I'm used to it. It is mother's evening meal too."

"All right, then, come along; and I'll have you back before your mother's home from the sheep sale. I saw her drive by this morning."

Meg climbed to the seat of the high dog-cart, where she overlooked a long, rakish looking bay, who had been giving lame Johnny, the boy of all work at Killisky, a considerable amount of trouble to hold.

As Miss Hevey mounted beside her, Bridget Cormack came out from her kitchen, smiling broadly.

"My blessing on you, Miss Maria," she said; "this child's fairly moping herself to death. It's like old times to see you back again."

"It feels like old times to come. I'm only sorry herself's not here."

"She'd be proud to see you," said Bridget. "Come again soon, anyway."

"You think your mother would be glad, eh, Meg?" asked Miss Hevey, as they drove up the mountain road, with a glen of great beauty opening before them.

"I am sure she would."

"She left a sore place in my heart when she turned from me, Meg."

"Poor mother!"

"Yes, I know. She turned even from those that loved her best. Perhaps I wasn't patient enough. Any-

how, I got vexed in time; and there were the children to see to, so I hadn't over much time to follow people who had shut the door in my face."

"The children?"

"My sister Eily's brood that I reared for her when she was taken. None of them liked me after all well enough to stay with me. So here I am, an old maid again in the end of my days."

She laughed with cheerful philosophy.

"Eily had no more sense than to marry a sailor, and the two lads took to the sea; they'd have nothing else. Then one of the girls is a nun and two are married. They went roving even before they were married, for they had the roving drop in them. They expect me to keep house for them, so that they may come back when they've a fancy; and the girls send me the babies when they're ailing to be coshered up. 'Tis cool treatment, I tell them, seeing that only for them, I might have had a husband and children of my own."

"Ah," sighed the girl listening; and Miss Hevey looked down at the sympathetic face.

"Never mind, child," she said, "it's only my way of talking. I'm glad when they send the children. The next thing to being a mother is to be a foster-mother. Why there's McGrath riding on before us! Do you know the doctor? but, of course you couldn't yet. I suppose he's on his way to visit poor Maureen Kelly, as well as ourselves. I wonder how he knew I was coming to Tubbervogue today. We hunt in couples, McGrath and I. I'm the idle woman that has time to get about; and the doctor's spoiling for practice, and glad to get it where he can. Why there you are, Dr. McGrath! Allow me to introduce you to Miss O'Donoghue."

The doctor pulled up his steed, and bowed with effusion.

"I took her with me, doctor, as she was newly come, to show her the ropes. I'm telling her we're all very good people to know, except, perhaps Judy Ryan. She's a bad-tempered card-player, though, Heaven, forgive me, a table. But Judy knows what I think I'm glad to have her to make up of her."

"She ought to, for you told her," chuckled the doctor.

"I only told her that I took my tea at home before I joined the game, because if I sat at her mahogany I couldn't talk against her. O, I don't do it behind her back, Judy knows. But here we are, doctor. Miss O'Donoghue had better stay here, if she's not afraid of The Fox, that's the horse's name, my dear."

"Here's Pat will stand by his head," said the doctor, as a melancholy-looking young peasant came out of the cabin.

"Come here, Pat," he cried, "and hold The Fox for Miss Hevey. How's Maureen today? A bad night? Well, well, I'm afraid we have to expect it, Pat, my poor fellow."

Miss Hevey swung herself down, passing by the doctor's offer of assistance, and drawing a big basket from under the seat, carried it herself into the cabin. While Meg waited, her thoughts went and came about the place and the people. Now she watched the purple shadows on the hillside; again she looked at the sad, stern face, half-turned from her, which invited no friendly approaches.

"Poor Maureen's worse," said Miss Hevey, when she returned to her place, and gathered up the reins. "'Tis not much longer poor Pat'll have her."

"What is the mater?"

"Consumption. You can't keep up health on stewed tea and yellow meal stirabout. 'Tis poverty kills them in this glen; nothing less than starvation, my dear. We do what we can; but sure we can't keep a mountain side alive; let alone that you can't make paupers of them. The Fitzmaurices

used to give a deal of employment in old days. Now 'tis as much as they can do, people say, to keep themselves going. The poverty of the people means their poverty too. They won't take rent from such creatures as poor Pat above. I'll tell you what, my dear, we're all going to the poorhouse together."

CHAPTER VII.

A LITTLE CLOUD.

"So you have come into the wilderness again, Mabel," said Captain Fitzmaurice, smiling down at the dainty, dark head of his cousin.

"I have left the wilderness behind me, rather," said the young lady, stroking the soft folds of her loose gown of fine muslin, sprigged all its way with the most seductive roses and rosebuds.

Miss Egerton knew the value of soft, feminine garments to her beauty. She left tailor-made clothes to her taller sisters and was always to be seen in some cloudy garment, out of which her pale face and violet eyes looked dreamy and charming.

"Really, Mabel?" said the Captain, in answer to her last remark. "Was the Park then deserted, and Belgrave Square a solitude, and not a frock to be seen in Bond street?"

Miss Egerton laughed.

"You'll never believe, Gervase, that I'm anything but a hardened worldling. Yet I am glad to get back to dear Killylea, and——"

"And what, Mabel?"

"Well, to its owner, I suppose."

Captain Fitzmaurice touched the dark head caressingly, as if it were the head of a pretty child.

"I'm an unworthy fellow, Mabel," he said.

"Oh no, you're not. I've met many this season more unworthy than you."

The Captain laughed.

"They probably thought themselves more unworthy."

"You've hit it exactly, Gervase."

A slight frown gathered between the dark brows.

"Are you ever sorry, Mabel, that you're tied?"

"If I were I should tell you, Gervase."

"And Lady Dufresne? You have not told her yet that you are going to take Gervase Fitzmaurice, his eagle's nest, and his poverty, for good or ill?"

"Gervase Fitzmaurice, his stainless descent, his honored name, himself worthy of those who went before him, and—ah, yes, the Hand of the Crusader!"

She lifted her eyes to his, and there was a soul in them.

"Why, Mabel," said the man, "Mabel, you think about these things. How dear you are!"

"But the Hand," she went on, "would be superstition to my Aunt Dufresne. She would understand it as little as she does you my Gervase. You are too serious for her, too little of the world, too buried in a mouldering past. I tremble at the shock it will be to her."

She patted the hand that was nearest to her.

"She will say, Mabel, that I took advantage of your youth and inexperience,"

"If she said so, I would not stoop to justify you."

"Many will say so," said the Captain gloomily."

"And you will never tell them that I—I—made you break silence; and that it was you who would not bind me, nor let the engagement be known till I had seen the world under Aunt Dufresne's wing."

"And what do you think of the world now you have seen it Mabel?"

"You know it, Gervase."

"It is always changing, like the chameleon. And how do I know what colors it may wear in your eyes?"

(To be continued).

HOMESICK.

WAR-TIME HOSPITALITY.

SOME INSTANCES IN THE SOUTH.

BY FRANK CLARK.

The first sight of the soldier boys peering eagerly from the tiny windows of the travel-stained coaches was more convincing than the columns of newspaper reports announcing the embarkation of troops from Charleston. It was living proof of the reality of war with Spain.

Charleston, that quaint old Southern city, nestles close to the bosom of the Atlantic, so close indeed, that from the high sea wall of South Battery, a wonderfully picturesque garden, the great waters "off the bar" may be seen pitching and tossing in the sunlight. This city of tradition when seen from "Old Sumter" seems set against the clear blue sky, the sun apparently rising from the rippling waters of the Cooper river and sinking to rest in the historic Ashley. The Charleston of to-day is in many respects the Charleston of a century ago. The noble qualities of heart and mind which marked her people then, mark them now. And that is why our soldiers received a welcome such as they had never experienced. That is why every home in the city opened its doors; why men, women, and children, of every class, putting aside all personal obligations, devoted themselves to the entertainment of the guests that war had brought within their gates.

True to the hospitable traditions of the South, every household kept its

FATHER WOOD'S BATTALION.

table spread all day long, ready to serve the meals which filled the air with penetrating and pungent odors. And to enter this "soldiers' paradise" no formal introduction was required,the campaign hat and the brass buttons were the only passport needed. When it was learned that the troops would have to remain in the city for several days, to await the return of the transports, the mayor of the city and a number of prominent citizens tendered the use of the warehouses as temporary barracks. The offer was promptly accepted and the soldiers were quartered comfortably along the water front.

On July 8th, 1898, there were six thousand United States volunteers in the city under command of Major-General Wilson. Of this number, 1700 sailed on the Yale and Columbia. During the month several thousand troops were sent to Cuba via Charleston. The first expedition comprised the Second and Third Wisconsin and the Sixth Illinois regiments of volunteer infantry. The Rita took the second expedition of six companies and later other ships sailed at intervals with troops and equipments for Cuba.

On such occasions the people turned out en masse to say "God speed you." It often happened that the troops at such times were halted under the shade trees of the streets to await their turn to embark and then it was that your attention would be attracted by the different mascots of the companies. Every one knows the soldier's mania for a mascot, be it a dog, a bird, a monkey, or a goat; and many a youth was dubbed "the mascot" because he carried a banjo or a guitar, probably his souvenir of home.

When the last long line of blue had finally disappeared into the ship, her bells rang, her whistle blew a long blast, her propeller churned up the foam, and the ship sailed slowly to the south. The crowd on the docks waved their handkerchiefs and cheered lustily, wishing

God's blessing to the departing troops, who warmly waved a parting thanks in return, and then as the ship receded from view, those left behind turned back, with varied thoughts, to the routine of city life.

Diseases caused by the sudden change from the life of a citizen to that of a trooper in active campaign, together with other causes, such as the change in climate, the rations, especially the travel rations which consisted of hard tack, canned beef and coffee, prevented many from embarking, and augmented the hospital lists.

The register of St. Francis Xavier's Infirmary shows the names of several hundred soldiers who were sick and cared for. This infirmary is under the direction of the Sisters of Our Lady of Mercy, noble women, whose devotion to the care of the sick, faithfully ministered day and night without respite, to save men's bodies and souls, has made the army their debtors forever.

The broad indiscriminate charity of the good Sisters brought under their skilled treatment soldiers from many regiments, among others: the Second and Third Wisconsin volunteers; Sixth Illinois Vols; Sixteenth Penn. Vols; Sixth and Eighth Mass. Vols; First, Tenth, Eleventh and Fifteenth regulars; Twelfth New York Vols; Third and Sixth Ohio volunteers; One Hundred Sixtieth Indiana Vols; Third U. S. V. Engineers, and the Eighth U. S. Cavalry. In some cases parents came a thousand miles to be at the bedside of their boys; and those who could not come had the satisfaction of knowing that the sick were getting the very best of care. To this day there is not a mail that does not bring letters of thanks from the soldiers or their people to the

THREE SICK SOLDIER BOYS.

THE LAST VOLLEY.

Sisters of Mercy, to the mayor, or to private individuals.

No acknowledgment of the hospitality extended by Charleston to her soldier guests would be complete without mention of Rev. Charles Wood, the Chaplain of St. Francis Xavier's Infirmary, and one of the most popular men of the South. "De Sojers' priest" is what the street Arabs call him, and he fully deserves the title as his work was for all, regardless of creed. He not only performed faithfully the duties of a chaplain and priest but was as a father to every man who came under his notice and needed his help. One such, writing to me from Cuba said: A soldier sometimes falls, through force of circumstances, into a "don't care" sort of existence; the "blues" get hold of him, and, being among strangers he is pretty apt to forget himself. But all that is needed at such a moment to make a man feel again in touch with his better self is to come in contact with Father Wood."

"The Guy's gratitude" written from Matanzas, Cuba, by a clever soldier, a member of Co. G., 160th Ind. Vol., has been widely quoted. It was he who said that, after the amazing hospitality of the Sisters of Mercy in whose infirmary the boys were housed and invited to sleep in the best beds, "we was too stuck up to write home;" and of the Charleston chaplain he asserted "when you meets that man, its right dere where you begin to like the town."

The following pathetic incident bears its own testimony:

A grateful boy from Scranton, Pa the youngest in his regiment, tells of the good Samaritan who cared for him when he fell by the way. "During the hustle and excitement of our regiment, when taking transportation for Cuba, I was abandoned on Columbus street wharf. A companion and myself were

THE COMRADES' TRIBUTE.

taken very ill and for twelve hours were huddled together in a car seat. We were too ill to even speak. A man got aboard that car and carried us out into the police patrol wagon. He literally carried us in his arms and we were brought here to the Sisters' hospital. That man was Father Wood and I owe my life to him. My poor companion never recovered. He died three days after and lies buried in the cemetery here. I am going home next week, but as long as I live I shall never forget Charleston and Father Wood."

A touching letter from Indiana, written by an aged mother thanking and blessing the priest for the reformation of her son; and a line from the battlefield where a dying soldier, using a stick for a pen, wrote his last message of gratitude, are eloquent of what he was to these men. His kind treatment of the soldiers and his popularity enlisted the sympathy of a great many who rendered considerable aid. Among these were some Knights of Columbus from Connecticut. Members of this organization could be found in every regiment, to the great pleasure of Father Wood, who is the only representative of the society in South Carolina.

Anyone who has been stranded in a strange city will appreciate Sergeant Corwin's experience when he and five comrades saw the government transport to which they should have been transferred steaming out of port without them.

"Gathering enough courage," said the Sergeant writing home, "we inquired of two street Arabs the direction to take to bring us to some military officer in order to report for orders, as we were beginning to get pretty hungry."

"Why don't you guys go up and 'port to Fad'er Wood? He'z de sojers' priest," was the reply.

With this information in hand, which meant a great deal to us, we got

up and took the direction indicated to us and we didn't have any trouble to find "Fad'er Wood," for every pickaninny on the street knew him, so we reported to him, and were all looking wise and expecting the articles of war to be read to us. Here it was we were agreeably surprised. We were ushered into the presence of a young man about thirty years of age who was robed in the usual house garment of a Roman Catholic priest, and although five of our party were non-Catholics, nevertheless the kindness and hospitality shown to us completely won our hearts.

We were treated to fruit and given a square meal, and finally when we were feeling in good spirits, Father Wood wrote a note and sent us to report to Major Willis, the army quartermaster of Charleston.

Arriving at his office we received the same hospitable treatment. Major Willis said: "I can't send you men to the hospital as you are not sick," and "I can't send you to the jail as you haven't done anything wrong," so I guess I will put you under care of Father Wood," so here we have been for the last ten days, comfortably housed in quarters given us at St. Francis infirmary, which is under the direction of the Sisters of Mercy. Hospitality is not the right word to explain the kindness we have received at the hands of this soldier priest.

There are some eighteen other soldiers here, and we have formed ourselves into a temporary battalion—"Father Wood's battalion." We will leave this place next Tuesday to embark for Cuba, but if we live a hundred years we will never forget the true fatherly care we received during our forced sojourn in Charleston.

There are only a few Catholics in the crowd, but that has not influenced Father Wood in the least. He has been a father to us all and nothing can be said to fully express our feeling toward him. Some of us boys never knew the real meaning of the word "Father" until we Scranton boys bumped against Father Wood, of Charleston, S. C."

Only a few instances of the hospitality extended to the soldiers during their stay in the South have been noted here, but many reading it will remember with gratitude their personal indebtedness.

FALLEN BY THE WAY.

"They sigh for a glimpse of the pine desk in the old schoolhouse."

A SEASON OF SHARP CONTRASTS.

BY HERBERT M. SYLVESTER.

It is Christmas-tide almost. The days that bring one nearer its sacred memories and welcome festivities, the social amenities that invariably prevail and the generosities that reach their highest flood of the year, are fitting precursors to the observance of the sweetest, fairest and happiest event in Christian history. Nor is the season of these festal preparations less fortunate. It is a most appropriate ending and consummation of the year, when the summing-up of the good and ill that has come to one and to humanity for the past twelvemonth is merged in a commendable consideration of human needs and wants. These are days of charitable inclination and kindly deeds, when hearts, like apples, grow mellow. And the cynic, who sees in mankind that sort of fruit ordinarily sent to the cider-mill, must be convinced that his is a squint-eyed view of men and things with little of springtime or harvest in it.

The waning of the year is as prophetic of good things as is its early springtime when the patches of brown earth bloom out on the hillsides and the new verdure comes in the lowlands, where the rushing waters gleam like coarse strands of silver to give one's eyes keener and more discerning vision, one's ears a sharper edge for hearing the dainty footfall of the spring days, one's sense of smell a more delicate adjustment and alertness to catch the faintest scent of the first perfume-laden bloom of the year, the mayflower of the snow-drenched pasture lands,—the sun the while painting the woods with the glory of the dawn,—and to one's intuitions the instant perception to discover the first venturesome bluebird whose coloring is a mingling of earth and sky, the self-same saucy little fellow that as in the twinkling of an eye, alights on the tallest stake in the farm fence to whistle a jolly salutation, looking for all the world like an ani-

"The Fickle Advent of an April Day."

mated interrogation point, the tilt of its head suggesting something of pertness and inquiry, as if saying in pantomime, "And, am I not worth your attention, sir?" Below the barns the frogs hear the challenge and pipe timorously, while the mid-afternoon sun shines full and clear across the landscape to coax the shimmering fabric of the mists into the sky, stirring the heart with a new joy and elation. The blood leaps faster and one takes deeper and longer breaths to lift the face upward to read anew the promise that is in the beginning of its fulfillment. Life is renewed in this regeneration of the year, and all has come with the fickle advent of an April day. The dawns and sunsets come and go, the flood of summer deepens and swells until the days and nights blend in a magnificent diapason of sight and sense and sound, the complete sensing of Nature, its beauty and abundance, to fill the soul with blessedness and peace.

But this glory has faded. Nature's Easter is taking on the gray shadows of Gethsemane. The blue of the hills is lost in the cold and freezing pallor of winter. The myriad dyes of the autumn woods have dripped down upon the floors of the forest. Their tops bare of the foliage hold their arms to the implacable skies in mute protest. The weeds in the fences stand stark and black amid the immaculateness of the snow-smothered landscape. The farmhouses are blotches of sepia upon a palette of ivory. Only their stacks of red chimneys, their incense of wavering smokes suggest in these chill days the immortality of God-created things. Sombre days, they are not barren with all their keen biting frosts and driving snows, their heaping drifts and bitter winds, for they herald the Advent of the Holy Child under the roughly-thatched roof that was chosen to overlook and become a part of the grandest pastoral of all historic Palestine.

One sees and hears these things over again in the visions that come of the old home-place among the hills and of the long barns where the fragrance of the haymows drifts down into the great floors with every gust of December wind that has stolen through the creviced walls and the crannies and cracks in the barn windows hung with the subtile filiagree,

> Of knotted yarns
> That spiders spin,—ancestral mould
> Adorned with many a quaint design
> Of filmy geometric line,—

as through them shines the red sun of the waning winter day, that without fills the long valley with a golden glory. One seems to see in it the dazzling brilliance of the Star; so one loves these homely pastoral things that have in other days been so glorified by their connection with the life of the Christ-Babe, the Christ-Child, the Christ-Man in village and a-field. How much it stands for of the peace and heart-comfort that the things that men make can never give.

Christmas-tide has a wide and in all things a comforting meaning of home-coming, home-loving, home-giving and home-living. In most hearts lives the vision of an old-fashioned hearth of homely old-fashioned cheer, aglow with the benison and mystery of the woods. It is at Christmas when the tender affections of home take substantial expression and that seek one out though he be in far lands and among strangers, that it is,—

> As if some hand the ivory keys
> Of olden times had swept across,
> Brought back their subtile memories
> To emphasize our sense of loss,

and the retrospection is indeed soul-renewing and soul-inspiring. No wonder the heart goes back to the old places if it has any, to drink again of the waters of perennial youth. It is epidemic. Men lift their heads from their ledgers with their aggregations of debits and credits, at the shout of

"Merry Christmas." Dream voices are in their ears, and they long for the touch of the vanished hand, a touch, a tender contact with the homely ways and simple things that once were so near and are now so far away. Their ears lean to the ground to catch the crisp crackle of the frost-rimed grass underfoot as they trudge over the hill to the beech woods, to hear again the sharp staccato of the nuts that come down like summer rain out of their frost-opened burrs, the boom of the startled grouse hurtling away from its breakfast-table under the crimson thorns, the songs of June, the solo of the bobolink. They thirst for a taste of woodland nectar from the tree-shadowed spring of their boyhood recollections, or a sip from the trough of the old cider-mill. They sigh for a glimpse of the pine desk in the old schoolhouse where even now are their carved initials, and are eager to catch the view from the small-paned windows:—

> The zig-zag vines of meadow rue;
> The shapely domes of slim elm trees;
> A sinuous trout-brook winding through
> The water-grass and blue-joint tall,—

to tarry for a little under a low roof, well-remembered and beloved in the lee of the sheltering pines, to see,—

> The ruddy flame light up anew
> The oddly-figured papering;
> Flashing the drying-poles along, to
> Cast the shadow of an oval ring
> For every loop of fresh-dyed yarn
> A-ceiling-ward—a mountain tarn,
> A glimpse of washing sheep, patches of
> white wool caught
> On blackberry vine and briar in pasture-lot;

and to forget, just for a little, the rush, the hurry and the noise of the streets, the hurry of business, to get from under the harrow of Care, to stand erect for a stretch of the arms, and an in-breathing of the wind of the hills, and a wild halloo to make the woods ring with old echoes. But life is living, and duty is doing, and with the hand at the plow there is no looking back with the memory of Lot's wife for a savor. Yet the heart is the more mellow for the thought of the things that have been and that are, and are to be, and it says with tiny Tim,— "God bless us all."

A snow-fall of a Christmas night is an ordinary happening in northern latitudes. The cold without makes more emphatic the warmth and comfort within. The winter sleet may beat against the dusky window panes and the winter winds hold their wildest revel among the house gables and shriek their gusty laughter down the huge chimney throat, but the fire burns the brighter to flash its kindly assurance along the high wainscoting and on the windows that look out on the snow-smothered roads and fields. The limbs of the great elm that huddle above the old roof-tree may writhe and twist among the chimneys and thresh the moss-grown shingles with uncanny complainings and the storm pound without remorse to send shock upon shock down its timbered spine, the insistance of the elements is impotent to disturb its dwellers. The house-cat drowses in her mistress' lap; the house-dog dreams with many a fitful bark and growl, while the little clock on the tall mantel ticks its tireless dole with rhythmic precision, and the birchen stick on the andirons ablaze sings a blithe romance of the woodland to the steaming teakettle on the sooty hob.

The little ones have been trundled off to bed in good season on this night before Christmas to dream of the dear tomorrow, their little hearts troubled with a vague questioning as to Santa Claus' ability to weather the storm and make port safely, but not before each face has peered out the window into the darkness beyond to see the star the shepherds saw, for they have read the story of that midnight journey; and after that, they have taken the ferry for Slumber-town where the lights have already grown dim, and where Childhood's dreams are sweetest, happiest and fairest.

Below stairs the fire still leaps upward into the black maw of the chimney; along the hugh jambs hang the stockings a row, lean and empty, and the mother sits and gazes at them happy and content in the midst of her blessed possessions. The child-prattle lingers in her ears, and most sweetly their telling Santa Claus what they wished him to bring them. The mother nods and smiles approvingly, her fair hair gleaming in the firelight like an aureole. It is a sweet vision that comes to her and the tide of her happiness is at its flood. Then begins the loving distribution of the gifts, and very soon everything is in its place in silent waiting for the pattering feet that will troop down the narrow stairs at the first streak of dawn, shouting, "Merry Christmas," amid the expectant hubbub. Good-man and good-wife keep silent watch beside the crackling blaze, each wandering over the old byways garnering vision after vision of other days, their hearts moist and sunny like an April sky.

There is a footfall on the creaky stair. A moment later a tiny hand fumbles for the door-latch almost out of reach, but Santa Claus has come and the firelit room is a forbidden country to the young folk until morning. The dear mother has her little Miss Restless in her arms before the threshold is crossed, and then, with a kiss and a snatch of slumber-song crooned half-audibly, the little one the ferryman left behind, is tucked snugly into its little crib.

"Mama."

"Yes, dear."

"You fink Santy 'll come?"

"Yes, go to sleep, that's a dear."

"In th' snow?"

"Yes, he lives in the Snow-land."

"I didn't see th' Star, mama."

"It is here, I see it now."

"Where, mama?"

And the mother kisses the blinking eyes asleep and then tip-toes out and away to the fire below. There is a new glow in her bosom and she wonders if Mary of old, of those illustrious days at Bethlehem, were happier than herself.

The storm frets at the windows but the sitting-room is deserted. The fire is buried to smoulder until the Christmas dawn. The lights are out. The tree-limbs sway and crash against the eaves and the gusty wind halloos down the chimney. Only the little clock is mindful of the hubbub out of doors, but it keeps the even tenor of its way until midnight when its twelve strokes peal sharp and clear to say as plainly as a clock can say anything, Christmas Day, and the Star in the East has come again with the world asleep. But the noise of the storm is stilled. The random flakes still filter down from somewhere in the sky, but with hushed footfall, as if they were still listening to the songs of the stars, for the stars sing together on this memorable night of the year, and then the clouds break and the sky is clear and myriads of far-off fires fill it with a new mystery.

Dream on, Child of the Blessed Heart, for its always tomorrow that our fondest desires are to be gratified. But the dear tomorrow never comes, for it is ever today with its sharp contrasts of sun and shadow, when Want and Misery stalk in the open, and the good things of life take refuge behind barred gates and combination locks and oftentimes to the ignoring utterly of the brotherhood of Christ and man.

Over against the horizon of the snow-mantled woods the streets are alight with the glory of the sky or the heartless glitter of the stars, and rows of old houses hedge them in, houses whose dilapidated exteriors, neglected, sinister-looking, like so many unshaven faces stare at one with a pitiful stolidness, and yet people exist in them, and young eyes look out their bleary windows upon the plenty that lies ever beyond and that is never of

theirs, and through wistful eyes to which sleep comes slowly, the sleep

"That knits up the ravelled sleeve of Care,"

yet with sweet oblivion and dreams of coarser fabric; yet even in these desert places the motherhood of the world comes with something of the tenderness and the solicitude of the mother of Christ.

In these city streets the vicissitudes of life are emphatic at Christmas-tide. We touch elbows with them at every corner. They come to us like sharp blows and with an insistance that is importunate. The sharp angles are those we seem always to be running against, and here and there Conscience gets many an untoward jar. We find ourselves indulging in a bit of introspective philosophy, and this reasoning from parts to wholes is not unlikely to leave one worsted in the finals. It is a sort of competitive examination between one's inherent selfishness and the ignorance of the left hand as to what its neighbor on the right is doing. Our charities possess a spasmodic quality. There are fat streaks and lean, but singularly enough, when the balance is cast our share in the profits of the enterprise from a material point of view, compares favorably with that of the beneficiary. Self, after all, is predominant, but we enjoy it, and if our giving smacks something of conscience-money we are not unlikely to hug ourselves with a mild complacence that something of the unsightly score against us is wiped out, not forgetting what the good Peter said, that, "Charity shall cover a multitude of sins."

But these Christmas buyers are legion. They sway and surge like a choppy sea. It is a conglomerate of humankind, of staid dignity, of quaint humor, and even tragedy, to photograph itself on the retina indelibly, a stream of nondescript craft that flies its individual pennant of the latest creation of the milliner's art to the battered castaway that tops the threadbare garb of Poverty, with the wooden sensibilities of a marionette. This varied strata is fused into one great purpose to beget a camaraderie that, for the once, may be taken as genuinely cosmopolitan. A buoyancy that has no synonym prevails, and the fat purse, as the lean, is emptied with a singular prodigality, a touch of Nature that makes the world akin. The old men see visions, and the young men dream dreams. Humanity's heart throbs with a larger spirit of hopefulness, and even Snug-Thrift, as he mingles in the Christmas crowd, gets a twist that dislocates his joints to let in the needed moisture which begets a limberness that surprises his acquaintance and amazes himself.

One needs not to be reminded of the lessons of the season. They are multitude, all kindly, beneficent, the lessons of all time and the eternal years that are to come after, for they are born of the Spirit of Rejoicing, the Gift of the King.

A HALF HOUR CLUB AND THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

BY SUSAN LYMAN EMERY.

The thought must often have been borne in upon the minds of converts to the Catholic Faith, that some of those who were born and reared within that Faith, and to whom it came, like their natural life, without any effort on their own part, do not always comprehend her measureless magnificence as they do who have had to go, as the psalmist says, "through fire and water," and have come out into this wealthy place of Holy Church. How many realize, for instance, what a veritable garden of delights, what a treasure-house of wisdom, what an "embarrassment of riches," as the French would say, we possess in her noble literature of all times and lands?

For years past, the writer has known of a small Half Hour Club, the members of which devote one half hour daily, with a certain amount of vacation time allowed to them, "to the reading of good and useful literature, general literature, other than novels, magazines and papers."

We can scarcely overestimate the immense benefit, as well as delight, that would accrue to Catholics, who would steadily keep up, for one year at le st, the practice of reading a half hour daily in the field of Catholic literature. Few would be prepared for the solid amount of general and useful information, as well as delightful spiritual and intellectual entertainment, that would be derived from this little daily habit. And it would be very admirably suited to the Holy Year, the Jubilee Year, of 1900.

The life of St. Paula of Rome depicts to us a patrician matron, too fastidiously delicate, although a Christian, to step her dainty foot upon the common earth; carried by her slaves in a gorgeous litter, and clad in the costliest and most fashionable array. She places herself, however, under the spiritual direction of St. Jerome, the great Latin Father of the Holy Scriptures; and guided by him, she devotes herself to the study of that most marvelous volume, the Holy Bible. Learning thus to despise the world's opinion and to trample its follies beneath her feet, she becomes that "valiant woman," who is not only revered in the churches as a saint, but who was extolled by the men of her time as a woman whose intellect, in its splendid Christian attainments, was a marvel of the age in which she lived. It is perfectly possible for wome of our day to imitate St. Paula, by turning their attention to those regions of the Christian intellect that are forever illumined by a divinely enchanting beauty most attractive for thoughtful minds, willing to look, to listen, and to learn.

It is laughingly said that Bostonians are inclined to believe that the centre of the literary world lies today at Copley Square. They are proud to be called Bostonians. But one may safely question whether, to a Paula or a Jerome, the depths of our learning would seem to be so very deep: and whether we might not be more truly wise, if we went upon their lines of action more often than is now the case. The opportunity to do this is freely offered at Copley Square itself; and a recent article in Donahoe's on Catholic Literature in Public Libraries may be fairly supplemented by a more detailed account of that amount of literature contained in the Boston Public Library suitable to the carrying out of this half hour idea.

If we choose history in its Scriptural aspect, and touching immediately the life of our Divine Lord, Whose Incar-

nation is the centre of all history, we have the simple, devotional and charming little work by St. Bonaventure; the recent Lives of our Divine Lord translated from the French of Pere Didon and of the Abbe Fouard; the very many and vivid lights thrown upon the eternal and temporal life of the Man-God by Father Faber in his fascinating volumes, all of which are to be found upon the Library shelves; the sweet daily meditations of Mrs. Craven; and the clear-cut brilliant conferences of Pere Lacordaire. Then there is the Quarterly Series of Father Coleridge, unfortunately still incomplete, but embracing such subjects as the Public Ministry of Our Lord, the Sermon on the Mount, the Mother of the King, and the translation from the Spanish of Fr. de la Palma's exhaustive and devotional "History of the Sacred Passion." The Abbe Baunard has a markable Life of St. John, our Lord's beloved disciple; and the Abbe Fouard has written the Lives of St. Peter and St. Paul.

If we choose Church History, we shall find a delightful guide in Allies' Series: viz. the "Formation of Christendom," "The Throne of the Fisherman founded on the Carpenter's Son," "The Holy See and the Wandering of the Nations," and "Peter's Rock in Mahomed's Flood." Ozanam's works come in very helpfully here for those who read French; while Darras' Church History, together with Butler's Lives of the Saints, will place before the eye a view of the Church's outward and inward existence for many ages and through many vicissitudes.

Biographies like those of St. Catherine of Siena, St. Josephat of Russia, St. Vincent de Paul, St. Francis de Sales, Pope Pius VII, throw floods of light on the times and society with which these illustrious persons were connected. The Life of the great Lazarist Bishop de Jacobis of Abyssinia opens to us an ancient land in connection with recent events in modern history. In fact one can hardly interest one's self in the realm of history or of biography to any degree without finding at once that they are neighboring kingdoms, and that we pass from one to another continually with an ever renewed delight.

Lingard's England brings us down to the Reign of James II. in English History. John Gilmary Shea touches on many interesting points of study concerning the Church in our own country. We can study up Roselly de Lorgues' enthusiastic claim for the canonization of America's great discoverer; and read such sample biographies as those of the Prince and Priest Gallitzin, the Jesuit martyr, Father Jogues, the pioneer nuns, Mother Duchesne and Mother Seton, the early bishops, Carroll and Flaget, the noble soldier, Garesche, and writers like Father Hecker, Brother Azarias and Brownson.

One life, one incident, does good service to the memory, and recalls something else that we wish to keep in mind in the history of the Church and of the world. For instance, St. Philip Neri was born in the same year as St. Teresa, 1515,—an easy date to remember; only a few years after the outbreak of the Protestant Reformation. Both the date and St. Philip's honored name recall the contemporaneous events and persons that clustered about his long, useful life; for he lived during the greater part of the 16th century. His able biography in two volumes, by Archbishop Capeceiatro, introduces us into an ever-moving panorama, where we meet, among many other famous persons, the great historian, Baronio, the great musician, Palestrina, the great French king, Henry of Navarre; with the two great archbishops of Milan, uncle and nephew, one of them a canonized saint; and five renowned Popes, whose names shine out in the world's history.

This association of ideas, or chain of events, or connection of persons, adds in the way suggested here, a peculiar charm to one's reading. We may

illustrate it by an example in our own day.

Suppose we let the Count Charles Forbes de la Montalembert, peer of France, introduce us to the study of hagiography by means of his exquisite masterpiece, the Life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, which deserves to be ranked as a classic in its special sphere. The French edition (there is a translation also in the Library) is in two charming volumes, about half of the first being given up to a remarkable introduction, which not only paints for us a vivid picture of the young saint's life in its own special surroundings, but also of the condition of the cultured and Christian world as at that time existing.

One can hardly read it thoughtfully without a keen sense that one is better for the perusal, intellectually as well as spiritually. Then, to use a familiar phrase, the whole work, introduction and biography alike, is "as interesting as a story"; a source to which the Catholic poet, artist and sculptor ought to hasten, to efface from men's minds, with the keen-edged and powerful weapon of truth, the peculiarly erroneous fancies that have lately clustered about the lovely life of this Hungarian Princess and Thuringian duchess, who was wife, mother, widow, nun and saint; and who died at the age of twenty-two.

Closely connected with this work, on account of the strong tie of faith and friendship that united the authors, is another which is as delicately beautiful a work of art in its way, if one may venture to call such love-work an art. It is a volume from a woman's pen, crowned by the French Academy, published in some thirty editions, and still holding high place in public esteem, "The Sister's Story," by Pauline de la Ferronays, (Mrs. Craven) and very admirably translated by Miss Emily Bowles. It is, perhaps, unfortunately named; for it is not, as one naturally supposes, the story of a nun, though the same gifted pen was, later, to give to the world the story of that Russian convert and Sister of Charity, Nathalie Narischkin, whose angelic figure crosses our pathway in the earlier book.

"The Sister's Story" is the simple, heart-moving, exquisite portrayal of a most beautiful and dignified side of French family life, drawn truthfully by the oldest sisiter's pen. Here we meet again the young Count de la Montalembert, as the most intimate friend of Albert de la Ferronays; and with him, later on, his young wife, who proved to be, to his intense delight, a lineal descendant of his "dear St. Elizabeth" of six centuries gone by. Around this delightful family circle gathered many charming individuals, whose names become to us like household words, and when, later on, we read, in turn, their lives or works, we seem to be meeting old friends, and we gain a further insight into the underlying influences that helped to shape a "Sister's Story."

We might easily go right on, reading of the Dominican Lacordaire and the Jesuit de Ravignan; the Jewish converts and priests, Father Hermann the Carmelite, and Father Ratisbon who founded the order of the Daughters of Sion; the Russian converts, Madame Swetchine and Sister Nathalie; the English converts, Lady Fullerton and her noble husband; the three foundresses, Mme. de la Rochefoucauld of the Ladies of Nazareth, Madame Barat of the Sacred Heart Order, and Eugenie Smet of the Helpers of the Holy Souls; and that other pure and lovely character, Eugenie de Guerin, whose exquisite journal and letters and verses rank among French classics with her brother Maurice's poems. We meet, likewise, Mme. Henrietta Kerr, Kathleen O'Meara, the Count de Falloux, the Abbe Gerbet, afterwards bishop of Perpignan; and with them are naturally connected England's three cardinals, Wiseman, Manning and Newman. Pressense's chivalric defence of Cardinal Manning is a wonderful piece of work to come from a French

Protestant hand, and is to be found, in the translation by E. Ingall, in the Library. All these noted persons and many more are linked with Mrs. Craven's earlier or later works, and with her biography published since her death. All, while they draw us into close intercourse with a charming, a brilliant, an elevating and an ennobling society, draw us also, and above all, to the Divine Source of all true beauty, light and love; all lead us straight to Jesus Christ and His Church.

We are giving but meagre hints of a very fascinating scheme of reading. It is a scheme capable of much wider and clearer development and illustration, as, for instance, in relation to our own country and countrymen. But it may do no harm to leave ample opportunity here for personal inquiry and investigation.

To take a more spiritual side, however, technically speaking, in order to bring the original idea of this article into view still further, let us mention the Life of St. Stanislaus Kostka. That by Father Coleridge in the Quarterly Series is very inviting in its clear type and wide margins; and it carries us on, from St. Elizabeth of Hungary and Thuringia, to Poland and to Rome. With such rare delicacy of touch is that young soul of most rare beauty delineated, that it could be read kneeling, as if in church, among "pure lilies of eternal peace, whose odors haunt our dreams." But the Library contains another and more extended biography of the Saint, by Edward Healy Thompson, with a most noticeable chapter on his prayer and on the methods of prayer, which forms a valuable correlative to the English Father Baker's famous "Sancta Sophia," also in the Library. And this in its turn, throws very clear light on the uses and aims of the contemplative's life of prayer, as for instance, among the Carmelites and Benedictines.

In close connection with this subject is David Lewes' exceptionally fine translation of the works of the great doctor of the Mystics, St. John of the Cross, with its striking introduction by Cardinal Wiseman, not to be found in the more recent translation, and worthy of permanent reproduction and study by itself alone, as a brief treatise on prayer and the contemplative life.

We naturally connect with this subject the Latin Breviary, which forms in itself a liberal education for those whose bounden duty it is to make it their careful and daily study of devotion. Here can be found the melodious, untranslatably melodious, hymns and sequences and prayers, which in one shape or another make their way into English. There is a complete but now very rare translation by the Marquis of Bute, which the Library fortunately owns. No one who desires to be a thoroughly cultivated scholar should be content without gaining some clear knowledge of this marvelous volume, (either in Latin or in English), that is carried by the priests of the Church into every known quarter of the globe as their daily companion, and that is truly one of the most remarkable mosaics of literature the world has ever seen. There we find scripture and commentary, biography and history, eloquence and poetry, bound together by the brilliant web and woof of the ever varying seasons of the ecclesiastical year.

These are but a few scattered thoughts on a great subject. We discover speedily that not only are history and biography closely connected; but that intimately, very intimately, related to them is the study of sanctity as well. It will surely do us good to lift our minds out of the idle gossip, the carking cares, the fashions and follies of the restless world, to a serener clime where the mind can dwell restfully on the good, the beautiful, and the true.

Is it not too true of us, now-a-days, that we "mix with people of the realm of nature till the realm of the supernatural is in danger of becoming to us, not only an invisible but an almost forgotten thing; and we may grow so like

our neighbors that they pay us, in good faith on their part, the not too enviable a compliment of saying that they would scarcely know us to be Catholics at all?"

In Catholic Reading Clubs some of these ideas now suggested may have been carried out to a far higher degree than here proposed. But many among us do not have the advantage of belonging to these clubs or reading circles. The specific thought here under consideration is simply and solely a daily half hour's definite reading, during the Jubilee Year at least, on topics bearing upon the Catholic Church; the spreading of Catholic literature in its astounding wealth of material; and, more especially, the frequent and methodical use of the resources so liberally supplied in Boston's noble library. This is one feature which makes this institution stand a lasting monument to the fine intellects, wise forethought, and liberal far-reaching views of Boston's men of letters at a time when they were possibly a little more nourished than they have been since, on "plain living and high thinking."

This half hour idea has a special value for Catholic women. Much of the reading matter which will fall under our notice is the work of women or concerns women. A half-hour a day seems a trifling thing, when we consider the monumental work on St. Catharine of Siena and her Times, written by Mother Raphael, (Augusta Theodosia Drane), in six weeks. And how many of the charitable and religious organizations of our day are the work of women! How many of the saints are women! St. Frances de Chantal is the right hand of St. Francis de Sales; Mlle. le Gras, of St. Vincent de Paul; while St. John of the Cross is the coadjutor and helper of St. Teresa. Mme. Acarie assists at the deliberations of wise, eminent, holy men in France. We can read of all these, and of other saints and saintly souls, of Mother McAuley and Mother Julia, Ven. Emelie de Rodat and Ven. Joan of Arc, Mother Duchesne and Lady Fullerton, candidates for canonization; and thus enter more closely into the great communion of saints, learning by their example to follow on the royal way to Heaven, undismayed a hopeful and light of heart.

LOVE'S THORNS.

BY MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

O Love, they say thou sorrow hast,
And aching of the heart;
That longing doubt and anxious fear,
Sweet Love, of thee are part;
That there has never been a rose,
Unless a thorn grew near.
Who would not rather take the thorn,
Than lose the rose so dear?

So if the rose of tender love,
With many thorns is found,
We'll fondly clasp it to our hearts
Albeit its thorns surround,
And, like the noble hearts of old,
We'll bear all for Love's sake,
And with sweet blessings that it brings,
Its trials gladly take.

QUESTION BOX.

K. C. writes: I am a member of the Knights of Columbus. Every member is supposed to be a practical Catholic. We have had some arguments as to the meaning of this word and its application. Could you enlighten me as to what is expected of a practical Catholic, and as to who is to be considered in this light as a candidate or member of a society such as the Knights of Columbus?

Words are frequently used in a careful and in a careless way. The same word in certain applications is susceptible of a use that may be denied it under other circumstances. The word liberty in its use and abuse may serve as a fit illustration. Your question is one of much practical importance and deserves attentive consideration. The right understanding of the term "practical Catholic" is most desirable in an organization like the Knights of Columbus.

It is easy to define the minimum, but hard to outline the maximum required of a practical Catholic. There are certain laws in every society to which the members must necessarily conform in order to hold their standing in that society. More is earnestly desired, and if only these absolutely requisite conditions are fulfilled, the society will hardly flourish. But still the man who fulfills these is a member and in good standing, according to the received expression. Now the Catholic Church is a society. She is the greatest society that the world has ever seen. She extends to all parts of the world; her members are the millions she has gathered together of all tribes and nations and peoples and tongues; her duration is coeval with the duration of the world. She "is the congregation of all those who profess the faith of Christ, partake of the same Sacraments and are governed by their lawful pastors under one visible Head."

This definition of the Church will indicate what is required of a Catholic. He must have the faith, and he must live up to that faith, manifesting by his works the belief that is in him. He must partake of the Sacraments, and he must be in obedience to his spiritual superiors. But again we are back at our starting-point. Who is such a Catholic? We cannot follow him into his conscience, and sound its depths to know if the faith be with him in all its purity and force; we cannot watch him in the privacy of his home, to learn if he be true to morning and evening prayer; but we can estimate him in his public relations with men. When Sunday comes, is he present in the Church, assisting at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass? If absent but rarely, we may presume he has good reason for his absence; if absent frequently, we will naturally conclude that he has grown lukewarm, and is not a practical exponent of his religion; if he never attends Mass, we will be afraid that his faith is very near to death. When the law of the Church requires that he approach the Sacraments, is he at hand? We say "requires," for the Church counsels, exhorts, and in a thousand loving ways seeks to bring her children to frequent confession and communion, yet only at stated periods absolutely requires them under grave penalty. On the one hand we know how desirable it is that all should be at the altar at the special times of devotion in each parish, as at the Forty Hours' Adoration, at the patronal feast of the church, and at least at some of the great feasts of our Divine Lord and His Blessed Mother; we know the value of grace, the great, vast need of it for every soul in present temptations and dangers, the sad loss to those who neglect these occasions, but, on the other hand, shall we say that a man has not done his duty, when he has the answer to us that he has done his Easter duty, that he has fulfilled the law to which the Church obliges him? Certainly, he ought to do more; certainly, it is deplorable, deeply to be regretted, that any Catholic is satisfied with doing the least, but who will say that a man who lives up to the defined obligations of his religion is not a Catholic? When he goes to Confession, when his conscience is awake, he will discover and make known what may be the sad results of his staying away a whole year from the Sacraments. But for a man's standing as a Catholic before the world, for his position as a practical Catholic, we cannot probe into the secrets of his conscience. We may have our fears and well-grounded suspicions that his life is not up to the standard of his profession, but what can be done about it? In a society like the Knights of Columbus, if a man is faithful in attendance at Mass, and makes his Easter Duty, the mimimum of his requirements as a practical Catholic is reached. If at the same time, he lives a scandalous life, is a bad husband, or father, or son, no society that respects itself should desire him for a member. If he does not observe the abstinence of Friday, and this is known as a public fact, will he care for the laws of an organization of men? If he does not contribute to the support of religion and of the Church, will he pay his dues to the society? If he has but criticism and disloyalty for his ecclesiastical superiors, he is a disobedient child of the Church, and far from being a practical Catholic, and he will scarcely work for the best interests of any one or any body, since he so highly

prizes his own limited and miserable judgment. Such a man is not a desirable member of any organization.

But some of these matters are so indefinite, and depend so much upon the moral estimate of the parties passing judgment, that to bring them always forward for discussion, would involve endless difficulties. Who will settle, for instance, the question as to whether a man has good and sufficient reason for eating meat on Friday? His pastor or confessor is a competent judge; his physician may have counselled it. The member will hardly judge his fellow-members to be interested in the question. They should believe he has a good and sufficient reason. Who shall call him to account for the amount of money he gave, or did not give, in the last parish collection? Who shall interrogate him as to whether he assisted at the Forty Hours' Adoration, or went to Holy Communion, as was most advisable, on the day his child received for the first time the Bread of Life? For practical, general purposes, it seems good to do what is done under other circumstances. When the priest has to decide in doubtful cases, as to whether a man should receive Christian burial, he seeks information of that man's ordinary way of living. He may learn of something disedifying, of more or less apparent moral wrong; he may feel that when the man has died without the Sacraments, that there is grave fear of his salvation, so far as poor human knowledge goes, and that does not compass the mercy of God; he may feel that it is not edifying that the body be brought to the Church, and Requiem Mass be sung; he may have views and settled wishes on the case, but when it is proved to him that the man, despite his failings, was regular, or nearly so, in attendance at Sunday Mass, and that in the current year, he made his Easter Duty, then the priest feels that he must yield all personal views to the supposition that for this practical question of Christian burial, this man was a practical Catholic. To be sure, if a man has given public scandal to such a degree as to be a notorious and public sinner, this becomes a prime factor of consideration, and his scandalous life may attest to his not being a practical Catholic. And if a person has, since making his Easter Duty, been married otherwise than the Church ordains, he may have cut himself off from the Church by such act, or he may be at least a scandal to the whole parish. Sometimes such persons go to Mass, but we know they do not approach the Sacraments, until they are ready to repent and be reconciled to the Church. There are extraordinary cases, and when they arise are dealt with as they merit.

The Knights of Columbus and kindred Catholic societies should exercise control and discretion and judgment in the admission of their members. The time for investigation is before admission. None can claim the right to membership, and none should be permitted to enter, except those who, not only are faithful to Mass and Easter Communion, but whose general life attests them to be men of honor and principle, to whom religion is a daily inspiration and guide. In reality, and in the estimate of men, only such a one is a practical Catholic. But when once a man is a member, it is not so easy to dismiss him, if the society feels that he is not living up to Catholic teachings. Apart from some heinous offence, or very grave scandal, it becomes a most difficult matter to force a man out as being a bad Catholic, when he goes to Mass and to Easter Communion. He may be a poor Catholic, society may have practical knowledge of it, but who will advance the charge, who prove it? Some things can and should be required and enforced, some things can be desired, but not enforced, and so the standard for a practical Catholic must never change, but the society has much more power to take only those who conform to that standard than it has later on to put aside those who conform in certain essential points, and yet in their general conduct fail to be responsive to Catholic views and Catholic training.

To resume: No one can be considered as a practical Catholic, who does not give outward and public testimony by at least going to Mass on Sundays and fulfilling the obligation of Easter Communion. These are not sufficient to constitute a practical Catholic; they are indispensable conditions, they are the basis for a complete judgment. A man who in addition to these fulfills his ordinary duties of life, who is a good father, or husband, or son, who gives no grievous scandal, is a good and practical Catholic before men. A man who in addition to these absolute requirements of his religion approaches frequently the Sacraments, becomes an active member of the religious societies of the Church, is foremost to live up to all the Church asks of him, as well as requires of him, is the devout and zealous Catholic. To some men the former means of grace, together with prayer, are sufficient for their practical lives as good living men; to others, those means are not sufficient. One man may be a practical Catholic who does no more than what is required in the outward manifestation of his faith; another may not. The practical issue is that each individual live up to the practical requirements that make HIM a practical Catholic.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A very readable book is "Pope Leo XIII by Julian de Narfon of which the English translation by G. A. Raper has just appeared. It is not an exhaustive treatment and enters into no elaborate discussions regarding the policy of the present Pontiff, but is a sympathetic portrayal of the personality of the Pope, and, in the best sense of the word, a popular biography. The author has made good use of the facts, which may be found in the more extensive work upon the subject and has supplemented these by others which he has gleaned from outside sources. One of these, which we do not remember to have seen in any other work of this kind, is the tribute which the Italian publicist, Urbano Ratazzi, pays to the character of Leo XIII, and which is all the more remarkable, as Ratazzi was a violent anti-clerical and had little sympathy with Leo's aims and purposes. Still he had the penetration to appreciate the indomitable character of the future Pope and the statesmanlike temperament, which, in the days preceding the death of Pius IX, unmistakably appeared to a close observer.

The picture of Leo's early home life is a most sympathetic one and throws much light on the formation of the young man's character—a character which owed much to strong home influences. The book abounds in illustrations, which, although seen separately before, have never, as far as we can recollect been included within the compass of a single volume. There are many curious blunders also in this volume, but, despite these blemishes, we have in this volume a popular presentation of the personality of Pope Leo— a presentation which will appeal to a large class of readers, who would be deterred from studying the character of the Pope in a larger volume, but who will gladly avail themselves of this readable sketch and will learn from its pages to appreciate the commanding and attractive personality of one of the greatest Popes who has succeeded to the See of Peter. London, Chapman & Hall; Philadelphia; Lippincott.

Maurice Francis Egan's "Studies in Literature," a tiny volume containing six lectures on literary studies ought to prove a great help towards sound thinking and healthy judgment in the domain of literary criticism. There is one foundation lecture on "The Sanctity of Literature," which we should like to place in the hands of every young man and young woman, for its canons of literary criticism are so just and true, and are so pithily and forcibly expressed, and in such charming style, that they must produce a healthy, deterrent effect in view of the poisonous stuff which is daily put upon the world in the name of literature. "Nature and art fail as helpers and consolers when they begin and end with themselves. To worship nature is to fall below nature; to praise pleasure as the end of art, as expressed in any fine poem, is to burn incense to the old Gods who fled when the Galilean was crucified. All art must have an object, and this object will be, except where the art is a mere copy of things that seem to have no soul, either God or Satan, Christ or Pan." These words express the highest literary standard and the sublimest truth. Literature, like all other arts, becomes degraded, when robbed of its religious element, and the masterpieces of literature in all languages are precisely those in which the authors, imbued with a sense of the divine element in life, become in their own province religious teachers; or, as Cardinal Newman so happily expresses it, "the prophets and spokesmen of the human family." The five other lectures in this charming volume deal with special literary studies, among them a critical analysis of Bishop Spalding's style and a trenchant and overpowering condemnation of the modern school of novelists. This book of essays written in strong and captivating English, displaying in every page a masterful acquaintance with the literature of the past and present, is a sound and solid handbook of literary criticism admirably adapted to instil into the mind sound principles of literary judgment and good taste. Reading circles and literary clubs will find it especially valuable. St. Louis: B. Herder & Co.

The latest wonder-worker of Italy, the Venerable Gabriel of the Passionist Order, appeals as well by his youth as by his sanctity to the sympathies of the devout. The story of his life by Rev. Hyacinth Hage, C. P., has just been issued under the title, "Life of Venerable Gabriel, C. P." The beginning of his cultus in Italy is a remarkable phenomenon even in that land of holy shrines. A devotion so spontaneous, with no human agency to bring it about, and occuring thirty years after the death of the young nov-

ice, is a fact which can only be explained by the direct intervention of Divine Providence. Francis Possenti lived in the Passionist Order for five years. His death occasioned no admiration outside the members of his Order, yet thirty years after his death, by a spontaneous movement, which had no assignable human cause, crowds of people began to visit his grave and to pay him the honors of sainthood. The wonders which were worked through his intercession were numerous and manifold and he seems destined for the honors of canonization. The life of this young novice is beautifully told in this present volume; and, as the life of a young man of modern times, it cannot fail to be productive of untold good. It is a beautiful and inspiring book to put into the hands of the young, for it holds up before them a model which especially appeals to them, and the reading of this simple life must have a tendency to increase their faith and to energize their devotion. Philadelphia; H. L. Kilner & Co.

In "Characteristics of the Early Church" Rev. J. J. Burke has gathered together a great deal of information concerning the Church of the first five centuries. The main facts of the spread of the Church through the nations, the early episcopate and manner of government, the writings of the Fathers, the teaching of the early Church, the liturgies, the catacombs, the creeds, the councils, the heresies, the persecutions and the martyrdoms are all briefly touched on and much valuable information is imparted. It is a good handbook for anyone who would wish to have a brief account of the events of the early Church. Baltimore. John Murphy Company.

"Outlooks and Insights" by Humphrey J. Desmond is a book of short, pointed essays in behalf of larger and more hopeful views of life. We have seen much to admire in this volume. The author has a happy, striking way of expressing his views of life and his views will be found to be pretty sound and imbued with common sense. He has a quiet humor of his own, which occasionally lights up his pages and saves him from the fate of appearing too grave a philosopher or moralist. His knowledge of general literature also enables him to be philosophic without becoming monotonous. He suggests a great deal in these sharp, yet good-natured criticisms of modern society. What makes this little work so interesting is that we recognize that the author's perspective is true, his views of life are high and noble and enforced with a pleasant persistency which is at once profitable and entertaining. New York, Chicago. D. H. McBride & Co. 75 cents.

Whoever thinks that the Irish are not an imaginative people should read "In Chimney Corners," by Seumas MacManus in which he details the marvellous stories which he has gleaned from Irish folk-lore. It is truly an Arabian Nights Entertainment with Irish coloring and setting. The scenes and personages are Irish, but what constitutes the peculiar charm of the book, the very telling of these wonderful tales is Irish also. Mr. MacManus demonstrates in this book that he is an Irish story-teller of the first rank and he has imbibed so truly the peculiar Irish genius for spinning out a wonderful yarn that we find ourselves almost unconsciously living in the land of the fairies and wonderful superhuman beings. As works of pure imagination these entertaining sketches are unsurpassed. Whoever desires to spend a pleasant hour in that Irish wonderland in which the fairies and preternatural powers perform their marvels, should read these highly entertaining sketches. He will find in them pure and unalloyed enjoyment. New York: Doubleday & McClure.

The announcement of a new volume of poems by Louise Imogen Guiney awakens instant and earnest interest. This poet has already given us much that induces to intellectual pleasure and deep thought. Her new volume has the same effect. It opens with the drama entitled "The Martyr's Idyl," which, in fact, gives its name to the book. The author tells us that the outlines of this story, and much of the dialogue, in Scenes II, IV. and V., are taken from the Acta Sanctorum and from St. Ambrose. Every line, therefore, deserves careful study: first, because the poem is an historical picture of a period, in the history of the world and of the Church, that is of deep import for thoughtful men; and second, because the divine afflatus, granted in greater or less degree to poets, throws added light upon the historian's views.

"The Martyr's Idyl" is followed by twenty-seven shorter poems, three of which have appeared already in Miss Guiney's "England and Yesterday," but have now received some slight alterations, notably, and much for the better, "yellow stonecrop" instead of "golden stonecrop" in the poem called "Romans in Dorset." "The Vigil in Tyrone," with its "far-off, idle, eternal tears," once read, is not easily to be forgotten. The soldierly spirit, which is a marked quality of Miss Guiney's work, shows in the two sonnets, "Because No Man Hath Hired us," possibly the best she has ever written, and in "The Perfect Hour" and "The Recruit."

The mystical spirit is also there, in "An Out-Door Litany," in "Deo Optimo Maximo," in "Borderland," and even in the stanzas bearing the simple title, "By the Trundle Bed." Miss Guiney's work is of so fine a quality that it wakens a wish that she may feel the prick of Noblesse Oblige, until she win heights higher yet. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Price $1.

A dainty volume of poems and a beautiful specimen of the printers' and illustrators' art is "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes" by F. W. Bourdillon. An excellent gift-book. Boston: Little, Brown & Co., $1.00.

In the preface to Andrew Lang's new holiday book, "The Red Book of Animals," the author takes his young readers into his confidence, telling them candidly, in the preface, that all the stories are not true. There are many keen critics among Mr. Lang's admirers, and he has evidently experienced the difficulty of having round, questioning eyes turned upon him as a doubt assails the little reader's mind. To atone perhaps for past transgressions in imposing on youthful credulity, Mr. Lang in his latest book marshals his animals in groups, tells where most of them came from, and owns up handsomely that some of them never existed. This is a wise stroke of policy, and probably saves him from the suspicion of possessing what he says was a characteristic of M. Dumas, "He had a great deal of imagination—enough for about thirteen thousand living novelists."

There are forty-seven stories and thirty-two engravings in this collection, and the boy or girl who is fortunate enough to get a copy handsomely bound in red and gold is sure of many a happy hour in the long winter days. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. Price $2.

F. Marion Crawford's story of American life, "The Ralstons," has been issued in a single volume. This story is well known as the description of the contest for the Lauderdale millions. Many types of American life are seen in the pages of this novel—types which the novelist treats with his usual skill and which he carries through a maze of incidents which produce an interesting and well-sustained story. The one prominent feature of American life, as portrayed by Mr. Crawford, which must impress the reader is its sheer materialism. His characters, as a rule, are of the earth, earthy. This depressing atmosphere weighs us down, but to our relief he brings forward three or four naturally good characters which by contrast light up the selfish and sombre atmosphere in which the others live and move. The story is well constructed and flows on smoothly and the various incidents enliven the narrative. But it is scarcely on a level with many of the author's other works. New York: Macmillan & Co.

That the American people are a nation of collectors and souvenir hunters, nobody for a moment questions. Tastes are widely divergent, but the impulse, inherent and general, aims at the same goal. It is commenced with the early and continued with the later life.

A notable instance of the results of this fancy for collecting is "Quaint Epitaphs," compiled by Susan Darling Safford from personal study of the gravestones in the burying grounds and cemeteries of the different states. The book is most convincing proof of that human eccentricity that marks even the grave, and attracts to it more than passing notice. The collection was begun thirty-five years ago, and was made public in compliance with numerous requests from those who had seen the original note-books. A. J. Ochs & Co., Boston, Mass. Price $1.

A handy and useful manual of Catholic Devotion is "Our Monthly Devotions," by the Very Rev. Dean A. A. Lings. The different months of the year have been consecrated by the Church to some particular devotion; thus January to the Holy Infancy, February to the Holy Family, March to St. Joseph, etc. This apportionment of monthly devotions forms the plan of the present volume. For each day of the month a short meditation is given followed by a special prayer, to which are added litanies and hymns appropriate to each month. We have, therefore, in this voulme a rich manual of devotion and one eminently fitted to promote in us the spirit of the Church in sanctifying each month of the year by some special devotion. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Bros. $1.25.

"Bruno," by Byrd Spilman Dewey, is a charming biography of a pet dog. The story is simply and naturally told by a writer who has keen sympathy with animal life. The book is one which will touch deeply readers of all classes, whether lovers of animals or not, and one that will interest young and old. Bruno is more than likely to take his place among living dogs in literature. Little, Brown & Company, Boston. Price 75 cents.

The power and charm of Miss Selma Lagerlof's individuality are shown anew in the collection, "Invisible Links." The stories are full of vigorous incidents, often blended with a play of fantasy equal to Haw-

thorne's; and they do not fail to carry the interest of the reader to a fitting climax. They will appeal to lovers of literature by the choiceness of their wording, by the simple directness of style, the delicacy of pathos and humor, and the sympathetic human quality that pervades even the exquisite descriptions of nature. Miss Lagerlof views her scenes and incidents through the mind of some one present on the scene, and this point of view, subtly impressed upon her descriptions, gives value and interest even to the slightest details. The translation is by Mrs. Pauline Bancroft Flach. Little, Brown & Company, Boston. Price $1.50.

A stirring tale of stirring times is told by Marion Ames Taggart. "Loyal Blue and Royal Scarlet" is replete with spirited incidents and adventures in Revolutionary days. It is difficult to choose between the two heroes. "One was tall and slender, dark haired, dark eyed, with thin, pale face, and the unmistakable look of a bookworm printed upon it. The other was a good half head shorter, ruddy cheeked, blue eyed, bronze haired, every tint and gesture eloquent of life, energy and fun. Different as they were, they were Damon and Pythias, over again; from the time they had been toddling youngsters taken to play around the statue of King George in the Bowling Green they had been devoted friends, differing often, squabbling occasionally, but loving each other more with every day. Their condition was as different as their looks. The taller, and the elder by a year, was Richard Watts, the grand-nephew of Counsellor Watts, whose house, the first from Bowling Green on the Broad Way, was one of the finest in the city. It was an old and loyal family, and Dick had been carefully trained at home and in King's College to devoted adherence to the mother country and the throne."

Not young readers alone will be interested in the fortune of these devoted comrades and follow them to the happy hour "When the King's scarlet has disappeared forever, merged in the blue of peace and love." Benziger Brothers, New York. Price 85 cents.

"The Bronze Buddha" is the story of the search for a particular idol of an ancient East Indian temple, which had for centuries been worshipped by thousands of devotees, but which had become lost during an insurrection. The author, Cora Linn Daniels, has interwoven in her plot the character of an Indian Prince from the far East, whose rare and strange nature has been educated to those quaint and peculiar superstitions which move the Oriental mind to singular depths of pathos and heights of exaltation, and around him and the magnificent bronze idol centres the interest of this mystical romance. Little, Brown & Company, Boston. Price $1.50.

The "Catholic Home Annual" for 1900 is particularly interesting. It has an exquisite colored cover and 64 beautiful illustrations. There are stories by Maurice Francis Egan, Sara Trainor Smith, M. E. Francis, Madam Blanc, and others. Poems by Eleanor C. Donnelly and Father Edmund, C. P. More serious articles by Very Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C. SS. R., and Anna T. Sadlier. Benziger Brothers, New York. Price 25 cents.

"The Blue Lady's Knight" is a delightful story for children by Mary F. Nixon. The scene is laid in Missouri during the early days of settlement and its interest is centred in the Parkers, boy and girl, who are the offspring of a mixed marriage. The influence of the Catholic Church upon the children, who do not know that their mother is a Catholic, that peculiar charm and touching of the heart which so many have felt in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, without recognizing whence it was, is skilfully made use of in this charming tale. The statue of the Blessed Mother in her blue vesture especially appeals to the boyish heart of Rob Parker and he becomes under the influence of emotions evoked from out his young soul by the sight of the Virgin Mother and by hearing her wonderful story from the lips of the priest the "Blue Lady's Knight." The story ends happily with the return of the mother to the practice of her religion and the reception into the Church of the children. St. Louis: B. Herder & Co

Dr. Boissaire, one of the medical attendants at Lourdes in a celebrated address at the Luxembourg in Paris in 1895 effectually disposed of M. Zola's theories regarding the cures which take place at Lourdes—theories which form the basis and background of his notorious novel, "Lourdes." The address, which might fittingly be called, "M. Zola Unmasked" has been issued under the title, "Boissaire—Zola." The American publishers deserve well of the public for placing before its readers the English translation of this celebrated conference. Baltimore: W. J. Gallery & Co.

A chapter of hardships, privations and dangers is "Buffalo Jones Forty Years of Adventure," compiled by Col. Henry Inman. It shows what indomitable courage, self-possession and determination can accomplish under the most adverse conditions.

At the same time, "Buffalo" Jones has been a close observer of nature,—of all of its physical characteristics. In this volume he presents the results of his investigations. The reader will find here many things which will be new to him, and that the book is of thrilling interest, and is instructive as well. Crane & Company, Topeka, Kan.

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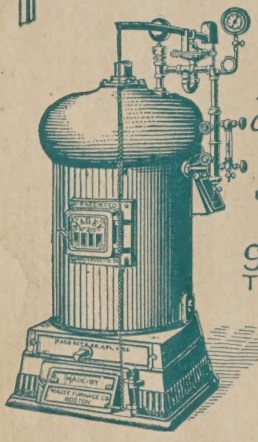

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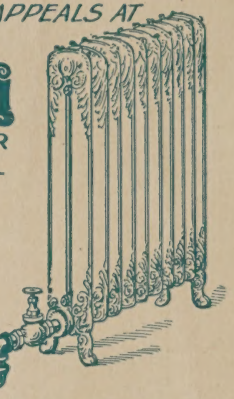

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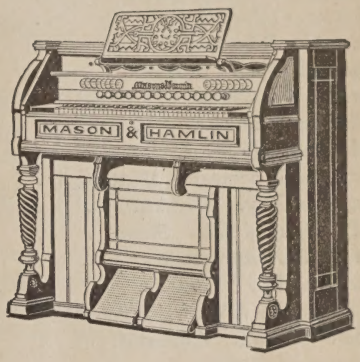

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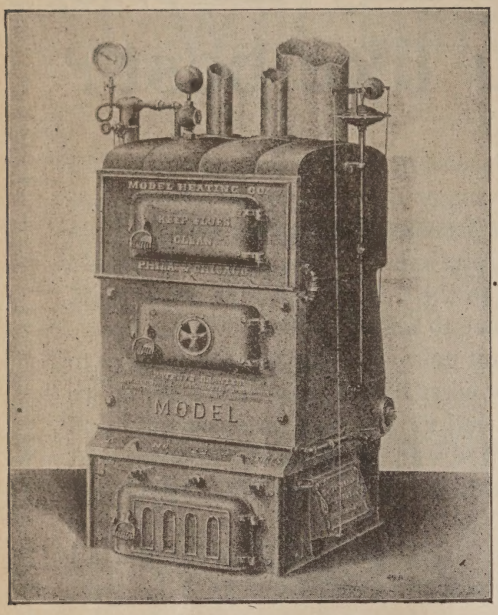

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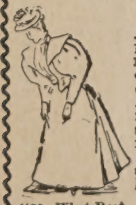

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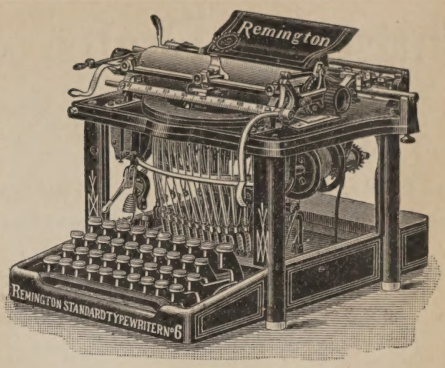

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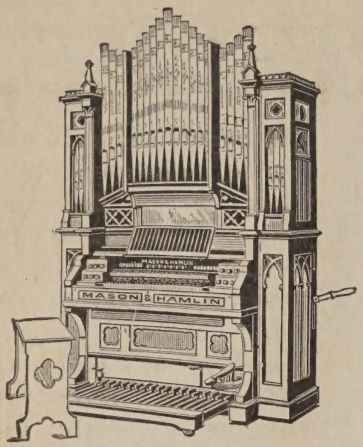

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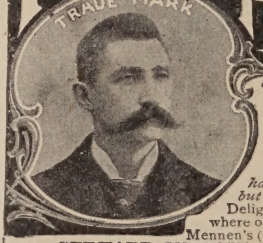

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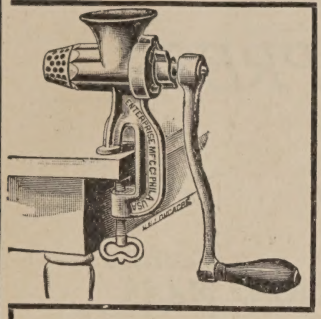

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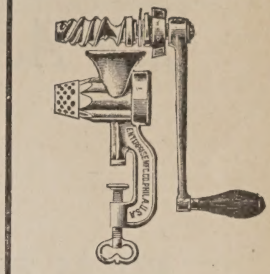

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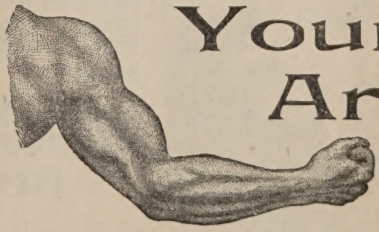

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"I again did as you advised me and now I feel it my duty to tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. For five years I suffered untold agonies at time of menstruation. I have now taken twelve bottles of Compound and used three boxes of Liver Pills and am entirely cured of the dreadful pain I used to suffer. I advise all those who suffer with female weakness to write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass."—MISS LILLIE M. COLLIER, Pigeon Run, Ohio, May 10, 1899.

Two more women who acknowledge the help they have received from Mrs. Pinkham.

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"Please accept my sincere thanks for the good your advice and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me. I did everything you told me to do, and used only three bottles, and feel better in every respect."—MRS. CARL VOSS, Sac City, Iowa, March 23, 1899.

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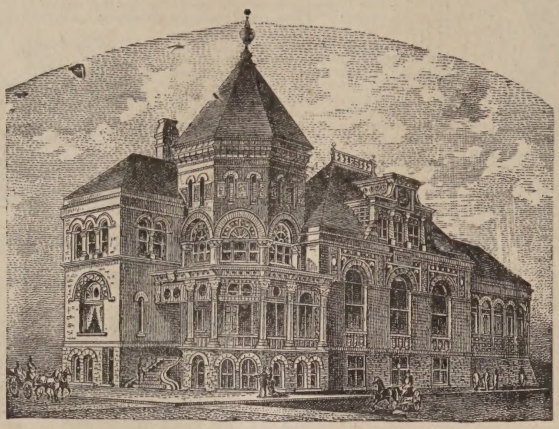

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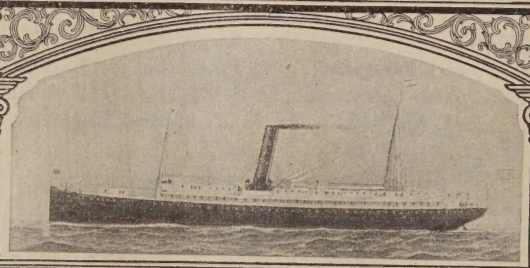

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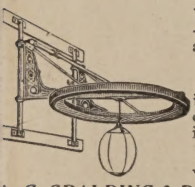

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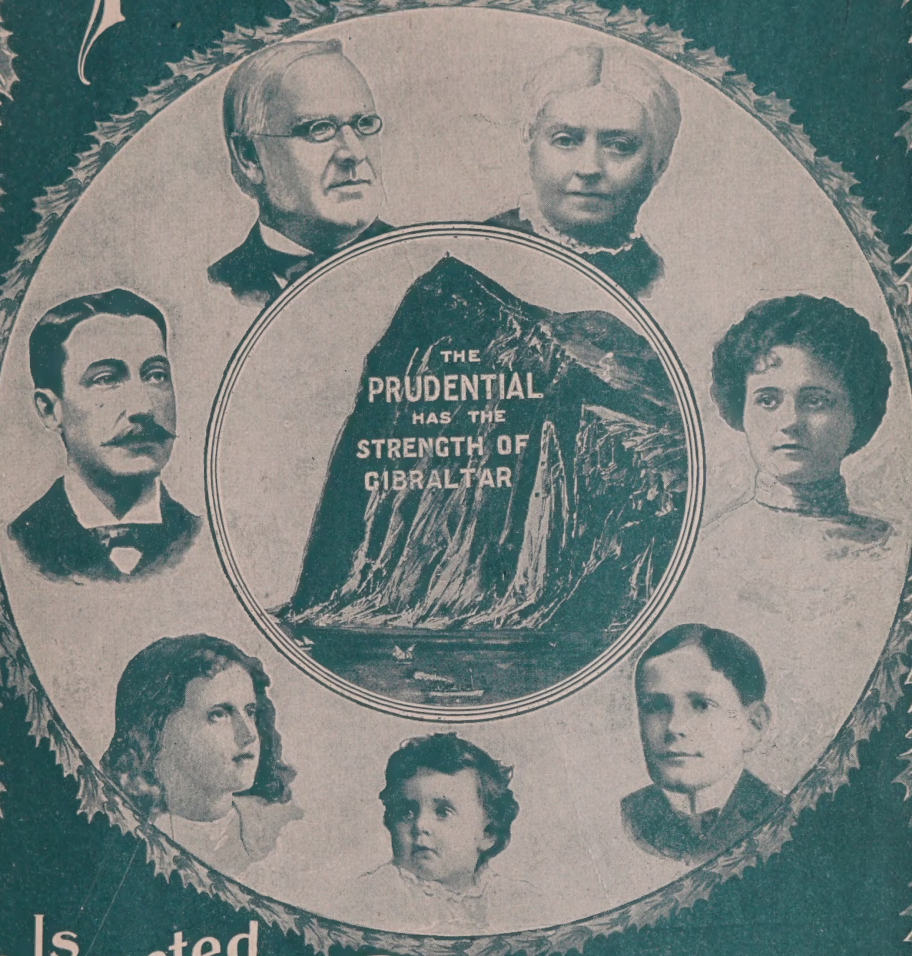

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